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GABRIEL BERANGER.

MEMOIR

OF

GABRIEL BERANGER,

AND HIS LABOURS IN THE CAUSE OF

Irish Art and Antiquities,

FROM 1760 TO 1780.

BY

SIR WILLIAM WILDE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIES OF THE BOYNE AND BLACKWATER," "LOUGH CORRIB, ITS SHORES AND ISLAND," "CATALOGUE OF THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY," &c., &c.

With Seventeen Illustrations.

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PREFACE.

THE Memoir of Gabriel Beranger, by the late Sir William Wilde, was originally written for the "Journal of the Royal Archæological Association of Ireland." The first portion appeared in January, 1871, and was continued during a few subsequent numbers; but Sir William Wilde being then much occupied by the Irish Census for 1871, the work was interrupted, and not resumed until July, 1875, when he promised that the Memoir should be continued without further delay. This promise, unhappily, was never fulfilled; for soon after all literary work had to be suspended, in consequence of Sir William's failing health and last fatal illness, which was terminated by his death in April, 1876.

The Memoir being thus left unfinished, Lady Wilde, at the request of the Editor, undertook its completion; and the concluding and final portion contributed by her appeared in the October number of the "Archæological Journal," for 1876.

The Memoir thus completed, so far as could be done with the materials in hand, is now given to the public in a permanent form, according to Sir William's intention and express desire. As a contribution to the history of Irish Art it has a special value and interest, no other biography or record of Beranger being in existence. Until

Sir William Wilde took up the subject, nothing more, indeed, was known of this remarkable Artist than some slight allusions to his name, scattered through the old periodicals of his time, although traditions existed of the many works he had contributed to Irish Art and Archæology, and pictures signed by his name were traced through many collections of paintings. Sir William Wilde took great interest in the works of Beranger that came to his knowledge, and in consequence spared no trouble in collecting together all the information concerning him that could be gathered from relatives or connexions of the Artist's family still existing. They also kindly placed at Sir William's disposal the Manuscript Books, in Beranger's own handwriting, descriptive of his various tours through Ireland, and the volumes of Water-colour Sketches, taken by him while travelling for the Antiquarian Society, entitled "Rambles through the County of Dublin, and some others in Ireland." These have now a peculiar value, beyond even their artistic interest, as many of the Castles and Monuments he drew with such minute accuracy of detail have since fallen to ruins or disappeared entirely.

Two portraits of Beranger are in existence: one in crayons by himself, now in the possession of the Reverend Cotton Walker of Ballinasloe. This was lithographed for the Memoir in the "Archæological Journal," and is a very pleasing picture, showing an acute, intelligent, French face, with a clear, intellectual outline.

The second portrait, in the possession of Mr. Clarke, at whose father's house Beranger died, is supposed to be by Mr. Burton, father of the distinguished painter, Frederick William Burton. Some relatives of the family still living, state that both these portraits are excellent likenesses, for

although Beranger was born one hundred and sixty years ago, yet as he lived to ninety years of age, he is still remembered by persons not much past middle age. Dr. Sharkey, his grand-nephew by marriage, writing to Sir William Wilde, in 1864, says :—"Although Beranger was advanced in years at the time I knew him, he had even then an upright carriage and good presence." And the Rev. Cotton Walker, also in a letter to Sir William Wilde, dated 1865, writes :—"I recollect him well, for he used to come to breakfast with us every Tuesday. He was a very remarkable-looking person, and made a great impression on my young mind."

Beranger was twice married, but had no children by either marriage, and at the time of his death had not a single blood relation living ; consequently, he devised all his property, including his manuscripts, sketches, portfolios of detached drawings, and other valuable artistic remains, to the two nieces of his second wife—Mrs. Sharkey and Mrs. Walker ; and these valuable collections are now in the possession of the direct descendants of these ladies—Dr. Sharkey and the Rev. Cotton Walker, Rector of Ballinasloe.

Sir William Wilde was extremely anxious to have a volume published of woodcuts, or chromo-lithographs from Beranger's Sketches, and if his life had been spared longer, this interesting work would, no doubt, have been accomplished. But at present, we can only give the illustrations that appeared originally with the Memoir in the "Archæological Journal." In the Appendix, however, will be found a list of all the pictures included in the three volumes of Water-colour drawings, entitled, "Rambles through the County of Dublin and some

others in Ireland." A list is also added of Sketches by Beranger, from the Catalogue of valuable paintings belonging to the late AUSTIN COOPER, Esq., a distinguished patron of Irish Art and Artists. This collection of works by Irish Artists on Irish subjects, along with his library of rare Books, Irish Antiquities, and large portfolios of drawings, containing contributions from Vallancey, Beaufort, Beranger, Bigarry, and others, were all sold after Mr. Austin Cooper's death; and as the purchasers were principally the great London Booksellers, they are now lost for ever to the literature and artistic illustration of Ireland. Another list of Sketches by Beranger, principally copies of his original drawings from a very curious and interesting book in the possession of Huband Smith, Esq., will also be found in the Appendix.

GABRIEL BERANGER.

EVERY biographer who wishes to be impartial should, for the occasion at least, live among the scenes and during the period when and where the personage whose character he is limning resided. He ought to be well acquainted with the subject he has undertaken to describe, and, as far as possible, honestly identify himself with the pursuits, and exercise a fair critical discretion in reviewing the labours of the person who, for the time being, has become the chief actor in his drama. If the biographer have been a contemporary, personal affection may indeed warp his judgment; and even if centuries have elapsed, he is still liable to the accusation facetiously brought up against Macaulay by Sidney Smith, that "if he was writing the history of Nebuchadnezzar upon his return from grass, he would have made him a Whig." Men must be tried by the light of their times, by the education they have received, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded, to afford them fair play in the history of any country.

The subject of this biography can excite no envy, and elicit no prejudice; for its object is removed by nearly a century from the rivalry of the men of the present day, whose talents have been exercised on similar subjects; while the result of his labours must have a very high interest for our historians, antiquaries, and artists.

Amongst the Huguenot families expelled from France, who carried their acute intellects and delicate taste to benefit other countries, was that of the subject of this memoir, which, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, separated into two sections, one settling in Holland, and the other in Ireland. With the latter branch Mr. Edward Clarke, to

whom I was originally indebted for some of the materials of this biography, is connected. I also beg to express my obligations to other connexions of that family; to Mrs. Walker, of Dublin; and especially to the Rev. J. C. Walker, and to Dr. Sharkey, of Ballinasloe, the former of whom, in addition to other matters, likewise supplied me with an admirable crayon portrait of the good old Dutch-born artist, drawn by himself, and which forms the frontispiece to this memoir.[1]

Mr. Smiles, in the first edition of his work upon the Huguenots of Great Britain and Ireland, does not afford any information respecting the Beranger family; but the elder Disraeli, in his "Literary Miscellanies," page 336–7, when speaking of Laurence Sterne, says, "Some letters and papers of Sterne are now before me, which reveal a piece of secret history of our sentimentalist. The letters are addressed to a young lady, of the name of De Fourmantel, whose ancestors were the Berangers de Fourmantel, who, during the persecution of the French Protestants by Louis XIV., emigrated to this country [England]; they were entitled to extensive possessions in St. Domingo, but were excluded by their Protestantism. The elder sister became a Catholic, and obtained the estates; the younger adopted the name of Beranger, and was a governess to the Countess of Bristol." Catherine de Fourmantel was not married to Sterne, and died insane. She is said to have been the original from which he drew his "Maria."

A tradition among antiquaries and men of letters here, that there was a French artist in Dublin ninety years ago named Beranger; the mention of his name in old volumes of the "Gentleman's" and the "Hibernian Magazine;" some inquiries made about him in "Notes and Queries;"[2] his

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[1] This lithograph was drawn by Mr. Rich. C. Miller, architect, to whom I beg to express my cordial thanks. It has been well printed by Mr. Forster, of Crow-street.

[2] An inquirer in "Notes and Queries" for 2nd August, 1862, under the signature Abhba, with whom I have since become acquainted, asked about the missing drawings of Beranger, but was not answered satisfactorily. Again, on 13th September, he writes, "I have ascertained that some of his drawings (if not all) are in the possession of an Irish gentleman;" and he makes further inquiries respecting some ruins in the neighbourhood of Dublin, "which were extant in the latter half of the past century; as for example, Donnybrook Castle, demolished in 1769, and one at Irishtown, which was standing in 1781."

signature to some of the original drawings of antiquities published by Vallancey—now in my possession,—and the following notices from the late Dr. Petrie's celebrated work on the "Ecclesiastical Architecture and Round Towers of Ireland," published in 1845, comprise nearly all that the world at large knew of the labours of the subject of this memoir up to the present date. Dr. Petrie published illustrations of decorations of portions of the Seven Churches at Glendalough, no vestige of which remained in his day; and says, at page 245, "I am enabled to illustrate, to some extent, the ornamented portions of its architecture, as existing in 1779, by means of drawings made for the late Colonel Burton Conyngham in that year, by three competent artists—Signor Bigari, Monsieur Beranger, and Mr. Stephens." And again, at page 246, he describes an arch "as represented in the annexed copy of Beranger's drawing." Who Mr. Stephens was I am at present unable to say, but his name is not in any instance mentioned in connexion with Beranger's drawings.

Gabriel Beranger was born at Rotterdam, and in 1750, when about twenty-one years of age came to Ireland, in order to unite by marriage the two branches of the family. He was an artist by profession, and also kept a print shop and artist's warehouse, at No. 5, South George's-street, Dublin, from 1766 to 1779 at least. He first married his cousin, Miss Beranger, and afterwards a French lady named Mestayer; and died at No. 12, Stephen's-green, S., Dublin, on 18th February, 1817, aged eighty-eight, leaving no children. He was interred on the 20th of that month in the French burial ground in Peter-street. When the Huguenot Church there was burned, in January, 1771, the original registry of births, marriages, and deaths, with other valuable materials connected with that community in Dublin, were destroyed. The first entry in the present burial book is dated 13th March, 1771.

Probably the life of an artist was not a very profitable one at that time in Dublin; and Beranger's patrons, Colonel Burton Conyngham and General Vallancey, procured for him in the Government Exchequer Office, the post of Assistant Ledger Keeper, which he held for many years. In latter life he enjoyed a handsome competence

from a portion of the fortune amassed in India, in the good old times, by his brother-in-law, Colonel Mestayer.

The principal materials placed at my disposal consist of a large collection of drawings, plans, designs, architectural and geometrical sketches, and elevations of ruins, and antiquarian objects of interest in Ireland, many of them no longer existing; several landscapes; a large volume of notes made for the Irish Antiquarian Society, from 1779 to 1781; also carefully written descriptions of a great number of ruins in different parts of the country, as they existed a century ago; and, as already mentioned, some of the original drawings of antiquities published in the "Collectanea," &c., &c.

One of the first notices of Beranger which I find in print is that in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for 1770, page 205—being a "Topographical Description of Dalkey and the Environs," in the county of Dublin, by Mr. Peter Wilson, in a letter to John Lodge, Esq., Deputy Keeper of the Rolls. This notice is well worthy of being reprinted in the present day.[1] It is illustrated with an engraving on a folding plate, without the name of any artist; but Wilson says—"I have enclosed a sketch of one of the castles, from a view taken by my ingenious friend, Mr. Beranger, who with great industry and correctness hath drawn a curious collection of ruins, principally in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and means to have them engraven and made public, if suitable encouragement be not wanting."

Again, in the number of the "Hibernian Magazine" for October, 1771, page 450, we read the following heading to an article:—"Some Account of several Palaces belonging to the See of Dublin, with a View of the Front of the Palace of St. Sepulchre; Engraved from a Drawing of Mr. Beranger's, whose Views of the Antiquities of Dublin have

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[1] Speaking of the Castles of Dalkey, Wilson says, one was at that time a commodious habitation; the second was occupied as a billiard-room, "a third and fourth are inhabited by poor publicans and labourers; a fifth (indeed, the most antique and complete of the whole) is occupied for a stable; a sixth, or rather the small remains of it, may be found in the walls of an old cabin; and the seventh has been totally demolished in the course of the last summer, merely for the sake of the stones." In the second volume of the Beranger Collection of Drawings intended for publication, Plate 28, I find the coloured original of this engraving with the initials and date affixed, "G. B., delt. 1766."

been so justly esteemed by the public." To this I shall refer in another place.—See page 9.

At what time Beranger commenced to sketch the ruins and remarkable places in or around the city I have no means of ascertaining; but the dates in his own handwriting to the larger pictures run from 1763 to 1781; the smaller books do not contain any dates. Among the earlier efforts of his pencil, and before he had commenced his special antiquarian tours, were drawings of the two Cathedrals, the Round Tower of St. Michael's, the archiepiscopal palaces of St. Sepulchre's and Tallaght, Bagotrath Castle, and, at a somewhat later date, St. John's Tower, adjoining Thomas-street, in the city of Dublin, &c. The dates attached to his drawings do not always correspond with those in his journal; my impression is, that his paintings having attracted the attention of persons of taste, copies of them were purchased occasionally, or were procured by writers for the purpose of engraving—as in the cases of Dalkey and St. Sepulchre's.

Among the materials that have come into my possession is a large quarto MS. book of 118 pages, in double columns, on one side (and with "Notes and Anecdotes" on some of the blank pages), of several tours made in Ireland from 1773 to 1781. It is most beautifully written in a clear, distinct hand, without a blot or erasure, and contains several small illustrative sketches. The work itself is a diary and itinerary, evidently written from day to day; but the "Notes and Anecdotes" and historic extracts appear to have been added subsequently, when the author had access to libraries, &c. The book, which is bound and shuts with a clasp, is a foot long, and 9½ inches broad. The first entry in point of time is Sept., 1773, when he made a tour from Dublin into Wicklow, and says, "Set out at eight in the morning in coach and four, with my maid, to bring home my sister[1] from Shillelah." This carriage was probably a public conveyance. He graphically describes the journey, and all the ruins and remark-

[1] This was possibly his sister-in-law, as he had no sister residing in Ireland, and the lady alluded to was in all probability the grandmother of the Rev. J. C. Walker, Dr. Sharkey of Ballinasloe, and the late Dr. Walker of Dublin.

able objects on the route. When passing the Green Hills, near Tallaght, he remarked that, their form "induces one to think they are *tumuli*, and the work of man, and not of nature, since they appear to be of the same figure of those of Dowth and New Grange, in the county of Meath." Eugene Curry, who often visited that locality with me, held the same opinion, but the test of exploration has not yet been applied to them. Beranger then described the Archbishop of Dublin's summer palace at Tallaght, of which he had previously made drawings, now in my possession.[1]

In a note attached to one of these sketches we read as follows—"A View of the Archiepiscopal Palace at Tallaght, four miles from Dublin; this is the summer residence of the Archbishop, and is an old castle modernized. The right wing is modern, the steps still more so, being new, and being made of cut mountain stone. I was told that it was intended to rebuild the left wing just in the same taste as the right." This healthful and picturesquely situated residence at the foot of the Dublin Mountains, and commanding a noble prospect of the surrounding country, has long since passed into lay hands. In the second Number of the "Dublin Library,"[2] for May, 1761, giving an account of "A Journey through Ireland" by a gentleman "educated in France" (possibly Beranger), we read—"The Archbishops of Dublin have a country palace here, which they say is very antient, but was thoroughly repaired by the late Archbishop; there is not any thing worthy remark in it. The last Archbishop that resided here when it was in its original splendour was Michael Tregury, who died in August, 1449. The town is very inconsiderable; there are two cabarets, or tippling houses," &c. In June,

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[1] Tallaght—*Tam*, pronounced *Thaum*, a plague or pestilence, and *Leacht*, stone or flag; so called in remembrance of the graves of those buried there during the great pestilence which occurred amongst the Parthalonian Colonists who fled from Ben-Edair, now called by the Scandinavian name of Howth, or Headland, forming one of the boundaries of Dublin Bay.

[2] I am indebted to my old friend Dr. R. R. Madden, who, in addition to his other literary acquirements, possesses an extensive knowledge of our periodic literature, for the use of a few numbers of this very rare Journal, and also for some copies of the "London and Dublin Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer," published in 1733, therefore eleven years before Droz's "Literary Journal" first appeared.

1783, the then Archbishop of Dublin and Bishop of Glendalough obtained a certificate from the Lord Lieutenant and Council that he had expended the sum of £3582 19*s.* 4*d.* in "making several repairs and improvements at the palaces, offices, and gardens of St. Sepulchre and Tallaght." And, again, in July, 1787, a further sum of £1397 18*s.* 8½*d.* for a similar purpose.[1] D'Alton, in his History of the County Dublin, writes—"Lord John G. Beresford, afterwards Primate, who was translated to the See of Dublin in 1819, obtained an Act of Parliament to sell the buildings and lands;—and his successor, Dr. Magee, sold them to Major Palmer"[2]—who disposed of them to my friend John Lentaigne, M. D., the present proprietor, who leased the premises and a portion of the land to a community of the Order of Dominicans.

The palace at Tallaght was repaired by Dr. John Hoadley, who was Archbishop of Dublin from 1727 to 1729. Beranger's drawing of it represents a long line of buildings, some of them apparently dilapidated; but although interesting as a remnant of the past, the scope of this work does not permit of its illustration here. In addition to the foregoing, Beranger made a painting in 1770 of "Tallaght Castle, at the rear of the Archiepiscopal Palace, county of Dublin." And in the note to one of his smaller books remarks, "It is situated in the garden at the rear of the Archiepiscopal Summer Palace; it seems to have been a gate of a much larger building, of which this tower only remains. The arch is half stopped up and mended with brick. I was told it was intended to make a

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[1] For certified copies of these certificates I am indebted to Dr. Lentaigne.

[2] Tallaght and its vicinity still contains many objects of extreme interest to the antiquary and archæologist, which are well worthy of being recorded in such a useful little work as that of the Rev. Beaver H. Blacker's "Sketches of the Parishes of Booterstown and Donnybrook."

The well-known proverb, applied to boasters, of "Tallagh Hill talk" would appear to have arisen from the circumstance of the brawlers, scandalers, and rioters who, having been tried and fined or confined by the Archbishop's Court at Harold's Cross, or St. Sepulchres, when returning to their native mountains of Wicklow or Dublin, and finding themselves out of the jurisdiction of His Grace on the top of Tallaght Hill, turned round and gave vent to their wounded feelings in language which, though not complimentary, they could safely indulge in, as it was not "uttered within the pale of ecclesiastical authority."

See also D'Alton's "History of the Co. Dublin," and "History of the Archbishops" of this Diocese, and likewise "Lewis's Topographical Dictionary."

summer house of it. This is one of the mislaid drawings." The original is now in my possession.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the Palace of Tallaght is, that an engraving of it was made in 1818, representing a magnificent pile of towers and other buildings in the Tudor style of architecture, with a river flowing in front, and all the adornments of a noble park. I do not know whether it was ever published, but I believe it was intended for Mason's projected History of Christ Church Cathedral, and may have been used at the time of the sale of Tallaght.

The temporal as well as ecclesiastical power of the early Archbishops of Dublin, if measured by the extent of territory and the magnificent architectural structures over which they ruled, must be regarded as immense. The palatial residence at Swords was probably the oldest, as it certainly was the most extensive. Such were its dimensions, that while still capable of entertaining the Archbishop and his suite, it found accommodation for the Chief Governor and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, who held a Parliament within its walls. From Swords we pass to the Liberties of St. Sepulchres, in the city of Dublin, where, under the shadow of the noble pile that bears the name of our Patron Saint, within the Close, and surrounded by its kindred ecclesiastical structures, the Deanery, and Marsh's Library, &c., stood the ancient palace of the Spiritual Lords of Dublin, the last occupant of which was Dr. Fowler, who died in 1803,—but which is now a Police Barrack! It must have occupied the site of the original palace, or may have been that absolutely inhabited by Laurence O'Toole, Henry the Londoner, and other prelates down to the days of Fitzsimon, Kirwan, Loftus, the learned Narcissus Marsh, and the patriotic King, until it was sold to the Government, and abandoned for a more fashionable locality.

Before proceeding with the narrative of the tour, let me here again refer to the drawings of the Palace of St. Sepulchre, as taken from the courtyard of the interior in 1765, and of which there are three copies in my possession. Of one of these Beranger writes—"This ancient

building, in which the Archbishop resides, is situated in Kevin-street, a quarter not very genteel. I cannot say much of this edifice—the drawing shows what it is at once." In the "Hibernian Magazine" for 1771, already referred to at page 4, there is a reversed engraving of this edifice, "from a drawing of Mr. Beranger;" and the writer states that it was "a very large, as well as a very ancient, stone building, containing not only all suitable accommodations for the family of the Archbishop, but likewise a state apartment which consists of four handsome rooms in suite; but these front towards the garden, and are not seen from the street. The rest of the house, except one wing which communicates with Marsh's Library, is disposed in a square."[1]

From Tallaght, Beranger describes in his journal, the road through Blessington to Baltinglas, where he remained that night, but did not sleep, "as the pigs and dogs of the town were at war the best part of the night, and made a horrid noise." He was surprised at not finding any oaks at Shillelah. He then returned with his relative to Ballymore-Eustace, where he made a drawing of the castle, bearing the same date, which is now before me; but, although it includes a sketch of the artist himself, in his cue, cocked hat, and red coat, it is not worth engraving. He was advised by the landlord of the Eagle Inn there to beware of robbers, who then infested the neighbourhood of Tallaght. He arrived, however, safe in Dublin that night.

It is believed that the ecclesiastical Round Towers are among the most ancient, as they are the most celebrated, monuments of Christian antiquity in Ireland. That some of them belong to the period of the first stone structures in which mortar or cement was used is undeniable. No perfect list, nor full description of these buildings, or the places in which such formerly existed, has yet been pub-

[1] Besides the three palaces of Swords, Dublin, and Tallaght, in this diocese, the existence of a fourth Archiepiscopal residence is mentioned by the Rev. E. Seymour in his "History of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin," 1869—"This space was originally the site of the Episcopal Palace, erected by Bishop Donat in the twelfth century; and subsequently it was occupied with the Deanery and other conventual buildings connected with the Cathedral, and possibly with a cloister, or a square open court, within the precinct." —p. 61.

lished.[1] It is not generally known that a round tower stood in the city of Dublin within the last ninety-five years, and was only taken down in order to prevent accidents, after it had been severely shaken by the great storm of October, 1775.[2] In the hollow beneath the ancient city walls, on the north-eastern space between the present Castle gardens and Chancery-lane, bounded on the north and west by Great and Little Ship or Sheep-streets, and extending up to Bride-street on the west, and St. Bridget's Church a little to the south, was the ancient parish of St. Michael's without the walls, to distinguish it from that within—which was attached to "the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity" or Christ Church. Its graveyard, in which interments took place so late as 1830, may still be seen adjoining to the parochial almshouse. This parish of St. Michael of Pole, and a part of St. Stephen's, were united to that of St. Bride's in 1682, by the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, who styled themselves, in the minute of the 25th September in that year, "the parsons and undoubted patrons of those parishes." The old church was then taken down. Here, beside the millrace from the Poddle River which now runs under the gate of the Lower Castle Yard, stood the round tower of Dublin, within a couple of hundred yards of the old city wall, adjoining that gate. This locality was therefore one of the earliest Christian ecclesiastical sites, next to that of the Well of St. Patrick, within or in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.[3] The tower must have been an ostensible object; yet, strange to say, scarcely anything has been said about it by our early civic historians, with the exception of Molyneux and Walter Harris, which latter author, in his

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[1] See "Anthologia Hibernica," vol. i., p. 90, for an imperfect list, published in 1793. Wilkinson in his "Practical Geology and Ancient Architecture of Ireland," has also given a list, but it is far from perfect. A complete list is still a desideratum, and will, I hope, soon be published.

[2] See "Exshaw's Magazine" for October 16th; also the Census of Ireland, 1851, Part V., vol. i., p. 148.

[3] There were several "Holy Wells" connected with the city of Dublin: St. Patrick's Well, over which the Cathedral has been built, formerly celebrated on the 17th of March; and another of the same name adjoining "Patrick's well-lane," now Nassau-street; St. James's Well, in the parish of that name, where the "Gooseberry Fair" was held in my own recollection, on the 25th of July; St. Sunday's Well, on the south side of the town; and St. Doulough's Well, on the north of the city, where a "pattern" was held within the memory of some of the present generation. See Barnabe Rych's "New Irish Prognostication," 1624, pp. 52 and 53. We require a good paper on the old wells of Dublin.

edition of Ware, writes thus of it in 1762, when arguing for the early antiquity of mortared masonry in Ireland :— "Probably St. Michael's Church, in Sheep-street, with one of these round towers adjoining it, was built about the same time as Christ Church." This, however, is a plagiarism ; for thirty-seven years previously Molyneux, in his "Discourse concerning the Danish Mounts, Forts, and Towers in Ireland," published in 1725, when writing of the erection of Christ Church "by Sitricus, a Danish King, about the year 1038, as appears from ancient records still kept in that Cathedral," says—"About the same time, I judge, St. Michael's Church, in Sheep-street, not far from Christ's Church, was likewise built by the Danes, with one of these round towers adjoining to it." It was called St. Michael le Pole, or dell Polla, or Michael of Pole, or of the Pool, on account of its vicinity to the "Pole Gate"[1] in the old city wall, near St. Werburgh's Church. Harris, in his "History and Antiquities of the City of Dublin," describes the opening in the north-east city wall at Pole Gate, from a confluence of water in this hollow, which was often troublesome to passengers till a bridge was thrown over it. From the "Free Press" for the 15th August, 1778, we learn that "the ruins of the old Church of St. Michael of the Pool remained in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign. In 1706, Dr. Jones, an eminent Latin master in Ship-street, applied to the patrons of the parish and the incumbent for leave to rebuild the old walls, and convert the same into a schoolhouse ; which work, when obtaining their consent, he set about, and built a large and lofty schoolroom, with three small rooms at the end, and a flight of stairs in the tower leading to the two upper rooms." And in the same paper it is said that the "ruin" of this tower "was prevented about forty years ago by a lover of antiquities, who then applied to Dean Swift and other gentlemen for contribution, when it was scaffolded from the ground, and well pinned with lime and stone within and without, which thorough repairing ever since preserved it from falling." When the Dean and

[1] See a notice of the Pole Gate in Gilbert's "History of Dublin," vol. i., p. 36 ; also the plan of Dublin in 1610, published by Pool and Cash in 1780, where it is marked as the "Pole Gate."

Chapter confirmed Dr. Jones in his possession of the Church, they showed, says Mr. Monck Mason, "an anxiety which every antiquarian will think laudable, by placing the following note on their minutes:—"That Mr. Jones do not pull down the monument or tower of St. Michael of Paul's, near his schoolhouse;" and again, on the 23rd of August of the same year, they issued an order to the same effect.[1] A Mr. Evans succeeded Dr. Jones as master of St. Michael's School, "after whose promotion to a country living it lay waste for a few years, until it was put in order for the ingenious Dr. Dunkin, in 1738, who was succeeded by his usher, Dr. Ball, the present very worthy master," in 1778.

In 1766, Beranger made "A View of the Round Tower of Michael of Pole, in the city of Dublin," which is now before me, as well as four copies of it, one of which is evidently by his own hand. The original large drawing, bound up with the others previously described, was apparently lost for some time, as would appear from the note appended to one of his small books of drawings, made subsequently, and intended for sale or engraving. The fac simile illustration on the opposite page has been engraved for this work by Mr. Hanlon, from the original drawing.

The following is the description of it given by Beranger:—"This tower was situated in a yard, at the rear of some houses on the west side of Great Ship-street, near the Castle; it was reckoned one of the most ancient among those kind of structures, as its walls were not in a perpendicular line, but so ill constructed as if the builder had been ignorant of the use of the plumb-line; it is encompassed by a building which was formerly a chappel, but was afterwards used as a schoolhouse; in a great storm we had some years ago, it was so much damaged that, to prevent the accidents its fall

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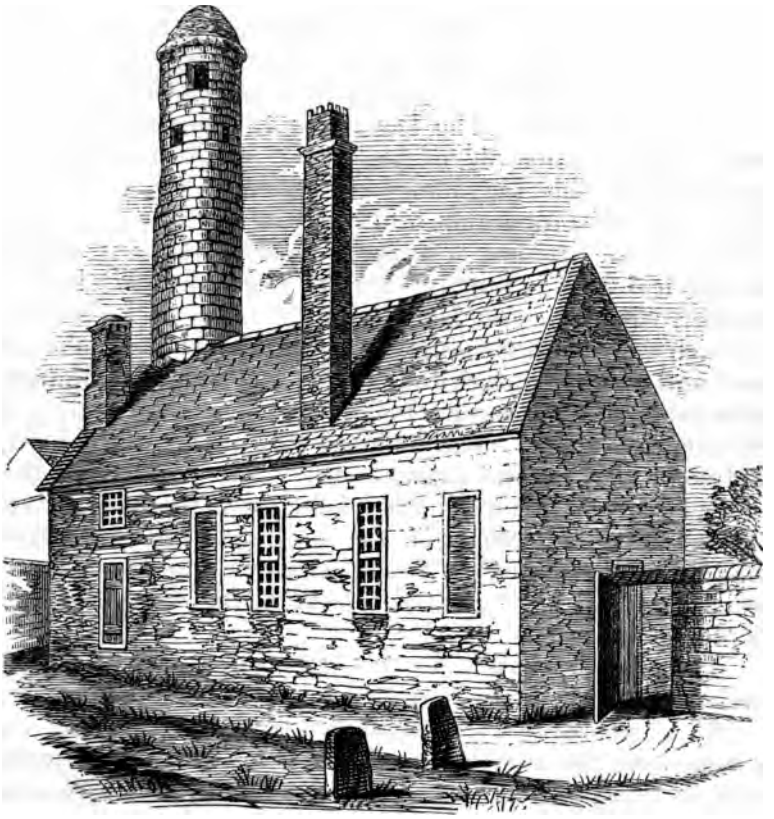
[1] See notes at pages 72, 221, and 234, of Monck Mason's "History of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's." The Rev. John Jones, D. D., was the diocesan schoolmaster; and he, not Swift, as supposed by Barrett, was author of "A Tripos, or Satirical Oration uttered by him as Terræ Filius." I here beg to express my best thanks to my old and valued friend, Dr. Willis, for having directed my attention to several articles in the Dublin "Free Press," bearing upon the subject of the discussion respecting the taking down of the Tower of St. Michael of the Pool. No more learned authority upon the topography of ancient Dublin exists.

might occasion, it was demolished, and this a few months after I had drawn it; thus I saved it from oblivion; but having mislaid the drawing, I could not insert this in my first number, which would have been its proper place, as it was done before any of them all which I have given to the public; several others of the views in this book are in the same case, as they were all in the same portfolio."



Round Tower of St. Michael le Pole, from a drawing by Gabriel Beranger.

Dr. Petrie, who had access to some of these drawings of Beranger, had a woodcut of the Dublin Round Tower made by Mr. Branston, who was employed by the Royal Irish Academy to engrave the illustrations for his Essay on the Round Towers, about thirty years ago. The cut was never used, as it was intended to appear in the second volume of

that work; and when the Academy disposed of its copyright and cuts, &c., to Messrs. Hodges and Smith, that little block passed out of the hands of the distinguished author; and I have not been able to procure it. It was about a third of the size of the present engraving. The slight anachronism which would appear on first reading Beranger's account of the taking down of the tower may be accounted for by supposing that he refers to the second drawing, and not to that made in 1766.[1] After the storm of 1775, the tower "threatened ruin not only to the schoolhouse, but to the neighbouring houses in Chancery-lane, and the fall of it was every day expected. The Dean and Chapter referred the examination of this old edifice to one of the most skilful architects of this kingdom. He reported the evil complained of to be incurable, and that the tower could not be raised, for the attempt of fixing a scaffold about it would tumble it down." Shortly after the storm, possibly in November, "it was concluded to pull down the upper part of it, which was done accordingly, to the level of the schoolhouse roof, and all the damage done to the said roof and chimney were repaired," the stones being "applied to rebuilding a ruinous wall on the north and east side of the churchyard, and some part of the engine-house." The removal of the tower having caused much dissatisfaction in the parish, "an old inhabitant" wrote upon the subject to the committee for conducting the "Free Press," and from the controversy which ensued I have gleaned several of the foregoing particulars.

The schoolhouse is now "the Alms House of St. Bridget's parish, founded in the year 1683. Removed here A. D. j... 8...," probably 1787, as shown by the inscription on a stone over the archway in Ship-street. The churchyard, with its two standing and several flat tombs, although now in a most miserable state of filth and decay, is exactly as represented in the drawing of 1766, and the schoolhouse with its tall chimney, presents but few alterations. The

[1] The latest copy of Beranger's drawing of the Dublin tower which I have seen is that made by the Rev. J. Turner in 1794, for Austin Cooper's beautiful collection of Indian Ink drawings of "Views of Castles, Churches, &c. &c., in the County of Dublin," and for permission to examine which I am indebted to my friend, J. Huband Smith, Esq., in whose possession it now is.

site of the Tower is, however, occupied by a comparatively modern brick building adjoining the Station house in Chancery-lane, in which reside the school teachers of St. Bridget's parish; and I cannot trace in it any remains of the Tower. It may, I think, be fairly inferred that a graveyard adjoining a Round Tower was of very great antiquity; and it is to be regretted that the late Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with such ample funds at their disposal, or the Poor Law Guardians, or the parishioners, did not make some effort to preserve from desecration the ground hallowed for so many centuries, and occupied by the remains of the citizens of Dublin.[1]

As may be seen by the illustration, the cap was round; and so far as can be judged from it, the tower was of very early date, and resembled in some respects that of Drumbo, in the County Down, which I lately described, when I ventured upon the following suggestion:—Touching the matter of the name said to be usually given by the annalists and native Irish-speaking people to a Round Tower, as *Cloic-theach* or "House of the Bell," as originally published by Walsh, and subsequently recorded by Lynch and Sir Thomas Molyneux, an erroneous notion seems to have gone abroad that it meant the habitation of a large swinging bell hung in the top of the structure, either for the purpose of alarm, or calling the congregation to worship. A baptismal well, a very early church, a cell, a book, or the relic of a saint, would naturally be the earliest memorial of Christianity after the arrival of

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[1] In addition to the foregoing references to the Ship-street Tower, the following are worthy of the notice of whoever may hereafter write the history of this part of Dublin. Twiss, in his Tour, p. 21, says, in a note, "Very few of the inhabitants of Dublin know that this tower exists." In Luckombe's Tour, written in 1779, p. 7, we read—"In Ship-street an antique round tower (seldom noticed by the inhabitants of Dublin) was demolished during my stay here. By some antiquarians it is supposed of Druidical erection, from its shape; but others are weak enough to imagine Danish. If erected by the Danes, it is somewhat remarkable that none such are extant in Denmark." See also Wright's "Dublin Guide," p. 153, and "Dighan's Ancient Dublin." I am given to understand that there was a nunnery in Ship-street in former times, but I have not been able to learn more about it.

Some years ago an order was made by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and sanctioned by Dr. Whateley, then Archbishop of Dublin, for the removal of the monuments in the ancient Church at Lusk, and those in the Portlester Chapel, at St. Audoen's Church, Dublin. The desecration was, however, prevented in both cases by the timely and well directed efforts of the Celtic Society.

St. Patrick in this island ; and next, and probably contemporaneous with these, would be the hand bells subsequently used in the celebration of Mass, which articles must have been more general than either of the others, and were held in such veneration that some of our oldest and noblest specimens of metal work and enamelling were fashioned to enshrine them. Whatever may be advanced by speculators as to the original intention of the earlier of these towers, it is manifest to me that this name was derived from their subsequent use as repositories for the small sacred bells used in the neighbouring churches. The ordinary large swinging cast bell was not contemporaneous in Ireland with the erection of these structures ; and even had such been used in the more modern ones, surely some fragment of one of these objects would have been found ere this.[1]

Since the foregoing was sent to the printer, I have procured a copy of Part III. of the "Proceedings of the Saint Patrick's Society for the Study of Ecclesiology," for 1857, in which Mr. J. Huband Smith has written a most interesting article on the Church and Tower of St. Michael le Pole, and afforded much information connected with the subject referred to in the foregoing pages. He has also given a lithograph of a copy of one of Beranger's drawings, and likewise a view "drawn from a sketch taken in 1751, Birmingham Tower in the distance," but of which he has not furnished any description, or assigned an author. He has, however, recently informed me that the drawing from which he made that illustration was formerly in the possession of Sir William Betham (Ulster). It is very difficult to understand this sketch, which appears to have been taken from Chancery Lane, for it would be almost impossible to

[1] This opinion, which I have long held, was first published in "Saunders' News-Letter," for 1st November, 1869. For a most interesting account of celebrated large cast bells, from the twelfth century to the present date, see the Rev. H. R. Haweis's Paper in the number of "The Contemporary Review" for February, 1870. Mr. Ellacombe's book on bells, now in the press, may be looked forward to with much interest. The Royal Irish Academy, about twenty-five years ago, had a large number of our Irish bells, and their shrines and covers, engraved on copper to illustrate Dr. Petrie's essay on that subject; but except those lent for engravings to Mr. Ellacombe, they have not yet been published. The Rev. Dr. Reeves, the most competent authority now in Ireland, is about to add letterpress descriptions to these plates of the Academy, which, with impressions of the plates, will then be distributed among the Members.

bring in Birmingham Tower in any such view. Captain Betham informs me that that drawing No. 95, was sold in London, along with several others, at the sale, by Sotheby and Wilkinson, of his father's MSS. in 1854.

It would appear that Beranger had not formed any opinion of his own upon the then much mooted subject of the use and origin of round towers, for when describing that at Donoughmore, near Navan, Co. Meath, he writes as follows :—"Of those round towers we have many in Ireland, and I believe there is not a county without some of them ; they generally are found near old churches, and are built, some of hewn, and some of quarry stone ; their height is various, from fifty to above one hundred feet, and their diameter from fifteen to sixteen feet, except one at Turlough, in the County Mayo and Province of Connaught, which, on measuring, I found to be fifty-seven feet in girth, which is nineteen diameter, thus exceeding the general measure by three feet. *History is absolutely silent about them ;* so that it is not known in what age, by whom, or for what use they were erected ; but if one is desirous to see the various opinions of modern writers about them, he may consult Sir James Ware's History of Ireland, Smith's History of Cork, Smith's History of Waterford, Wright's Louthiana, and Colonel Vallancey's and Mr. Ledwich's Works, in Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis, of which work thirteen numbers are already published." Such, together with the printed opinion of Walsh, Lynch, and Molyneux, already alluded to, and that of Giraldus Cambrensis, W. Beauford, and a few others, comprised all the information which was possessed upon the subject of the Irish Round Towers in Beranger's time. The knowledge of architecture had not sufficiently advanced, nor that of Archæology enlarged, to enable the men of the day to have treated the subject in a philosophical and eclectic manner. Forty years passed by—mostly the period of Ireland's literary and intellectual collapse—when, on November 15, 1830, Mr. Petrie, then a Member of Council, proposed the following resolution to the governing body of the Academy :—"For the best Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland, in which it is expected that the characteristic architectural peculiarities belonging to *all* those ancient buildings now

existing shall be noticed, and the uncertainty in which their origin and use are involved be satisfactorily removed."

And at the following meeting, on the 22nd inst., it was resolved to offer "Fifty Pounds and the Gold Medal for an approved Essay on the subject proposed by Mr. Petrie." A portion of this resolution has been well fulfilled, but not all; and although another forty years have elapsed, there is, I think, space for further information respecting all the towers which, unhappily for the country, Dr. Petrie did not live to supply, or the Academy had not funds or desire to procure. Had the Ordnance Survey, which so largely assisted in procuring materials for the Essay on the early "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," been continued, matters would have been in a different condition at present.

Now, nearly a century after Beranger and those to whom he refers wrote, one would think that all the questions respecting the round towers had been solved, so far as they are ever likely to be; yet, as there are still unlearned people, or sceptics and egotists, who will not accept truth as it is proposed to them, perhaps I may here digress, having already propounded a solution for one of their assigned uses, and state my own form of faith, so far as my observations and reading have enabled me to form an opinion. As the question narrows itself into an architectural one, the following preliminary observations may not be here out of place:—

I. There are no pagan or pre-Christian *mortared* stone structures in Ireland. The only one that has been in any way supposed to contain cementing material is the Hag's Cashel on Lough Mask, county Mayo; but then it must be remembered that it was occupied so late as the reign of Elizabeth.[1]

II. There are no archæic idiographic or merely ornamental carvings on punched or chiselled stones in Ireland, and even the first early literal inscriptions, and all the oghams, are graven on *undressed* stones. There is no vestige of any description of architectural adornment by means of dressed stones, beyond the incised lines already known, referring to pagan times.

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[1] See Sir W. R. Wilde's "Lough Corrib, its Shores and Islands," p. 78.

III. Nearly all early Irish stone structures are round—forts, cahirs, cashels, tumuli, cloughauns, Druidic circles, and other elevations and enclosures, civil, military, social, religious, or funereal. Numerous cahirs, cashels, and forts, are mentioned as habitations or places of defence in our annals, both before and after the arrival of St. Patrick.

IV. Small churches were the first *mortared* buildings. They were not always placed east and west, as the points of the compass were not then as well known or as much regarded as at a later period. As the churches grew, not merely in reverence, but by possessions and gifts, they necessarily attracted the cupidity of a rude people, when in and about them were the clerics, the learned of the land, the artificers and the wealthy. All the clergy, and possibly a portion of the people, lived in community round the little church, in cells, oratories, cloughauns, wattled huts, caves, or forts.

V. Many were the inroads made on these little communities by marauding native chieftains, hostile clans, or invading foreigners—their sanctuaries rifled, and numbers of themselves slain. The character of warfare had begun to alter—the fort, the cave, and even the great circular cahir, with its colossal dry stone masonry, were no longer available as places of refuge, and the erection of the last was not always within the compass of the little Christian congregation, or the inhabitants of the surrounding district. Still the faith in the defensive character of the circular fort remained firmly in the minds of the people, and they raised the circular tower *more patriæ* in the vicinity of their church and treasure-house—generally (as was well remarked by Beranger) opposite the west end, and therefore affording a ready means of safety, when rushing from the sanctuary, to those threatened with sudden invasion; and drawing up the ladder, and closing the door or doors, they and their goods were secure. Hence, in my opinion, the first Round Towers were built solely and exclusively as *places of defence, protection, and security.* That was their "use and origin," and no other. But, presuming that the churches had to be built, endowed, and to become rich in ornament, crozier, cross, chalice, relic, Host-bell, shrine, book, silver, gold, precious stones, and costly vestments,

before they could become objects of attraction to the avaricious;—and not finding any vestige of such remains (except a few MSS. chiefly in Latin), belonging to the second half of the sixth, or the whole of the seventh century, I incline to advance the date of the erection of these towers to a period even later than that to which they are referred by Dr. Petrie.

VI. If there be one class of architecture in Ireland more than another that explains itself, and exhibits a transition period of at least 300 years, it is that of the round tower. Formed for defence at a period of early Christianity, say after A. D. 600, we find the primitive Irish round tower short, stunted, of the rudest form of masonry, and with scarcely the mark of a chisel upon any of its stones; with a sloping-jambed, square-headed doorway, like that of the adjoining church, or the fort or cahir that preceded it, and with a domed roof, similar to that which could also be seen in the sepulchral chamber and the cloughaun—with the basement presenting a "batter" like that found in some of the old cahirs, and the doorway raised some ten feet above the surrounding ground, and therefore over the reach of an unsupported assailant trying to break in the flag or wooden door with which those in the interior secured themselves—it was in these days almost impregnable.

In none of these very rudely-built towers is there any architectural adornment, or the slightest vestige of a Christian emblem. It must be borne in mind that they were only used occasionally and temporarily until succour could come and relieve the garrison within; and that such relief would in most cases be sure to arrive in a few hours. It may be urged against this architectural and common sense view of their direct and immediate use and origin, that the ordinary round tower would not hold even the small surrounding Christian community, consisting of the officiating priests, possibly a few monks, the servitors of the little church, some scribes and artists, and a few dozen of the neighbouring cultivators or soldiers who might rush in on the emergency of a sudden inroad or assault; but then it must be recollected that the surrounding community was very small—that if forty or fifty people could get in, they would for a while at least be secure from

danger, except from fire, as occurred when we read that a tower was burned, full of people, and that they could very well find standing room on the average four floors of the building. It is remarkable that, from 948, to 1238, when Kilcoona or Annadown was commenced, the annalists do not mention the erection of a single tower, although it may be presumed that some swinging bells may have been introduced into Ireland during these three centuries.

Thus stands my belief respecting the use and origin of the first round towers. It is really not worth while, after all that has been written on the subject, refuting the nonsensical arguments as to their Oriental or Danish origin, and their totally impossible uses as gnomes, monastic retreats, penitentiaries, beacons, fire-worshippers' towers, Druidical temples, phallic emblems, mausolea, &c. Neither would it be of use again to refute the theory respecting their Phœnician or "Cuthite" origin. Petrie had swept most of these fallacies away already. As to their use as mausolea, I think I have myself cleared away the arguments and assumed facts connected with that delusion. Finding towers built over human remains only proves that they were erected in old graveyards. See the "Ulster Journal of Archæology."

As stated above respecting Annadown, which was probably never completed, there is no reference in our annals to the erection of a round tower in Ireland, although the building of churches and their endowments by holy men are often spoken of. The first notice in our annals, or anywhere in writing, of a *Cloic-teach*, or "House of the Bell," does not occur until the middle of the tenth century, when the great ecclesiastical establishment at Slane, probably the very first of its kind in Ireland (as St. Patrick is said to have commenced his mission there), was attacked and burned by an invading force, and the bell-house, with all its treasures, and a multitude of people therein, were burned.

Starting from the middle of the eighth, or the beginning of the ninth century, the round tower, like the adjoining church or the sculptured cross, was better built, raised to greater height, got a more conical cap, and, as foreign archi-

tecture was introduced,—Greek, Roman, Saxon, or Norman,—was decorated with the arch, the ornamented doorway, the sculptured fillet round the cap, and eventually, the representation of Christian emblems—the Cross, and the figure of the Crucifixion.

No one acquainted with the subject of either architecture or archæology can imagine that all the round towers were coeval, or even within three centuries of each other, the first with the last,—neither can any person suppose that the decorated arch, the fluted jambs, and all the other architectural adornments, well known to have existed long prior to this period in other countries, were the offspring of Irish genius, unassisted from without.

With acute observation, great learning and research, and a most refined taste, Petrie worked out these architectural subjects. Let us now see what the record says. Sylvester Gerald Barry, the most learned man of his day, and known to us as attached to the Irish court of Henry II. and his son John, and who, from his Welsh origin, is known in books as "Giraldus Cambrensis," when he wrote his Topography of Ireland, in 1183, comprises his description of the round towers in the following words, so often overlooked or misinterpreted by subsequent writers. "*Turres Ecclesiasticas, quæ, more Patriæ, arctæ sunt et altæ, nec non et rotundæ.*"—Ecclesiastical towers, which, after the fashion of the country, are slender, high, and round. This told the story of the round towers nearly 700 years ago—ecclesiastical, or belonging to church communities; round, after the fashion of the country; and, without stretching the question too far, constructed by the people of the country; and, being within the Christian period, erected between the arrival of St. Patrick and the writing of the Cambrian antiquary.

That is the first of the three positions worked out with such learning by Dr. Petrie, viz.: "That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries." Whether they were ever *originally intended* to serve as places "in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited," is no more than to say that any keep, castle, citadel, or place of strength, would, in

case of emergency, serve for the preservation of treasure; but that they were *erected* "as keeps, or places of strength, into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belong [and, as shown by history, the laity also] could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack" is, I think, fully proved.

"That they were probably also used, when occasions required, as watch-towers," is only to say what is common to all fortresses or towers even in the present day. But that, with their stone roofs and wooden floors, they could ever have been intended for "*beacons*," is a theory for one of their original uses that I am not prepared to accept.

That they never were originally "*designed*" to serve as belfries, I have already remarked upon; although, when large cast bells came into use, possibly in the tenth or twelfth centuries, such may have been hung in some of the later ones, or in the miniature towers absolutely attached to churches of more modern date, as at Glendalough, Ireland's Eye, and Clonmacnoise. In the latter case, however, the top apertures would not appear to have been constructed for the purpose of giving exit to the sound of a swinging bell. If the round tower was originally intended for a belfry it would, I think, have been incorporated with or attached to the primitive church (the bell of which it was intended to hold); instead of being studiously placed at some distance from it, and thus serving as a citadel to those who fled to it. It is strange how fragments of the true uses of our Irish towers crop out here and there, even among the writings of the most fanciful antiquaries of the past century. Thus Mr. William Beauford, in his article on the *Cloghadh*, published in Vallancey's "Collectanea," writes thus:—"The Cloghadh now remaining in Ireland were all erected by the Christian clergy, and are none of them older probably than the beginning of the seventh century, or none of them later than the close of the eleventh, though evidently derived from structures of a similar nature used by the pagan priests; they were, however, continued as belfries to the close of the fourteenth century."

As the belfry theory is still likely to have many adherents, I beg to add, even at the risk of appearing tedious, the following additional particulars for and against it. The small early Irish church bell was almost invariably

square ; and although it might have been cast in bronze, in the same way as a celt or a sword, still it was in most instances formed out of a piece of metal riveted at the sides ; in many cases it was made of iron, to improve the sound of which, portions of other metals—bronze, silver, and tin—were driven into it, and partially fused by such a heat as did not melt the iron. That these bells were of great antiquity, and were highly reverenced, is shown by the fact of their being afterwards enshrined in some of the finest specimens of jewellery now in our collections. They were also known by special names. Dr. Reeves in his learned Commentary on "Adamnan's Life of St. Columba," says—"All the ancient Irish bells were *hand* bells." (See note, p. 34.) Moreover, these bells had their appointed *herenachs* or custodians, whose duty it was to preserve them, as well as the shrines, croziers, books, and other similar relics. Some of the descendants of these persons exist at the present day.

Dr. Petrie, when describing one of the sculptured stones which formerly existed at Glendalough, originally drawn by Beranger in 1779, and which, in a fragmentary condition, was subsequently sketched by the late Mr. Du Noyer, says, at page 249—"The quadrangular-shaped bell, which appears in the hand of the other figure, exhibits that peculiar form which characterizes all the consecrated bells which have been preserved in Ireland, as having belonged to the celebrated saints of the primitive Irish Church ; and there is every reason to believe that this quadrangular form gave place to the circular one now in use previously to the twelfth century ;" but when or where is not stated. And as to the consecration of the hand or Host bell, I am not aware that such a rite was common in the Christian Church, although large swinging bells were generally baptized.

The most powerful argument brought forward by Petrie for the belfry theory is that respecting the name and duties of the *Aistreoir*, or ostiarius, an officer whose duty, as explained by Bishop O'Reilly in his Irish Dictionary, "was to ring the bell in the steeple of the church—the lowest of the seven degrees of ecclesiastical officers." But the authorities quoted for this office of the bell ringer are certainly not contemporaneous with the early round

towers, and indeed do not always apply to the *aistire* or bell ringer even of the tenth century. As to the evidence derived from the Four Masters respecting the tower of Clonmacnoise, when the large bells there were carried from the cloictheach, as well as the images, altars, gems, and even window glass, it does not bear forcibly upon the subject, for it did not occur till 1552, many centuries after the great tower was built; and if the small tower is the one referred to, its comparatively modern structure would exclude it from the argument.

Professor O'Looney, of the Catholic University, has kindly furnished me with the following extract from an ancient life of St. Senan, written by St. Odranus, first Comarb of St. Senan in Innis Cathraigh, from a manuscript in his own possession, dated 1629, and which, he says, "gives a more detailed account of the life of St. Senan than the Book of Lismore version, which does not contain the chapter in which this passage occurs, or the celebrated *Amhra Senan*, or elegy of St. Senan, by Dolla Forgaill." The following is the extract:—

"Senan, moreover, built a belfry in Innis Cathaigh, which was one hundred and fifteen feet in height, so that when a bell was placed in it, near to its top, the sound of the bell used to be heard all over Corcobaisgin; so that sacrifice used to be made in every church in Corcobaisgin at the same time that Senan and his followers would be making it in Innis Cathaigh."—*Life of St. Senan*, chap. vi.

St. Senan, of Scattery Island, at the mouth of the Shannon, referred to in the foregoing, died in 554, and his bell, styled the *Clogh Or*, or the golden bell of Burren, now in possession of Mr. Marcus Keane, was described by me to the Royal Irish Academy some years ago. Its shrine, which is that of a mere small hand bell, is most beautifully decorated, and one of the finest specimens of niello known in this country. The life of St. Senan is evidently a compilation of a much later period than that to which it refers, and the miracle respecting the extent to which the sound of its bell reached is not likely to be accepted in the present day. A similar story is likewise told respecting the round tower on Aran-more, in Galway Bay. No doubt there are many traditions regarding the bells said to have been removed by the Danes, and Cromwell, and other desecrators

of our ecclesiastical structures, and I myself am well acquainted with various localities into which it is said bells were thrown, the sweet, melancholy tones of which, in the "clear cold eve," were heard issuing from the neighbouring lake, river, or morass. But floating traditions of this nature do not constitute history, nor establish fact, no more than those more modern traditions among the peasantry, respecting the Danish origin of raths, cahirs, and other antique structures, in any way interfere with the recitals in our Irish annals. The round tower of Cloyne, and also that of Ardmore, have been used as belfries in modern times. In the latter, however, the inner walls of the top of the tower had to be scooped out in order to permit of the swing of the large modern cast bell.

The bell of St. Gall, the Irish missionary to Switzerland in he beginning of the seventh century, is, says the learned Reeves, "preserved in the monastery of the city which bears his name, but is attached to a wall." Possibly the small quadrangular hand bells were, subsequently to their original use, attached to church walls. In considering this question of Irish ecclesiastical bells and their houses, the bell-opes surmounting the western gables of our mediæval churches should not be lost sight of. In answer to some queries of mine Mr. J. O'Beirne Crowe, A.B., writes as follows:—"The bells of the founders of early Irish churches were attached to the church wall, as that of the monastery of St. Gall is at present, and were rung from within. In every religious institution, Irish and otherwise, there were several bells, as we see from the 'melodious little bells' spoken of further on, as well as from Du Cange's quotations; but the principal bell was that of the church. To erect a round tower for such a bell would indeed be a folly; and accordingly, in the foundation-measurement, or description (and there are many of them) of an Irish ecclesiastical structure I have never met with any reference, incidental or otherwise, to a bell-house. In 'The Prophecy of Art'—*Lebor na hUidre*—the future grandeur of Trevet, near Tara, in the county of Meath, is delineated; but there is nothing about a round tower, though the 'melodious little bells' are mentioned. Again, in the description by Cogitosus of the church of Kildare, the round tower is not named, though it is certain that

the present tower existed there at that very time, but not in connexion with the church. As to 'incidental reference,' two passages — one by Dr. Petrie, 'Irish Round Towers,' p. 378—and another by Dr. Reeves, 'Adamnan's St. Columba,' note, lib. iii. cap. 16)—have been quoted in proof of an ecclesiastical round tower, but a slight examination will show that these two writers have been misled. Dr. Petrie's quotation is taken from 'The Sailing of the Curach of Mael Duin' (MS. H. 2, 16, T. C. D.), and intended to show that in the sixth century there existed in Kildare a *belfry* apart from the church: Is e tnath sin tanic in ban-aincinoech do bein cluic na cille: thus rendered: 'This was the time when the *Ban-aircumech* came [out] to ring the bell of the church.' Now the Irish says, it is *from* the ringing of the bell of the church the Antistita had come, not *to* the ringing of it, as will be seen from the poem immediately subjoined, where do bein [*recte* béim] cluic is expressed by iarm beim cluic, '*after* the ringing of the bell.' The bell was *in* the church, and the lady was coming out of the church after ringing it.

"Dr. Reeves' quotation is from the words of St. Columba, who says that he ordered an angel to go to the rescue of a monk who was falling 'de summo culmine majoris domus,' 'from the summit of the roof of a large house.' This *large house* the editor takes to be a round tower, and adds the following note:—'It [this chapter] points to their [the towers'] *primary use* as monastic abodes, known by the name *Monasterium rotundum*, and regarded as belonging to a class of building called *magna* or *major domus*, as contradistinguished from the humble cells of the same form, antecedently to the time when *bells*, like other reliques, acquired from age such an amount of veneration, as to confer upon the buildings in which they were preserved the name of *Cloc-teach*, or 'Bell-house' (p. 216–17). Now, if Dr. Reeves had only looked about somewhat more carefully, he could find several examples of *magna* and *major domus* applied to a building which was not a round tower. One example will be sufficient here. In the description of the church of Kildare, before referred to, it is stated that the church was divided into three compartments—a double nave and a chancel, and that all three were 'sub uno culmine majoris domus.' The Doctor was led into this clas-

sification error from the supposition that the *major domus* here referred to was the same as the *major domus* of lib. i. cap. 28, preceding, which it really may have been. In the latter case, St. Columba says that Laisran was wearying his monks at the building '*alicujus majoris domus*": but if the saint had meant a round tower, he would hardly use this indefinite and rather contemptuous form of expression. Up to this, then, we see that there is no authority for either the construction or the existence of any ecclesiastical round tower for any purpose whatever."

Beranger's other unpublished drawings in connexion with the city of Dublin, and its immediate vicinity, will be referred to hereafter. The good old Dutchman was spare in person, of middle height, his natural hair powdered and gathered into a queue ; he had a sharp, well-cut brow and good bushy eyebrows, divided by the special artistic indentation ; a clear, observant, square-ended nose, that sniffed humbug and took in fun ; clear, quick, brown eyes ; a well-cut, playful, dramatic mouth, eloquent and witty ; not a powerful, but a chin quite congruous with the face. Well shaven, no shirt to be seen, but his neck surrounded with a voluminous neckcloth, fringed at the ends, a drab, rather Quaker-cut coat and vest for household purposes, and when out on sketching excursions he had on a long scarlet frock coat, yellow breeches, top boots, a three-cocked hat, and held in his hand a tall staff and a measuring tape. Like Woverman's white horse or Petrie's red woman, he frequently introduced himself in this remarkable but at the time not uncommon costume into his pictures. He was a keen observer of nature, men, and manners, and appeared to relish Irish fun, as indeed his dramatic cast of countenance, shown in the very good crayon drawing made by himself when about middle life, would indicate, and of which an admirable lithograph is appended to this biography. He was a most painstaking artist, and a faithful delineator of antiquarian remains. He is said to have been self-taught, and this may account for the hardness of some of his drawings ; yet no one of his time could draw an old castle, a cromlech, or a round tower better ; but his extended landscapes were not good, and more resemble plans than pictures. He particularly failed in trees and green fields. Had his observations and descriptions, and

his drawings of Irish scenery and antiquities, been published eighty or ninety years ago, they would have caused archæological study to progress in this country, and perhaps forestalled the opinions of subsequent writers. Most of the drawings of animals introduced into his pictures would appear nowadays to be caricatures ; but then it must be remembered that great changes have taken place for the better in the shape of our horses, sheep, and oxen. There was one animal he drew to perfection, and seemed to delight in it—the good old Irish pig—lengthy, thin, leggy, hog-backed, long-necked, four-eared—his tail, with a twist and a half in it, and bushy at the end, telegraphing to his knowing, half-shut eye, nearly covered by his long drooping upper lug, and glancing over his flexible, acute snout —Phil Purcell's pig "all to the life," before Tonkeys and Berkshires had improved the "*Tinnies*" of former days.

Beranger was also a flower painter of much taste, and Dr. Sharkey possesses a collection of his drawings in this department. They are interesting, as showing what the fashionable flowers were a century ago, and the progress made in floriculture since. The coloured drawings are even better preserved, and the tints more vivid than the landscape and antiquarian ones. Several of them are numbered, as if intended for sale or publication: one of them bears the marks "No. 93, price 7ˢ." So perfect are these drawings, that even the slightest defects in the leaf or flower are shown. In the following note is a list of those flowers and plants of which the drawings are now before me, and in most of which the time of flowering is given.[1] Among Beranger's other accomplishments was that of a bird painter, in which he excelled, not merely as an artist, but a naturalist, for the illustrations are drawn and painted with ornithological accuracy to the feather.

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[1] Convolvulus Major.
Arum or Arsarabacca.
Purple Raggwort.
Dog Rose.
Red Yarrow.
Indian Groundsel.
Columbine.
Globe Ranunculus.
Chrisanthemum.
Yellow Rose.
Tulip.
Candytuft.
Lavetera Mallows mauve.
Larkspur, Pied d'Allouette.
Striped Geranium.
Scarlet Colutea.
Mazerian.
Daffodil.
Spanish Broom.
Mallows.
Carnation.
Green Broom.
Double Soapworth.
Periwinkle.
Sage Blossom.
Dwarf Lychniss.
French Marigold Souci.
Marigold.
St. Bruno's Lily.
Floss Adonis.

Doctor T. E. Beatty has just placed in my hands four of his plates of birds, containing eleven very beautiful specimens which were given to a member of his family by the artist many years ago. With the exceptions of the pied fly-catcher and the nightingale, they are all of Irish birds.

The next notice in chronological order after Dublin, is a "Rough Journal of a Tour to Navan, &c., in 1775," commencing 16th April. He walked through the Park to Clonea, and thence to the Black Bull, where the Rev. Dr. Beaufort,[1] Rector of Navan, had sent horses to meet him. He notices Dunshaughlin church, and the castle of Killeen, and visited Tara, with which he was disappointed, chiefly owing to the exaggerated account, which M'Curtin, Keating, O'Halloran, and other writers had given of its "sumptuous palace," of which, no doubt, he expected to find some stone remains, instead of the earthen elevations that mark the confines of the hurdle and plaster enclosures of the days of Laogaire and Cormac; but he says, that, with the exception of a little church "not a stone can be found on Tarrah hill, nor its environs—at least I could not see any." He was hospitably entertained by the Rector —painted the great fort of Navan, and also Athlumney Castle, and from thence proceeded to Donaghmore church and round tower, which latter he drew, and has left repre-

[1] The Rev. Daniel Augustus Beaufort, D. D., and a Councillor of the Royal Irish Academy, here alluded to, was a most distinguished Irishman, whose name should not be forgotten, while it is not to be confounded with that of Mr. William Beauford, who wrote some articles in the "Transactions," R. I. A.; and also in Vallancey's "Collectanea." Dr. Beaufort was the author of the Ecclesiastical Map of Ireland, and father of the late Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, Hydrographer Royal, and author of a work on Caramania. Sir Francis had a most profound knowledge of his art, as shown by La Place's description of him as "*Le Premier Hydrographeur d'Europe.*" He was a gallant sailor, and a cordial friend. He very nearly induced me, in 1840, to give up medicine, and become the Secretary of the Geographical Society. Of his three sisters, whose acquaintance I was honoured with, one was Mrs. Edgeworth, fourth wife of the celebrated Richard Lovell Edgeworth; the second was Miss Beaufort, author of "Bertha's Journal," and other tales; and the third, the charming Miss Louisa Beaufort, a writer of distinction, and author of an Essay in the "Transactions" of the Royal Irish Academy on Irish Architecture prior to the Anglo-Norman Conquest. All these have gone to their long rest within the last few years, in good old ages, beloved by their friends, and admired and respected by all who enjoyed their society; yet the literature of the social history of this country contains no record of them or their labours. Why should we not have a Biographical Dictionary of Irish Worthies, if only to prevent an Irish Attorney-General at a State Trial, when reminded by the prisoner's counsel of certain Brehon Laws, eminent Irishmen, and romantic incidents in Irish history, from crying out, "Who the deuce was Ollahm Fodhla; and what has this to do with Silken Thomas, whose name is not in any law book I ever read?"

sentations of it, and the sculpture over its doorway,—to be described hereafter.

From thence he proceeded to sketch Dunmow and Carrick castles on the Boyne, and so on by Slane to Dowth and New Grange, all of which places he drew. He likewise visited and drew Bective Abbey during his stay at Dr. Beaufort's. See description of drawings at a more advanced stage of this memoir.

Beranger made several small sketch-books, each 7½ inches by 4½, on Watman's famous paper, and also added to each drawing a short, but very carefully written description. These drawings, although stiff, and not as artistic as water-colour landscapes in the present day, are most faithful. After considering the subject carefully, I am inclined to think that he disposed of these books at the establishment in George's-street, and that they were in most instances taken from the larger drawings. The three in my possession, each containing twenty-four drawings, are styled in the clear accurate hand of the author, "Rambles through the County of Dublin, and some of the neighbouring ones." They are in most perfect preservation, and the colours apparently as bright as the day they were laid on the paper. There are no dates to them, although such are added to most of the large drawings. I am unable to say how many of these books he may have drawn and written, but from the constant references made to them in the large manuscript work already described, I think there must have been four, or probably more. Mr. Clarke, who lent me those now before me, writes: "I had another which I lost, I know not how."

Were the means of copious illustration possible, I should like to give woodcuts of many of Beranger's earlier drawings of ruins—some no longer existing, and others so altered as to be scarcely recognised in the present day. As this is not possible, I can only select a few of the most remarkable. Whether Beranger ever published any of the sketches, as from the passage in Wilson's description of Dalkey referred to at page 4, he evidently intended to do, I am unable to say; but he prepared for the press very carefully two large volumes, the same size of, and bound like, the large note-book—the first containing 100, and the

second 92 coloured plates. These books likewise contain at the end several Indian-ink plans and drawings of architectural elevations and details of antiquarian subjects, which are no longer to be found, as at Glendalough, Slane, Tallaght, and other places. Vol. I. commences with a very tastefully designed and painted title-page after the manner common in works of the middle of the last century. It runs thus: "A Collection of Drawings of the Principal Antique Buildings of Ireland designed on the spot, and collected by G. L. Beranger." To each volume there is, at the commencement, a copious Alphabetical Index, followed by an "Advertisement," stating that "the castles which compose this collection I designed on the spot, except the following, which were communicated to me by various gentlemen here undernamed, whose kindness I acknowledge with thanks," &c. From this it would appear that besides his own drawings he obtained, with a view to publication, several others which I am inclined to think he copied with his own hand for the purposes of his work. Among the names of persons who contributed sketches, we find that of "Colonel Charles Vallancey" as the most conspicuous. There are also those of Rev. Mr. Seymour; Jonathan Fisher, landscape painter; The Earl of Portarlington "from original drawings"; Miss Sharman, of Moira Castle; Sir Vesey Colclough; C. Collis; T. Roberts, landscape painter; Signor Bigari; M. Vispré, Mr. Penrose, and Mr. Ivory, architects; also George Barnet, likewise a landscape painter, and who subsequently accompanied him in his "Tour in Wicklow," and made some of the drawings of Glendalough. There is considerable variety of skill in these works of art, owing, no doubt, to the different hands employed on the original sketches.

I have made an Index of all the drawings, originals or copies, by Beranger that have come into my possession, and will give an alphabetical list of them further on in this biography, when sufficient extracts have been given from his journal. Beranger's chief companion was Signor Bigari, who it is said painted the beautiful allegorical figures on the panels of the state coach of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and several of whose drawings will be found engraved in Grose's Antiquities of Ireland.

Besides the drawings of landscapes and antiquities made to illustrate his tours, or arranged for publication, Beranger made a number of sketches of antiquities for Vallancey's "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," and also of gold and other antiquities forming the collection of J. S. Cooper, some of the articles in which passed into the museum of Dr. Tuke, and afterwards into that of Dr. Petrie.

The late Roger C. Walker, Q. C., of Rathcarrick, near Sligo town, had a very choice collection of antiquities, which (unhappily for Ireland) were disposed of to the Duke of Northumberland some years ago. Mr. Walker was a learned antiquary, and evidently had access to the artist's MSS. and drawings; for, in a beautifully written book, for which I am indebted to his son, there is an abstract amounting to thirty-three pages, evidently taken either from Beranger's large note-book, or from the missing small books already referred to, and which is thus headed: "Tour through Connaught in 1779, under the direction of the Right Hon. William Burton." The dates are given, but no mention is made of the name either of Beranger or Bigari, and it is a meagre paraphrased abridgement.

The same work contains copies extracted from MSS. in the College and other Libraries of Mr. Bleymire's "Letter from Clonfert," in October, 1738; Downing's description of the county of Mayo, so often referred to by O'Donovan in his Ordnance Letters; and the description of the county of Roscommon, by Keogh, &c., &c. Most of those are well worthy of publication in the present day. There is likewise in it a copy of Molyneux's "Journey to Connaught," in 1709; subsequently printed by the Irish Archæological Society.

There is a rumour that, before his collection of Irish books and pamphlets came into the possession of the Royal Irish Academy, the late Charles Haliday possessed one or more of Beranger's manuscript books or collections of drawings; but they cannot at present be discovered.

Mr. J. Huband Smith, well known as an antiquarian writer, possesses a large book of drawings of Irish scenery and antiquities, many of which bear the names of Beran-

ger and Bigari. I incline to the opinion that this was the book of collected drawings which Colonel Burton Conyngham had procured for publication. To Mr. Smith I am also indebted for permission to examine a beautiful monochrome series of "Views of Castles, Churches, &c., in the County of Dublin, by Austin Cooper, 1782," containing copies of many of Beranger's drawings, chiefly made by the Rev. John Turner, in 1794.

The "Tour through Connaught, &c., in 1779," commences thus:—"Being appointed by the Hibernian Antiquarian Society,[1] under the direction of the Right Hon. William Burton [afterwards Viscount Conyngham], President, to visit, draw, and make plans of the antiquities of Connaught, in company with Signr Angelo Maria Bigari, painter and architect, of Bologna; we set out from Dublin, June the 9th, ... and arrived at the Castle of Slane, county Meath, where we had orders to halt and study the route given to us." They travelled in an open chaise, sometimes called a "chair," the springs and harness of which were continually breaking during their journey, and causing great delay and inconvenience to the tourists. Beranger gives a graphic account of the beauty of Slane, and drew the eastern flamboyant window of the ruined abbey which crowns the eminence overlooking the valley of the Boyne, and in the "notes and anecdotes" on one of the adjoining pages, where he quotes the story that there "Dagobert, King of Austasia, a part of France, is said to have been educated," he wrote, "see at the end of my first vol. MS. of Irish Antiquities, the form of the windows, font, &c., in the abbey. See Plates 66 and 67;" this reference is quite correct.[2]

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[1] Although I cannot find any precise record of this body under the name of "Hibernian Antiquarian Society," I think it must be that section of the Royal Dublin Society referred to in the following Minute of the 14th of May, 1772:—

"Resolved,—That a Standing Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the ancient state of Arts, Literature, and into the other Antiquities of this kingdom, to examine the several manuscript tracts in the possession of the Society which have not been published, and also all other tracts on those subjects of which the said Committee can obtain the perusal."

[2] Some years ago, after the publication of the first edition of the "Beauties of the Boyne," and when a snappish criticism had been applied by a London Jour-

Strange to say, he has not mentioned the beautiful little church on the Boyne's bank at Slane known as "The Hermitage of St. Erc."

At page 566 of the "Descriptive Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy," I have described and figured some bronze "Spectacle Brooches," such as those alluded to, by Vallancey in the fourth volume of the "Collectanea," which he considered to be crotals, or musical instruments, and of which he says—"Six of these were found in 1781 in digging up part of the park of Slane; one of them is in the College Museum." This he figured; but it was evidently a restoration, for it had a double disk, and was in other respects unlike the original, the drawing of which is now before me, and is almost a photograph of the article. A few years ago it was in the Trinity College, Museum, but is no longer to be seen there. Vallancey made no mention of Beranger in connexion with this article; and Gough, in his edition of Camden, and also Ledwich and others, have all taken the drawing and description in the "Collectanea" as a truth until now. Here is Beranger's faithful account, attached to the drawing in his large Note Book, and made the very day it was found:—

"An unknown instrument found at Slane, Co. of Meath in the year 1779; this copy same size of the original, and same colour, the whole machine being made of brass. As I was sitting at breakfast [June 10] with the Right Hon. William Burton, at the Castle of Slane, the stuart,[1] came in, and brought an antiquity like the above, but much damaged and broke, which was found in digging a trench in the park. He had ordered the men to stop the work until further orders. After breakfast we went to the spot, and ordered the digging to go on carefully. After a few minutes the above was found, very little damaged, and just as I have represented it. It is of brass, and as thin as a card."

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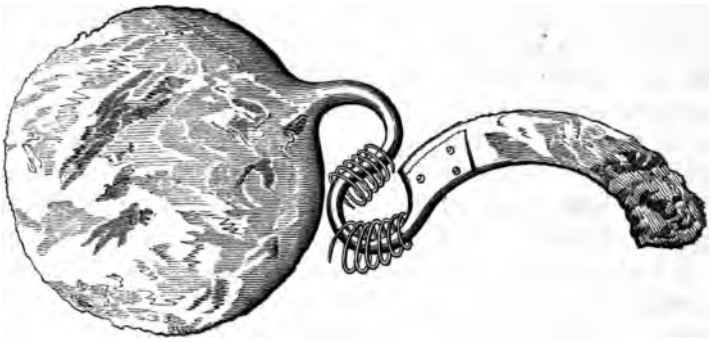
nal to the word painting of this scene, I had the honour of conducting Macaulay to the top of the tower of Slane Abbey; and after he had feasted his eyes for some time upon that marvellously beautiful scene, crowded with so many historic recollections, he turned to me, and in allusion to the criticism, which, like everything else, he well recollected, said, "Well, I do not think you have overdrawn the view. I never saw anything like it, nor do I think there is anything like it in these kingdoms, except Richmond."

[1] Although a foreigner, Beranger's grammar and orthography were wonderfully correct. The only liberties I have taken with his text consist in extending such words as "y^e" for the, "t^{re}" for there, &c.

He gives a minute description, with letter references, to the drawing, the annexed illustration of which, by Mr. Oldham, is reduced by a third, and adds—



"It is fastened with three rivets on another piece of flat brass, which is broken. Whether the two machines were fastened together or to something else is indeterminable at this time; two pieces of small wires, like the worms of a corkscrew, were fastened to the large wire, and when shook did give a rattling sound. May be it was some musical instrument, or part of one. The digging went on, but nothing more was found except a brass half crown of King James."

Vallancey must have had this description before him, when he wrote in 1783.

"11th June. Set forwards; arrived at Kells, a borough of the County of Meath: here we designed the square and round towers, cross, and St. Kevan's cell." From thence they proceeded by Bailiborough, describing the state of the counties of Cavan and Monaghan, which, he writes, "looked poor, the land coarse, the cabins as if going to ruin, half thatched, several bogs close to the road, and digging turf going on almost everywhere." Here the chaise broke down, and the artists had to walk the remainder of the way to "Clones, or Clownish as the inhabitants pronounce it—remarkable for its Round Tower and Rath, which are conspicuous at a distance; otherwise the place is indifferent enough." Mr. Cross, to whom they had letters of introduction, being from home, and the artists having to wait some days to get their carriage mended, they experienced some little annoyance, such as may still happ[illegible]

to those engaged in like researches in many parts of Ireland. It is best told in Beranger's own words :—

"Sunday 13th June, went out early to reconnoitre the antiquities about the town; drew the Rath at some distance from it, and measured it, also the Round Tower in the churchyard. Mr. Bigari went to mass, after which the priest came to visit us, and offered his service to conduct us to the antiquities, which we accepted. I went with him, and measured with Jacob's staff the height of the Tower. Great commotions in the town; the Protestants gathered, and, taking us for spies, were very clamourous; on the other hand, the Romans, seeing us with their priest, assembled about us, so that the churchyard was full of people. Great debates among the two parties—one was for sending us to jail, the other to prevent us. Returned to our inn, followed by the crowd, and stayed at home for the rest of the day."

In the evening the good priest went to visit them again, and they had a very pleasant party with the landlady of the inn, which is most graphically described. One of the company informed the tourists that there was an opinion prevalent in the town that they had come to remove the Round Tower, and fix it on the top of the Rath with a machine of a hundred horse power.

"June 14th, went out at 6; drew an old church and the market cross; followed by a crowd, some abused us by words, and called us spies. . . . As we could not go abroad even to walk without being followed by a crowd, we amused ourselves within, and dined with our landlady and her daughters.

Mr. Cross, however, arrived at this period, and the Journal continues; as soon as he

"Heard the emotions of the people at our sight, he desired us to take a walk with him through the town; and as soon as it was known we were under his protection and recommended to him (he being a Protestant), every one dispersed, and followed us no more."

From Clones Beranger and Bigari proceeded to Enniskillen, and broke another spring of their carriage. They were cordially received at Florence-Court by Lord Enniskillen, and under his auspices visited Devenish Island on Lough Erne where they

"Drew the Abbey and Round Tower. Prodigious warm day, almost broiled by the heat of the sun. Coming back visited Portsorey [Portora] Castle, and drew *en passant* the Castle of Enniskillen. No expenses here, my Lord having ordered the boat, &c. Returned to Florence-Court, where we arrived past 6; found a dinner ready for us; dined by ourselves, after which joined the family at tea; supped with them, and retired at 12."

Here follows a description of Lough Erne, Enniskillen, Florence-Court, and its hospitable and lordly master, and also the "marble arch," a cavern in the demesne through which a stream of water flows in a succession of cascades. Having scrambled with some difficulty out of this cave which was a task of danger to the foreigners, the writer says :—

"We were met by two men at variance, who came to have their case decided by his lordship; halted; a servant was detached on horseback in quest of a prayer book, which being procured, and the plaintiff sworn, the case was heard, and tried, and decided. This was the first time I assisted at a court of justice on a mountain."

Before leaving Florence Court their noble host provided them with with an interpreter, of whom the following notice is given :—

"Mr. Terence M'Guire well versed in the Irish language, which he writes and reads, whom his lordship had engaged at the desire of the Antiquarian Society to accompany us as an interpreter, and to copy the Irish inscriptions we should chance to meet. This person is a descendant of the princes of Fermanagh, and reduced to the station of schoolmaster of a little village; he was to receive 2*s.* 2*d.* per day for him and his horse, half of which was to go to the owner of the beast, as it was a hired one."

I cannot help pausing here, and reflecting upon the interest that appears to have been taken by nobility, gentry, and men of taste, learning, and patriotism, in the preservation and history of the antiquities of Ireland nearly a century ago—far greater indeed than could have been elicited some years since, or even now. The stagnation of thought, as well as feeling, which followed the Union, may have assisted to produce an apathy in Ireland from which it took more than a quarter of a century to recover. Still I think the antiquarian writers of the last forty years, instead of spending so much time in criticizing the labours of their predecessors, might have brought to light some of the facts discovered, and the truths enunciated, from the early days of the Irish Philosophical Society before the revolution of 1688, and the formation of the Royal Irish Academy in 1793, and some time subsequently. Vallancey, Ledwich, Beauford, Betham, and others whom we have been taught to sneer at, must be tried, like other men in similar circumstances,

according to the light of their times; and while we laugh at their arguments, deductions, and assumption of learning, we must acknowledge that we are indebted to them for many facts that might otherwise have fallen through the sieve on which both grain and chaff were presented to the public. So in part also with respect to O'Halloran.

To resume.—The artists set forward on the 17th for Manorhamilton, in the county of Leitrim, and next day were up early, and passed on to Sligo. The author writes:—

"All the mountains of Cavan, Monaghan, and Fermanagh, which we thought once high, are nothing in comparison to those we passed this day. We looked forwards from the top of the first we ascended, and were astonished to see others as high before us succeeding one another in chains, piled up so that no horizon could be seen. Thinking it impossible to pass over them, we fancied that we had strayed from the right road, and sent our Irish interpreter to inquire, who soon confirmed that we were to pass them. Went on; but if we had the trouble to walk over them, we were amply repaid by the variety of charming prospects every hill afforded, particularly one where we had a distant view of Lough Gill, with its hills around it, and some of its wooded islands. I could not withstand the temptation to take a sketch of it, which see, Plate."

At Sligo they had introductions to Lewis Irwin, Esq., of Tonrego, and William Ormsby, of Willowbrook, collector of Sligo, from both of whom they received much attention. They spent from the 19th to the 28th of June in Sligo and its vicinity; and Beranger's Journal is at this period most interesting, and his description of manners and scenery very graphic—indeed, well-worthy of general perusal, could the scope of this production afford it. It would appear that Bigari now took up the pencil, and performed the chief part of the artistic work; for, although it is constantly stated in the Journal, "We measured and made plans;" and "we remained at home inking our drawings;" and again, "we stayed at the inn finishing our sketches;" Beranger has not in the works now in my possession given any of the Sligo castles, churches, or other standing antiquities, whereas in Grose's Antiquities, published in 1794, we constantly read of Bigari's drawings, and in particular as regards the abbey of Sligo, the ruins of "Church Island" in Lough Gill, and the abbey of Droma-

haire, &c. The following notice has been published by Ledwich, who edited Grose's Works:—"This view was taken from an original drawing by Bigari, in the collection of the Right Honourable William Conyngham." Strange to say, none of Beranger's drawings are ever referred to by Ledwich or Vallancey, although he was the chief artist and describer of the period. Bigari, as I learn from a previous statement in the Journal, did not at the time speak any language but Italian and French.

On the 20th they started with Mr. Irwin to see a famous Cataract at Glan, near Sligo, where in certain states of the wind the water was completely carried off for some distance in spray. After some difficult mountaineering, they "arrived after much fatigue, and Mr. Bigari (a bad horseman) after some falls, at the place, when behold there was no water, occasioned by the excessive heats and droughts." But on returning by the banks of a pleasant lake, these foreigners were rewarded with the view of a scene of good old Irish rustic festivity, which, although described by myself and others, has been so truly sketched by a stranger years ago, that I here insert Beranger's description. On the banks of the lake they perceived,—

"A great crowd, and went up to see the occasion of it; found it to be a dance for a Cake—stopped some time to see the diversion. The scene was pleasing—gentlemen and ladies, on horseback and on foot, being mixed with the country people, and forming a triple ring round the dancers, whilst a fellow standing on some bench or barrel held up a pole, at the end of which the cake was hung in a clean napkin, adorned with ribbands, to be given as a prize to the best performers."

Good old times of the "cakes" and "prinkums," how well I remember them in the neighbouring county of Roscommon, when I schemed out of a Sunday evening to look at the dancers! There, the cake was generally fixed on the top of a churn-dash, which was set upright in the ground, and tied over with a clean cloth; and a fiddler and piper alternately lilted up their jigs, reels, and planxties to the tunes of the "Foxhunter's Jig," "Miss M'Cleod's Reel," the *Batha buidhe*, or Drive the geese to the bog;—while between the more general dancing some one would step forward, and to the tune of "*Mad-*

dah-na-plandie, "the planting stick," imitate in pantomimic dance the tilling, planting, and digging of the potatoe. Then, when the fiddler had rosined his bow would follow the solo of the "Roscommon Hunt," or Carolan's "Ballyshannon Hawk;" and the piper, having mended his bellows and greased his bag from the contents of the grisset, would conclude the first act with "The Hare in the Corn," and an Irish song. Good old times, first broken up by the "cakes" and dance-houses being turned into Ribbon Lodges at a late period of the night, and outrages hatched therein. Then came the Peelers, and then the mutual distrust between the upper and the peasant classes; so that, perhaps, Beranger's description is the last we shall ever read of Irish peasant life in that phase; for Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is a mixture of both English and Irish life, and we must fall back upon the photographic delineations of Carleton, Banim and Briton.

The tourists spent the 22nd on Lough Gill, with the beauties of which they were charmed:—

"Entered a river, which had a hedge of trees and underwood on each side which seemed to grow out of the water." Had a cold dinner, and "drank the health of the Miss Ormsbys under the name of the Three Graces, which was one of our standing toasts. Walked to Drumahaire, drew and took the plan of the famous O'Rourke's Hall, where he gave the great feast, which the Irish poets have celebrated in a song, of which Dean Swift has given a fine translation. Baited at a gentleman's house; and on hearing that the priest had the original Irish song, sent our interpreter to transcribe it. Went to the Abbey, drew it, and plan, &c., &c. [See the engraving of Bigari's drawing in Grose, vol. i., Plate LV.] "Sat down on 'O'Rourke's chair of marble, against a pillar where he used to judge causes. Proceeded to Church Island where we landed and drew an ancient church." See Grose, vol. i., Plate XCVIII.

"June 23rd, Mr. Bigary[1] not wishing to ride, I went with Mr. Irwin and his son on horseback to Knocknareagh mountain,—seen on the lands of Carrowmore, in the space of a square a quarter of a mile, eighteen circles of huge stones, some with their Cromleghs in the centre standing, some down, but the stones lying on the spot; designed and planned the largest one. Sure it is, that they are not Temples, nor the Cromleghs altars, as the antiquarians pretend, but burial places of chieftains. These eighteen together (I think) settles the matter, and prove this place to have been either a cemetery, or the spot where some famous battle was fought, and

[1] Beranger frequently spells the name thus; but, what is still more strange, his own name is spelled diversely in some of his books as Berenger, Beringer, and Beranger. This, however, is not an uncommon circumstance in Manuscripts of the last and two previous centuries.

the heroes which fell to have been interred on the field where they were slain; but I believe, if some of the antiquarians had heard of eighteen being together in one spot, they would not have called them Temples."

Beranger makes a note on the discovery of these remains under the word "Cromleaghs," and quotes the passage from Vallancey's "Collectanea," No. 5, vol. ii., p. 61, published in 1791, where he says:—

"The huge piles of stones erected from time immemorial in several parts of Ireland, with immense coverings raised in due order, are doubtless of Pagan and remote times, and pass with some for Druidical altars, have the generical name of Leaba na Feine to this very day; these words plainly signify the beds of the Pheni, or Carthagenians; the Irish warriors of ancient times are called Feine or Feinig; and Feinig at this day signifies, for that reason, any brave warlike man."

To this notice Beranger adds:—

"If the Cromleaghs and circles of stones were altars and temples, they would surely have been destroyed by the Christians, as they demolished all the religious monuments of the Pagans; but being known by them to be but burial places, or Mausoleums of the dead, they respected them, and left them untouched."

We therefore learn from this, that not only was Beranger the discoverer and first describer of these monuments at Carrowmore, but that he was well acquainted with the use and origin of the Irish Cromleac. Dr. Stokes, in his affectionately written Life of Petrie lately published, has printed his letters from Carrowmore in 1837, contained in the Ordnance Letter Book for Sligo, placed at the instance of Sir T. A. Larcom in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and, in allusion to them, says:—

"Of the existence of these monuments in Sligo, Petrie had previously been in some degree acquainted by a passage in a MS. diary of the artists commissioned by the patriotic Colonel Burton Conyngham for the purpose of making antiquarian drawings in the West of Ireland towards the close of the last century. But the description by these gentlemen conveyed no idea of the number of these remains, which are here grouped in a limited space."[1]

If Petrie or his learned biographer had had the materials now before me, they would, I am sure, have done jus-

[1] "Life and Labours in Art and Archæology of George Petrie, LL. D., by William Stokes, M. D." London: 1868, p. 238.

tice to Beranger, who alone wrote the Tour in Connaught; for, as already stated, his Italian companion did not at that time either speak or write English. But I am inclined to think that Petrie had, when at Carrowmore, only access to Mr. Walker's MS. book, which I have already noticed, and which is not a true transcript of Beranger's Journal. Here is what the old Dutchman wrote about Knocknarea:—

"Went on, ascended with much fatigue some part on horseback, and part on foot, that high mountain; arrived on the summit, on which is the tomb of Queen Maud, wife of Olioll, King of Connaught in the fourth century. This monument is a huge cairn of small stones, sixty feet high; drew and plan, and measured.[1] On the top we had a fine view of the Atlantic Ocean, and all the neighbouring country." And in a note he adds:—

"Knocknarea carne; on the top full of little houses like the children make of slates. Mr. Irwin told me that every one that came there erects such a one, and according to custom we took stones like slates, of which the hill is composed, and made one apiece."

The extract from Mr. Walker's book quoted by Petrie is quite different, and the measurements were probably made by Mr. Walker himself.[2]

On the 24th of June the artists set out with Mr. Irwin to visit the famed island of Innismurry, on the Sligo coast, and have given so accurate and graphic a description of the place, that I am forced to linger upon it for awhile. On their way they "stopped at Drumcliffe to draw the stump of a round tower and a cross," some of the naked figures on which latter rather shocked the delicacy of the Dutchman, who did not appear to know that they represented Adam and Eve in their native unadorned simplicity.[3] Well provided with necessaries by their hospitable host, they were taken across by the "revenue wherry,"

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[1] "Drew and *plan*, and measured," is a very frequently used expression in the diary.

[2] In a note on Knocknarea Beranger makes the following remark, "The Irish have three names for mountains; viz.,—

"*Knock* signifies a low hill.

"*Beinn*, a high mountain and precipice.

"*Sleibh* or *Slieve*, a high craggy mountain, continued in ridges."

[3] In the MS. book of Mr. Walker, who resided only a few miles off, I find the following note: "June 24th, the antiquities of Drumcliffe are a stump of a round tower, dimensions on the plan No. 9; and two crosses—the one plain, the other with bass-relief, not very decent. What is remarkable in this cross is a frog in relief on the side. See drawing No. 9." From this it would appear that the scribe had access to the drawings and plans made by Beranger and Bigari, and which were probably in one of the missing books already referred to.

and there, for the first time, they saw a Curragh, which Beranger describes as a—

"Boat made of basket-work, and covered with a horse's or cow's skin. As the members are six or eight inches asunder, and the sun was shining bright, and the skin transparent, it seemed to me to be a vessel of glass, as I could see the water through it. These boats are common in this province."

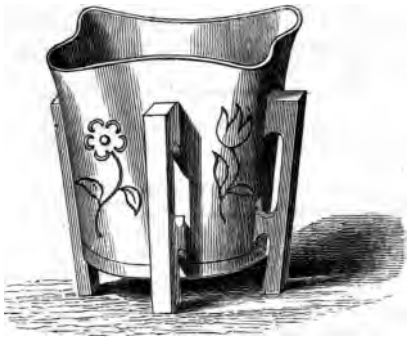
The visit to "Ennishmurry, in Irish, Inis Muircadhy," is most graphically described at considerable length :—

"As soon as we were landed," wrote the author, "the whole lot of inhabitants came to meet Mr. Irwin, who, having bid us do as we should see him do, &c., embracing cordially all the females, we followed his example, and were conducted to one of the houses, where we dressed our fish which we had caught, viz., mullet and whitings, to which the inhabitants added some lobsters; a table was prepared in a barn, where we went to supper, &c. We had the old Irish candles, consisting in rushes dipped in tallow, which gave but a poor light."

And he then gives the following description of the old *Cunnailawer*, which we, Connaught men, so well remember, before rushes were abolished and brimstone was sold in our markets for making candles. They are still in usé in the West, and are rather artistically formed by the turners :—

"The candlestick consists of a straight piece of wood about two feet high with three feet to stand on the floor; on the top is an iron spring, which holds the rush, and which, when put on the table, was too high, and gave hardly light enough to see our victuals; but we got some children at our elbows to hold a candle to each of us at a proper height to light our plates. The inhabitants have them on the ground, and sit round them on low stools or stones."

He also described and gave a drawing of a well-finished four-handled madder, and says—



"The angles being rounded and hollowed out in the inside serve to drink out of. There is a different ornament near [between] each handle, so that, four people drinking together, everyone may know his own corner. June 25th.—Got up at 5; walked over the island, following the shore and examining its curiosities and antiquities, accompanied by the only person of the inhabitants that could speak English. Drew the abbey, the church, &c., and plan. Came to breakfast on lobster and broiled

whitings, caught before our eyes; drank wine and water. Mr. Irwin ordered our rabbits, a turkey, some fowl, and ducks, to be cut up with a leg of mutton, to which he added some greens, turnips, and carrots, and a piece of hare, which being put in a large tosspan he had also brought with him, and having seasoned it properly, put it down on a slow fire, promising us the best olio we ever tasted. Went again to walk; was shown a whale swimming in the ocean, spouting up the water to a great height."

He then describes his first acquaintance with the sea anemones, which abound on the rocks there, and which appeared to be quite new to him, and adds :—

"Saw distinctly the mountain of Croagh Patrick, in the county of Mayo, distance sixty miles. Went in every house, but could not converse with the females, as they only speak Irish; remembered the Irish phrase I formerly learned of '*Torum pogue Calinogue*,' which I repeated to every girl, who immediately came to kiss me; how unfortunate it was I could ask no more! Finished our drawings; came home; adjourned all to the barn, where the olio was served up in the tosspan to have it hot; never did I taste of a better dish, nor ever did I eat so much; notwithstanding, when our dessert of fine lobsters appeared, we fell to again, so that we were obliged to drink a glass extra to wash it down.

"After dinner, Mr. Irwin sent notice that we should embark; accordingly, all the inhabitants—men, women, and children, not one excepted—gathered round the door of our barn, and everything being ready, we walked out, followed by the people, and went to a small plain near the creek where our vessel was moored; there Mr. Irwin made them sit down in a semicircle on the grass, and having opened a packet, distributed 1½ yard of fine broad ribbond to every female, whom we embraced at the time; after that each male and female got 4 feet long of roll tobacco, and a pair of beads each. After which he ordered one of the casks of whiskey to be broached, and be distributed round by glasses. When done, we took our leaves, embracing again the females, and walked to the vessel upon a pier of natural rock, followed by all the people. When we bended our sails, they saluted us by three cheers, which we returned; they continued looking as long as they could."

Such was the picture of Irish life, such the relations between landlord and tenant, and such the reception which these foreign artists and antiquaries received from a true-hearted Irish gentleman of Connaught a hundred years ago. The strangers seem to have been much struck with it, and Beranger adds :—

"I found the scene so affecting, that it dwelt long on my mind. Our guide on the island, the only one who could speak English, told us very gravely that they had neither priest, physician, nor lawyer amongst them; and that they were religious, healthy, and lived in peace without quarrel!"

The party did not reach Sligo until a late hour of the night, as it would appear that "the sperrits had preyed upon" the crew to a considerable extent.

The MSS. from which I quote give a detailed description of the island of Innismurry, which is about nine miles from the coast, and says it

"Is a rock rising out of the sea, which goes sloping gently and like steps to the edge of the water on the east side towards the main shore, but on the west is high, craggy, and all precipice, with some small heads advancing on the sea, through which the fury of the waves have perforated large holes, not unlike ancient arches, where the sea roars horridly in tempestuous weather. About 130 acres are covered with a thin soil of about 5 or 6 inches deep, which produces grass to feed about 4 or 5 cows, as many horses, and 30 sheep; there is also some arable land that produces about 20 barrels of corn, besides some garden stuff; the houses are five in number, and as many barns; and the inhabitants 45 or 46, including children. They are all fishermen, and sell their cargoes on the mainland. They have inhabited this island from father to son for upwards of 600 years, and when crowded send the supernumerary to seek their fortune on shore; they only speak Irish, except one man and an old woman; they are very hospitable to strangers, will treat and lodge them without reward; they love Col. Irwin (by whose means they have been exempted from some county charges), and who every year pays them a visit, by which they never lose. There is an abbey, as it is called, very rude, a church, and some other old buildings said to have been erected by Sts. Molash and Columbkill; the figure or statue in wood of the first they have there in a cell, and have daubed him all over with red paint to make him look handsome. Mr. Bigarry described his holiness upon the spot. They have many traditions, which were all gathered in Irish by our interpreter, and filled some pages of paper."[1]

Beranger, in his anecdotes on the blank pages of his Journal, gives a still further description of the inhabitants, and says, that in the winter months they—

"Subsist on what provision they had gathered, as potatoes, dry fish, milk, and now and then on mutton. The inhabitants are all Roman Catholicks; seem very innocent, good-natured, and devout, but at the same time very superstitious and credulous. They told us, as a most undoubted fact, that during the most horrid tempests of winter, when a case happens where

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[1] In Mr. Walker's book, the plans which were made of the antiquities of Innismurray are referred to by letters, and the following is added to the text:—"Tradition says the abbey was built by Sts. Molasse and Columbkill; but the latter being of a hot, fiery temper could not agree with the former, and left him, and went to the main, leaving St. Molasse in possession of the island. In the time we were drawing and planning, our interpreter gathered the tradition of each consecrated spot, and wrote them down in Irish in his MS."

a priest is required, such as to give the extreme onction to a dying person, &c., they go to the sea side, launch one of their little vessels; and as soon at it touches the water, a perfect calm succeeds, which continues until they have brought the priest to the island, that he has performed the rites of the Church, that they have carried him back, and that the boat is returned to the island and hauled on shore, when the tempest will again begin, and continue for weeks together. On asking them how often this miracle happened, and to which of them the care of the priest had been committed, they were veracious enough to confess, it never happened in their days, though the fact was true. There are thirteen places of devotion on the island, called *Stations*, which the Romans Catholicks visit, and where prayers are said, their names are:—

1. Monument of the Trinity, said to be built by St. Molash.
2. Do. of St. Columb Kill.
3. Do. of St. Patrick.
4. Laughty Roory.
5. Tubberpatrick.
6. Tranew.
7. Clushmore.
8. Altbuy.
9. Classahmore.
10. Parcel of small Laughties [Cloughauns].
11. Relick oran.
12. Temple Murray,—a small old church.
13. The Abbey.

"The first eleven stations consist in or are squares of ten or twelve feet, with a wall of dry stones, breast high, and a cross, altar, or pillar in their centre, [like the *Aharleas* of Aran], and might have been made by any one as well as the saints they are said to be made by."[1]

When Otway published his "Tour in Connaught," in 1839, I wrote him a description of the celebrated turning stone of St. Fechin, on the slope of Ben Levi, county of Galway, and thought I was the first to describe the rites belonging to that class of semi-pagan formulæ. Here, however, is Beranger's description in 1779, of "the cursing altar" at Innismurry—

[1] In the Walker MS., I find the following entry on Innismurray, from which it would appear that Beranger attached descriptions to the plans and drawings similar to those given in the three books of sketches in my possession. "The Antiquities are, first, what they call the Abbey which is an enclosure of dry stones from five to seven and eight feet thick. It is impossible to determine whether it is round or oval, and never have I seen more rude workmanship. There are a few cells underground, which are lighted some at the top through a hole, and some through a loophole on the other side," apparently like those sunken Cloughauns, or small rude oratories, to the west of Temple Benin on Aran-more, which I pointed out to the visitors of the British Association during the Aran excursion in 1857.

"A kind of altar of stone about two feet high, covered with globular stones, somewhat flattened, of different sizes, very like the Dutch cheeses; the tradition is, that if any one is wronged by another, he goes to this altar, curses the one who wronged him, wishing such evil may befal him, and turns one of the stones; and if he was really wronged, the specified evil fell on his enemy; but if not, on himself, which makes them so precautionate that the altar is become useless.[1]

"June 26th. Staid at the inn, inking our drawings; and on the 27th set out for Abbey Boyle in the county of Roscommon, stopped at Ballysodare, drew the remains of the Abbey and church about four miles from Sligo. Viewed the cascade occasioned by several falls over rocks of the river Owenbeg: the principal one is about fourteen or fifteen feet high, very perpendicular, and with the rocks about it affords a most romantic sight. We sat down almost fronting it, and enjoyed for some time this charming scene. On the bridge we were shown a stone on which a beggar used to sit constantly, who, on receiving alms, used to bestow on the giver a blessing, which is become a famous toast, under the name of the *Beggar's benison.* Passed through Coloony an indifferent-looking town five miles from Sligo; stopd, and drew and planned the abbey of Balydoon, near Lough Arrow—a fine sheet of water, with several wooded islands, about four miles long, and one mile and a half broad; went on, and drew the Carn or tomb of Olioll, King of Connaught, at Heapstown, and baited or dined there at Mr. John M'Donnough's, farmer, and descendant of the princes of the country. Went on, and passed the Curlieus mountains, which I do not think as high as they are represented. Stopped facing Kishcorren mountain; left our chaise and horses with the servants, and walked through some fields halfway up the hill, to examine the natural cave, the entrance of which is by two openings, which appeared like two huge gothick arches. Got in as far as the light would permit us; but the slippery ground, and strong smell like that of cats, and the darkness, soon brought us to the mouth again. This cavern is said to communicate with that in the county of Roscommon, twenty-four miles in distance, called the Hellmouth door of Ireland [at Rathcroghan], of which is told (and believed in both counties) that a woman in the county of Roscommon having an unruly calf could never get him home unless driving him by holding him by the tail; that one day he tried to escape and dragged the woman, against her will into the Hellmouth door; that, unable to stop him, she ran after him without quitting her hold, and continued running until next morning. She came out at Kishcorren, to her own amazement and that of the neighbouring people. We believed it rather than try it."

This legend is still living among the people of the district, at least it was when as a boy I used to visit on a May morning the great Rath at Crohan, near the rampart of which the cave's mouth is situated, and when all the

[1] I frequently pass by the two wells of St. Fechin, near Cong, in the county of Galway, and often make inquiries about the lost *Leac na Fecheen*, or turning stone, but as yet without success; and I have reason to believe it was thrown into a bog-hole after the death I described in Cæsar Otway's book in 1839.

great Connaught oxen of the extensive plains around were driven in to be bled, and the peasantry gathered in with pots, turf, bags of meal, and bundles of *scallions* to make "possets" with the warm blood as it flowed from the shoulders of the beeves, that were soon to find their way from the Baalfes, Taaffes, Farrells, and Frenches, to swell the coffers of Billy Murphy in Smithfield; when their thick hides formed the buff belts of the soldiery of Europe, and their flesh went to support the navies of Great Britain—"in the good ould war-times of Boney." At Ballintubber Castle, the last stronghold of the O'Conors, eight or ten miles distant, there is another cave, where the same story is told of a calf that dragged its owner under ground until it and she came out at the Rath of Croghan.

June 28th. The artists, with Colonel Irwin, went to Boyle Abbey, and

"Found the inside to be almost a forest, being overgrown with large trees, underwood, and weeds, and could not stir before we *made* our way through them. Drew and planned with difficulty, and it occupied us until 3 o'clock."

I do not find any sketch by Beranger of Boyle Abbey; but in the second volume of the arranged drawings there is a very good representation of its exterior by Mr. John Warren, Senior; and upon the top of the page, Beranger has written—"I compared this with the original on the spot in 1779, and found it exact." There are three plates and a plan of this Abbey given in "Grose's Antiquities," and of the third, which is far the best, Ledwich writes in 1794, p. 82, vol. i.—"This represents an inside view of that beautiful structure, which was taken from an original drawing by Bigari, in the collection of the Right Hon. William Conyngham." It is probable that a large number of Beranger's drawings, as well as those of Bigari, were handed over to Colonel Conyngham; but the present Marquis, who has kindly made search for me, has not been able to discover any of them at Slane. They were not, probably, those referred to at page 65. The Journal continues:—

"Set out from thence for Kingston [now called Rockingham], two miles distant, on foot, passing through a delightful forest. Arrived, and were by Colonel Irwin presented to the Earl of Kingston, and his brother,

the Right Hon. Henry King; dined, and were told by his Lordship that he had ordered his boat to be ready at our orders for the next day. Set out past nine, crossed by moonlight the same forest, and arrived at Boyle at 10.

"June 29th.—Set out early; went to Lough Key; found his Lordship's boat ready, with four oars, and his sportsman acting as captain, who showed us some guns and fishing tackle which he had provided by his Lordship's order, without which nobody could sport on the lake. We embarked on this delightful sheet of water, which presents to view such a beautiful scene, that I confess to be unable to give a description of it, but only a faint sketch. The lake is about five miles across, being nearly of a circular form, surrounded by mountains covered with woods—some sloping to the water, others advancing a little like a promontory in the lake. Six islands, nobly wooded, are dispersed in it, which, by the brightness of the sun, and the clearness of the sky, struck our eyes with the lively variety of their greens, and represented to us an idea of the Elizian fields of the poets. We made for Ennis M'Creedy island, where being arrived, we found it impossible to land—the weeds, particularly the hemlock, being two feet higher than ourselves, and so thick grown, that even the sight could not penetrate them. Kept a council of war, and resolved to make our way by knocking them down with clubs, in which operation the crew was a great help. Arrived at the church; drew and plan; also the little chappel, both overgrown with weeds."

The Walker MS., which, as I already stated, was evidently extracted from the note-book description of the pictures, like that in the small books referred to at page 63, thus describes the buildings at Ennis Macreedy under the same date:—

"This abbey, as they term it, is an oblong building, very much ruined, and seemingly of ordinary workmanship. The building was divided in two parts; its windows are of the loophole kind. At some distance is a little chapel, with two small loopholes to give light, which must have been admitted very sparingly, and make the place dungeon-like when it was roofed; no traces of any tower could be found. The island is covered with wood, and the whole surface of the ground with weeds and hemlock seven feet high, without road or path; we were obliged to beat them down at every step for a quarter of a mile. The inside of the church was the same, so that the operation was laborious to plan and measure. We were sick of the odious effluvia of the hemlock which was knocked down. See Drawings, &c. &c., No. 15."

Beranger's Italian companion, who was celebrated for his interiors, made a very beautiful drawing, which was subsequently published in "Grose's Antiquities," where Ledwich writes—"This view was taken from an original drawing by Bigari, in the collection of the Right Hon. William Conyngham."

"Returned to our boat; went to another island, where we landed easily, as it was a fine continued lawn shaded nobly by a grove with some

underwood, on which a temple was built, which has a large room to dine in, and a smaller to retire to to take a nap, with a kitchen separate from the building. From this summer house one has a charming view of the lake and its islands; re-embarked; went to another, also wood and lawn, where his Lordship keeps bullocks fattening, which were the largest I ever had seen."

The great long-horned Connaught ox figured by Youatt, and which I described many years ago in my Paper on the ancient races of oxen in Ireland (see "Proceedings," R. I. A., vol. VII., p. 69), has now become quite extinct. The head of the last of the race was kindly procured for me by the late Rev. Lord de Freyne, and is now in the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society. In a note, Beranger adds:—

"They put me in mind of elephants; they were very shy, and fled on our appearance to very thick thickets, where they hid themselves." Went to a fourth island, "in which are the walls of a very large building, with various rooms erected in the last century by some of his Lordship's ancestors, intended to retire to with the whole family if the plague,[1] which raged on some part of Ireland made its progress to this country. This island is well wooded, part lawn and part underwood. Refreshed ourselves here, and set out for M'Dermott's Island, the smallest of them all, of a circular form, and surrounded by a strong high wall, rising from the water edge, where it would be impossible to land, was it not for a breach on one side. In this island, thickly covered with trees and underwood, is a castle, so covered with ivy that no stone can be seen on the outside. There is an eagle's or osprey's nest on the top, and we could hear distinctly the cry of the young ones from the top of some broken stairs which went formerly to the roof, but found no means of access to them. Re-embarked; lay on our oars at some distance, and drew a general view of the island and castle."

I do not find any representation of M'Dermott's castle among Beranger's drawings, but the view given in Grose, at p. 85, vol. i., and which was evidently drawn from the water, would appear to be the one described above, and Ledwich says this view was taken from an original in the collection of Colonel Conyngham. Had

[1] The seventeenth century was fertile in "plague, pestilence, and famine; battle, murder, and sudden death," beginning with the rebellion of Tyrone, and the destruction of crop by Mountjoy; then the plague or typhus that raged in the early years of the century, and the rebellion and massacre of 1641, followed by the fever and dysentery of that calamitous period. Afterwards the small-pox, and further outbreaks of fever and dysentery, with scurvy; successions of unfavourable weather, and bad crops; and in the end of the century, influenza, epizootics, and flights of locusts, &c. &c., leave us a very large list of plagues to choose from for that particular one that naturally created consternation in the Kingston family.

it been Bigari's, he certainly would have acknowledged the authorship. Ennis Macreedy, in its external fortification of unmortared work, bears a great resemblance to Iniscreawa, on Lough Corrib. The legend respecting M'Dermott's Island is thus told by Beranger :—

"Tradition has preserved an anecdote which is current in this country, i. e., that M'Dermott, prince of this country, had a beautiful wife, of whom he was very jealous; that, to put his mind at ease when he went on some expedition, he fortified this island by raising the high wall (which remains) from the water edge, and building the castle, in which he used to confine his wife when he took the field; but that, notwithstanding, a favourite lover of hers used to hide himself in one of the nearest islands, from whence at night time he leaped in the lake, and, like another Leander, went to visit his Hero."

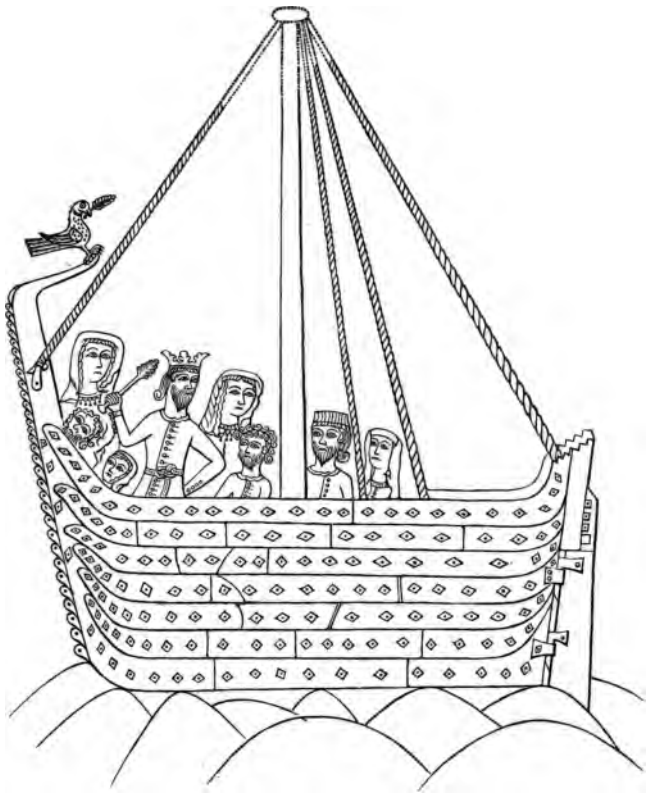
Here follows a description of the town of Boyle, and the statue of William III., then on the bridge, which Beranger says was "very like." On the 30th they set out for

"Ballymote, a small village, inhabited mostly by weavers. Drew the castle and abbey, and dined there, and went to lodge for the night at the village of Tubbercorry, in which poor place Mr. Bigary and I were surprised to find an elegant supper served up, by the care of Colonel Irwin." In a note he adds: "Here was wrote a large manuscript folio, containing annals of the kingdom, Brehon laws, poems, &c.; also all the different alphabets of the ancient Ogham used by the Druids; it was wrote about 300 years ago; is called 'The Book of Ballymote,' and contains a paragraph which says that it belonged to the Mac Donoghes, and had cost 140 milch cows. It is wrote on parchment, each leaf fifteen and a quarter inches high, by ten broad, and contains 250 pages, including a rough drawing with pen and ink on the first leaf, representing a ship with four men and four women, one mast and some ropes. It is at present in the possession of the Chevalier O'Gorman, of Auxerre, in Burgundy, who lent it to me to copy the various Oghams, the explanation of which was wrote by Mr. Gorman, teacher of the Irish language."[1]

In another place Beranger acknowledges his obliga-

[1] In his Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History, delivered in 1856 at the Catholic University, and published in 1861, Eugene O'Curry thus mentions the Book of Ballymote:—"This noble volume, though defective in a few places, still consists of 251 leaves, or 502 pages of the largest folio vellum, equal to about 2500 pages of the printed "Annals of the Four Masters." It was written by different persons, but chiefly by Solomon O'Droma, and Manus O'Duigenann; and we find it stated at folio 626, that it was written at Ballymote, in the county of Sligo, in the house of *Tomaltach og* Mac Donogh, Lord of Corann, in that county, at the time that Torlogh *óg*, the son of Hugh O'Conor, was King of Connacht; and Charles O'Conor, of Belanagar, has written in it the date 1391, as the precise year in which this part of the book was written."

tions to this Irish scholar. The accompanying reduced facsimile of the drawing intended to represent Noah and his family in the ark on the fly-leaf in the "Book of Ballymote," and which I described in the "Catalogue of the Museum, Royal Irish Academy," Part II., p. 301, is interesting as showing the artist's idea of early Irish costume when the



book was written or transcribed. The extract here given presents to us also the fact that Vallancey, who published his treatise on the Ogham writing of the ancient Irish in 1790, made use of Beranger's materials, derived from the "Book of Ballymote." *See* p. 60 of the "Collectanea," Vol. V. It is greatly to be regretted that the Bishop of Limerick's text of the Ogham writing in that work, which was printed by the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society

many years ago, has not been given to the public, but has remained in sheets with the printer since 1853.

July 1st, they visited, drew, and made plans of the Abbeys of Banada and Court, and proceeded to Coloony; and, having returned to Sligo, they spent two days there working at their drawings and sketches. On the evening of the 3rd they accompanied Colonel Irwin to Mercrea, the seat of the Right Hon. Joseph Cooper, where they were well received; dined, supped, and lay there that night. Next morning they crossed Traccuchullin on the strand, and

"Stopped to draw a plan and view of Cuchullin's tomb, a circle of stones, 27 feet in diameter, but much covered by the sand which the waves carry on it."

Here Beranger quotes Mac Pherson's Ossian, as the situation appeared to him to agree very well with the description given by the Irish Bard, who says,

"'By the dark rolling waves of Lego they raised the hero's tomb.' Sligo was formerly called Slego, in our historical writers; take off the S, and we will have Lego. Antiquarians have more than once twisted and curtailed names more than this; and Mr. Mac Pherson said, in one of his notes, that 'Cuchullin was killed somewhere in Connaught, which must have been near Lough Gill, in the vicinity of the town of Sligo, upon the tract of land between Tanrego Bay and Lough Gill, there being only three or four miles' distance from the verge of the one to the strand of the other.'"

Such was the knowledge of his day, and perhaps it gives as much authentic information as the original Fenian tales, to which, no doubt, Mac Pherson had access. It is well known that the tales respecting most of Cuchullin's battles have placed them in this neighbourhood, and between that and the *Ford of Sods* on the Boyle Water.

The tourists spent a couple of days with their generous host, Colonel Irwin, at Tanrego, beneath the foot of Knocknarea, and

"were shown (when the tide was out) two islands, which, when the tide is in, are not accessible but by a boat, on which cattle were grazing; the foundation of which islands are oyster shells, with about six inches of earth over them. Walked round them, and was amazed at the sight. The oysters are so plenty at Tanrego, that they are got by cars full, only paying the carriage;"

[1] Bigari's very beautiful drawing of Ballymote Church, from the Cunyngham collection, has been engraved in Grose's "Antiquities," Vol. II., p. 76.

and then he adds, rather ruefully, "they were not in season at this time." He says they spent some days at Tanrego,

"working at our drawings, and walking about in the evening. The Colonel procured an old man in the neighbourhood, who sung to us in Irish the feats of the old hero Cuchullin; ordered our interpreter to write it down, and added it to our other MSS. of his writing."

What a charming party this must have been! It only wanted an Irish harper to render it perfect; but, no doubt, some of the beauties among the Irwins, Joneses, and Ormsbys, who were present, enlivened the party with the harpsichord or spinnet.

On the 6th, they all set out for Tubberpatrick, the seat of Captain Jones:—

"Designed by the way a cromlegh, called *Clogh Glass*, i. e. the Green Stones.

"July 7th. As Mr. Bigary had protested against all ridings, I went with Colonel Irwin on horseback, and drew Cromleaghs and a circular fort of dry stones on the hill of Skryne, or Skreen."

On the 8th they went to Fortland, the seat of Robert Brown, Esq., near Easky Bridge, and of this he writes:—

"On this coast are an immensity of Round Raths, or Forts, or Mounds, or Barrows, or Tumuli, with each their fosse;—some at musket shot, some half-quarter of a mile from one another, from which this place is called in Irish Lishagan—Fortland. They are of various dimensions. We took the plan and section of the largest amongst them. Walked about the concerns, and under a fine shade of trees, along a rivulet, which was very comfortable in the extreme warm weather we had, Mr. Bigary protesting it was as warm as in Italy.

"June 9th. Set out with Colonel Irwin, interpreter, and servants on horseback, to draw a famous Cromlegh, called Finmacool's Griddle, situated in a bog ten miles long, and about three broad. Took two guides on the verge of said bog. Went by various windings, until arrived at a small hill, on which this old monument is fixed. Drew a plan; but Mr. Irwin, looking at his watch, and seeing dinner-time approach, asked our guides for a short cut to go to Fortland, which he knew there was. They seemed ignorant of it, but undertook to try and find it out. We followed, when, all of a sudden, my horse sunk under me in the bog. This stopped us; and, as he could not get out, the guides were sent for assistance and spades to dig him out. We left our interpreter and servants on the spot; and the Colonel, trusting to his memory, undertook to guide me, and we set forwards on foot, making many zigzags on the worst ground I ever trod on, sinking at every step halfway of my boots, and being obliged to walk, or rather run, pretty fast, for fear of sinking. After an hour's travelling, we could see nothing but the heaven and the bog, and the ground became softer and wetter, so that we could not advance without

sinking in it. We tried to the right, then to the left, and twined and twined so much that we knew not which way to go, the Colonel having lost sight of his landmark. We continued moving on, as the Colonel told me that we should be lost if we ceased moving one moment. I confess here that I thought it my last day. The anxiety of the mind, the fatigue of the body, the insufferable heat of the day, and the intolerable thirst I felt, made me almost unable to proceed; but remembering that to stop a moment was instant death, I followed Mr. Irwin, putting my foot from where he withdrew his, as nearly as I could on this ground, which was now quite liquid, and appeared a lough to me. Two hours more were we in this situation, when Mr. Irwin got sight of some other mark, which gave me new courage; and little by little the ground grew firmer, and we made for some stacks of turf, and so forth on firm ground unto Fortland, where we arrived at seven, having been since three o'clock wandering in this horrid wilderness. We found the family alarmed (as our horses were arrived some hours before), and [they] had sent men to find us out in the bog. I threw myself on a chair, not being able to stir; could not eat, but only drink wine and water, which, being warmed out of precaution, did not quench my thirst. Mr. Bigari was all this time capering about the room, and felicitating himself that he had not been of the party. As for the Colonel, he was but little fatigued, and eat his dinner, whilst I went to bed dinner and supperless."

On the 10th they went to Rosslee Castle, on the sea shore near Fortland, which they drew and made a plan of; Beranger adds the following note thereon :—

"Tradition has handed down a peculiar anecdote of the proprietor of this castle, who must have been a great epicurean in fish. The castle stands on the sea side, and next to it runs a rivulet, much frequented by salmon, in which the proprietor had contrived to build a trap, the door of which had a wire communicating to a bell in the kitchen of the castle. As soon as a salmon entered the trap, the bell rung, and the servants went immediately, fetched the salmon alive, and dressed it for their master."

A similar circumstance is related of the Abbey of Cong, County Mayo, and of other places also.

On the 11th they left the house of their kind host, and

"set forwards [towards Mayo]. Stopped near Castle Connor, to visit a subterraneous cave under a rath, called Rathmullan; got candles, went in, and planned. Ware is greatly mistaken in the description of this cave in his Vol. II. of 'Antiquities,' p. 138, and in the plan and section, Plate I., No. 5, as it is a zigzag, which comes much nearer the figure he gives in same plate, No. 6, and I think it may be a mistake of the number."

Of this cave Ware says : "The entrance was for many centuries closed up, but in the year 1640 was accidentally discovered and opened by a cowherd. The chambers in

it are quadrangular, and built of vast stones, archwise, over which a great quantity of earth is heaped, and formed into a hill, but the passage into the chambers is circular. *See* Plate I., No. 5. A geometrical plan of the area of this arched building, together with the form of one of the vaults to which the others are correspondent, at the same time were described by Mylo Symner, an able mathematician, who, with a lighted candle, took an exact view of it soon after it was discovered."[1]

"On coming out of the cave we found all the inhabitants of both sexes gathered on the rath, and amongst them two beautiful young women, who attracted our sight, and whom we could not cease to admire. The Colonel bid them all welcome, and ordered a gallon of whiskey to be brought; invited them all to sit down on the grass. The whiskey went about; we embraced [kissed] all the females, the two beauties included; repeated it several times; made, at our example, the men do the same; were very merry, and quitted them after they had bestowed many blessings on us. Set forwards and arrived at Ardnaree, the seat of Mr. Jones, County of Mayo, where we dined, and were told that Colonel Cuffe was waiting for us, and should join us after dinner, which he did."

From thence they passed on to Newtown-Gore, on the banks of Lough Conn, and say:—

"This seat is an old castle, which has been modernized. The rooms are large and spacious, environed by a grove and gardens. It is situated near Lough Conn, a branch of which runs by the garden, along a thick, shady walk, which afforded us a cool shelter, and where we resorted in the height of the heat. It is the property of the Earl of Arran."

On the 13th July they set out with Mr. Cuffe, Colonel Irwin, and his son, and, passing through Ballina,

"famous for its salmon fishery, arrived at Killala; were presented to the Bishop by Colonel Cuffe; took part of a collation of fruits and wine; went with Messrs. Hutchinson, the Bishop's sons, to see the Round Tower;[2] drew it, and a skull of a whale which came on shore there; returned to the Palace; took our leave, and set out." "The Palace," he adds, "has a small court before it; looks like a farmer's house, only two stories high; in the dining room floor you are under the eaves, which are seen, and the rooms there are appropriated for bed chambers. Stopped at the Abbey of Moyne, on the wide part of the River Moy, near the Bay, about two miles

[1] For plans and descriptions of several caves of this description, see Wilde's "Lough Corrib," c. vii., pp. 202-209

[2] In the Walker MS. there is the following entry, giving details of the tower, evidently taken from Beranger's notes:— "The Tower of Killala seems well built; the roof damaged. It is 84 feet high, 51 in circumference, and the walls 3½ feet thick. There is a hole in it towards the middle of the height, which was made by lightning. The door is plain, 5½ feet high by 2½ wide, and 11 feet from the ground. See drawing No. 28."

from Killala. Drew and plan. Eat here the largest cockles I ever had seen—as big as eggs, and drank some wine Colonel Cuffe had taken in his chariot, with some loaves; a tomb served as table. Set out for the Abbey of Rosserk, two miles further; drew and plan, and returned at Newtown Gore by six in the evening."

They remained at home the next day, working at their sketches, as was their usual custom; for the artists in these days were as energetic as they were accurate. As Newtown-Gore, where they were staying, afforded a fine view of Nephin mountain, on the opposite side of the lake, Beranger made a sketch of it, which, although not very artistic, is truthful, even as it now stands before me in his sketch-book, No. 4, and in which the following is a description differing only in a word or two from what he wrote in the large original note-book :—

"View of the mountain of Nephin, County of Mayo, and Province of Connaught, about 120 miles from Dublin, taken from Newtown-Gore, four miles distant. This high mountain, which rears its lofty head above those in the neighbourhood, has a spring of water on its summit, which, after rain, forms a furious torrent, which has dug for itself a bed in the mountain (though composed of white marble), and, running down, spreads itself at the foot, forming a lake. This bed I took for a high road at the distance, until I was informed of the contrary, and told what it was."

Having taken their leave of Colonel Cuffe, they proceeded to Foxford, also on the Moy, and which place, says Beranger—

"is famous for abounding with Lampreys in the river, which nobody there will eat; got four large ones for 6*d.*, and got them packed in grass.[1] As

[1] The Lamprey, *Lampetra Rondeletii* or *Marinus*—the true *Petromyzon* of writers on natural history—is said to be found in some of the rivers of Ireland, and is generally called "nine-eyes," on account of the nine or seven respiratory apertures along the sides of the neck; but it is often confounded with the Lampern, *L. Fluviatilis*, and also the Pride, *Annocætes branchialis*, the small mud lamprey, or "stone grig," which may be found in many of our small streams in Ireland. I remember catching some small Lampreys, when a boy, in the River Suck, at Castlerea, but they were there considered great rarities, and not vivified horse-hair, as was generally believed of the common fresh-water eel. At this distance of time, I am not able to state what the exact species to which I have referred was. Lampreys formerly abounded in Lough Corrib and the surrounding districts of Connemara; and Roderic O'Flaherty, writing in 1684, says, "the water streams, besides lampreys, roches, and the like, of no value, breed salmons (where is recourse to the sea), eels, and divers sorts of trouts." See p. 10. The Irish name for lamprey is a mere adaptation of the English term. The lampreys I have been able to procure from the Oughterard river and Lough Corrib at its mouth, and which I have transported to my ponds at Moytura, on the other side of the lake, were evidently specimens of the Pride; and the moment that I put them into the water, they at once burrowed into the soft, turfy sides and bottom of the ponds, with great rapidity and a wriggling motion. It is said that large lampreys are occasionally

it was a market day, went to walk about the place (whilst the horses baited); the place looks poor. I observed all the countrywomen who came to market having their aprons about their necks, instead of cloaks; but, on being amongst them in the market, we were surprised to find that to be their only upper covering, having neither gown nor shift, which we supposed was owing to the excessive heat of the weather.

"Set forwards to Castlebar. Drew, by the way, the Castle of Bally laghan, the Abbey of Strade, and Turlough Round Tower. Here we had a most horrid stony road, the rocks being like trees laid across the way. We did not go at the rate of a mile an hour, and were afraid of our carriages breaking down, which at last happened to Mr. Irwin's cabriole, the fore axle-tree snapping at Strade, where he left it under the care of a servant to be mended; and, after having drawn the Abbey, he mounted the led horses with his son; and we arrived at half-past eight at Castlebar, having our Lampreys, amongst other things, for supper."

He then relates the following characteristic incident, which will be read with interest by those who remember the history of the tour of "lying Dick Twiss:"—

"Whilst we were surveying this Abbey [Strade], we were accosted by two genteel dressed ladies who came to view us, having been told that Mr. Twiss was in our company. Our greatest anxiety was immediately

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seen in Lough Corrib, attached to boats and submerged timber, but I have no personal knowledge of the matter. William Thompson, our Irish naturalist *par excellence*, refers to the Lamprey and the Pride chiefly on the authority of others, especially the late Dr. Ball, but has not added much to the natural history of this animal. From the day when the early Norman king made too hearty and fatal a supper on stewed lampreys, down to the present, they have been used as food in some parts of England, and were formerly an article of commerce as bait for the Dutch fisheries, as may be seen by the extended description of the *Petromyzonidæ* given by my good old friend and instructor, William Yarrell. In Ireland, however, we have no notice of their being used as food until the days of Beranger.

In the third edition of Yarrell's "Fishes," Sir John Richardson has been good enough to quote my observations, published in 1840, upon the Lancelet, *Amphyoxus*, a genus allied to the Lampreys, but has not yet convinced me that it is a true fish. I am indebted to Dr. Gawley, of Foxford, for the following particulars respecting the Lamprey. "In the Moy, at Foxford, they are taken in great quantities in the hot months of July and August, when the water is low, from two to six pounds' weight. They are fished for by little boys, who gaff them with pike hooks, and such other means, when they are seen attached to stones, sticks, bridges, or other resisting bodies, and are eaten by the people, but are not exported from the locality. Their fry is not observed to come up the rivers, like those of the common eel, which abound in the river at Foxford."

An interesting question here suggests itself, as to whether the Lamprey migrates to the sea, as the lake and river eels do. It is, however, a curious circumstance which naturalists have overlooked, that the upper portion of the Moy is a habitat of the Lamprey, and that the first notice thereof should be taken from the MS. of Gabriel Beranger, written a century ago.

June 21, 1870.—While revising the above, I received from Dr. Gawley some fine specimens of the true Lamprey from the Moy. Some of them were full of ova, and as my informant says the fish were proceeding *up* the river, it is possible they were going to spawn in the upper waters of the Moy. The subject should be investigated by some of our naturalists, when possibly this rare fish may become an article of commerce in the Dublin markets. Some of these lampreys measured 30 inches.

to convince them that the report was false, and thoroughly to acquaint them of our business. As soon as they were assured of their mistake, they inveighed against Twiss for his slandering that province. We joined heartily in this, and refused politely their offers of refreshments, as the day was advanced, and we intended to be early at Castlebar; but the real cause of our quick departure was, the fear that the neighbourhood might think like them, and that we might be insulted by the country people."

Writing of Castlebar, he says:—

"The town looks decent enough. The church is new, and the steeple composed of squares, octagons, and circular figures, which gives it an odd look at the distance. It has this inscription: 'This church was built at Castlebar in the year ——;'[1] and in a note he adds: 'one of the troopers newly arrived in this garrison read the inscription and answered, 'and where the devil else could it have been built?' but still that inscription remained when I was there, notwithstanding its absurdity. At the end of the town is the seat of Lord Lucan (*then abroad*), in which are thick groves, which afforded us comfortable walks under their shades.'"

On the 16th they proceeded to Newport-Prat, and report:—

"The bridge being broke down by the floods, we forded the river with some difficulty; set up at the inn, and a very good one, where we were well entertained; sent notice of our arrival to the Earl of Altamont, at Westport; received an answer before ten, that he should be glad to see us. Here Mr. Irwin got a touch of the gout."

On the 17th Beranger and Bigari drew and planned the Abbey of Burryshool, about two miles distant, on the Erris road; and the former writes:—

"We were surrounded by a vast number of people, amongst whom we observed some uncommon whisperings, and goings and comings. Mr. Bigari thought that their intention was to rob us; but we came off safe, and returned to Newport."

They then proceeded to Westport, where they were hospitably entertained by Lord Altamont; and on mentioning that they

"had left Colonel Irwin in the gout at Newport, his Lordship sent an express with an invitation to his house. After dinner, his Lordship showed us his wolf-dogs, three in number; they are amazing large, white, with black spots, but of the make and shape of the greyhound, only the head and neck somewhat larger in proportion. We had here at supper the largest shrimps I had ever seen, being almost as big as prawns."

"July 18th. Stayed and worked at our drawings; took a walk after dinner with my Lord to a large circle of stones, having a cromlegh in the centre, situated on his Lordship's ground on the sea-side; told him my notion, that they were burial places, and not temples, and proposed to get

[1] The church at Castlebar has been rebuilt since, and an inserted slab respecting the former one can be seen in the churchyard wall, near the gate.

it opened, to which he consented, and fixed next morning for that operation; took a view and sketch of the famous Croagh Patrick, which could be then fairly seen. See Plate."

This drawing forms No. 6 of the note book No. 4, and to it, as well as that of a second view in the same book (No. 7), the artist has added the description given below. The latter is a very pretty picture, and enables us by contrast with the present aspect from the same point of view, to judge of the great improvements made at Westport since; for what was then a mere wall, margining the shore, is now a flourishing quay.

"No. 6.—'View of Croagh Patrick, taken from the sea shore near Westport.' This mountain, one of the highest in Ireland, is famous for the residence St. Patrick made there, and from whence he expelled all venomous reptiles (as history tells us—*vide* Sir James Ware). The view from the summit is most extensive and delightful, having before one Clue Bay and its 400 islands, and for a background the mountains of the baronies of Erris and Tirawley. On the right Westport and Lord Altamont's domain; on the left the Islands of Achill, with the Island of Clara; and in the rear the wild and romantic Joyces' Country. This mountain forms the southern shore of Clue Bay, which the foot entirely occupies, being a distance of near eight miles, as I was told; the summit, in the form of a cone, is generally enveloped by clouds; and though it appears pointy, has a large area at its top, where there is a stone altar built, on which mass is said on the saint's day.[1] I believe it to have been formerly a volcano—at least it has very much the look of one, as may be seen by the drawing."

"No. 7.—'View of Clue Bay, taken from the rear of the house of the Earl of Altamont,' showing Croagh Patrick, the high island of Clara, on which, I was told, the inhabitants are about 1500 in number, and the extremity of Lord Altamont's park. All the points and headlands seen in this view are part of the numerous islands this bay contains, which are said to be 400 in number. They are of various extent and height; some are cultivated; some have trees and grass; others are mixed with rocks; others bare rocks (on which sea monsters [seals] lay basking in the sun, of which I saw many whilst I was sailing from Westport to Croagh Patrick). I thought to reckon them from the top of the mountain, but found it impossible—some appearing like a single island, when in fact they were separated by small channels, and others partly hid behind the high ones, so as to be half covered by the hill, and prevented the eye to distinguish whether they were joined or detached from it; beside, the whole is so confusingly arranged that one is bewildered, and I am certain it is impossible to count them from that eminence. At the left of the drawing is represented a wall, which was building; and since, I hear a quay and custom house has been erected there, to serve the town of Westport."

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[1] And there I have seen the Black-bell, *clogh-dubh*, or "Bell of the Reek," exhibited, before I purchased it for the R. Irish Academy. *See* Wilde's "Lough Corrib," p. 197.

A railway now, 1870, proceeds to this precise locality. He then continues, under the same date—July 18th—in the large MS. book already referred to :—

"This mountain rises from the edge of the sea, in gradual slope, to a great height. Its summit is composed by a cone (called the Reek), which denotes it to have formerly been a volcano. This reek is generally hid in the clouds, except the day be extremely clear and serene."

"July 19th. After breakfast we set out with his Lordship and a large company of labourers, with all the tools required to blast and remove large stones. The top stone of the cromleagh was broke, and removed also its pillars or supporters; but, as the work went on slowly, the men working unwillingly, murmuring, and saying it was a sin to disturb the dead, his Lordship made them observe that the person buried there was not a Christian, but a heathen, which, being d—d, it was no sin to dig up his bones; to which they agreed, and fell to work with alacrity. At about four feet deep was found a kind of circle of paving stones, in the centre of which were bones which had been burned, some of them being sound in one end, but of a brown colour, and the other end like charcoal. The skull, though broke, was found, and, near it, a ball as round and of the size of a billiard ball, which, being washed and cleaned, appeared to us to be marble, which his Lordship kept. There were smaller bones found, and the jaw bones of an animal with tusks, which we supposed was his favourite dog. The circle of stones which contained these bones was about two feet diameter. Having thus assured ourselves that this monument was a mausoleum, and not a temple, we got the bones re-interred, and the grave covered, and one of the fragments of stone put over it."

And in the additional notes on the left-hand page of this memoir, after quoting Keating and other authorities respecting the ball of brains recorded in the history of Connal Cearnagh of Emania, already well known, he adds:—

"The opening of this monument, the bones found, &c., confirms that those circles of stones were mausoleums or burial places. In vain does Mr. O'Halloran insist that they were temples. I know it answers his purpose, but still it is an error, and a rash assertion, of which I am obliged to take notice."

He then gives a pen and ink sketch of the ground plan of the circle of pebbles or paving stones, which was two feet in diameter, while the tomb or chamber itself was about four feet deep under the centre of the top stone. Many of my readers will remember that the theory of the "altar" character of these circles and tumuli was advocated thirty years ago; and it was only when the discovery of the tumulus in the Phœnix Park in 1838 was brought under the notice of the Royal Irish Academy, that full converts were made to the fact of their being places of interment. Had Beranger's opinion been promulgated previously, it

would have hastened the period when exploration and fact superseded speculation and empiricism. The Diary is thus continued :—

"Dined at my Lord's in company with his brother the hon^ble John Brown, Collector of Newport, who told us that we were near being seized by the people of Burryshool, who had taken us for spies; that they had applied to him for an order to lodge us in jail, but that he had charged them at their peril not to molest us, as he knew our business—which accounted for their uncommon behaviour whilst we were amongst them. Settled our journey for next day to Murrisk or Morrisk Abbey, at the foot of Croagh Patrick, Mr. Brown having ordered the Revenue barge and crew to be ready for next morning early."

"July 20th.—Set out in the barge with Mr. Bigari; hoisted sail, navigated through Clew Bay, an Archipelago of near 400 islands, of various sizes, some wooded, some cultivated, and some bare rocks. We were delighted with the scene, and could not cease to admire that variety of objects. We had for guide his Lordship's sportsman, who was an excellent player on the German flute, and regaled us with music, which he now and then interrupted to fire at the sea monsters swimming about us; a heavy shower of rain interrupted our sport. We arrived at Murrisk, drew the Abbey and plain; rain again, took refuge in the house of Mr. Garvey, who insisted on our dining with him; dined heartily; rain continued heavily; were obliged to pass the night here; were very merry with the family, had the music of the German flute, and our crew singing and drinking in the kitchen. After supper, about ten, Mr. Bigary and I were surprised with a sudden and thundering noise, which made us think that Croagh Patrick was tumbling down, and going to bury us under its ruins; the company perceived our surprise, and told us that the noise we heard was occasioned by the torrents running down the mountain, dragging and carrying rocks and stones before them. Mr. Garvey offered to give us a sight of them, which we accepted, as the weather was fair. One of the torrents was running just by the side of the avenue, and even overflowed part of it. It would require the pen of a poet to describe the awful scene that presented itself to us. The thundering noise and roarings of torrents at various distances, heightened by the stillness of the night; the moon covered with clouds, which, gliding over it now and then, afforded us a sight of the immense region of Croagh Patrick, filled us with a kind of horror, which made us quake, though we were sure that there was no danger. We staid for some time looking and listening, and lost in contemplation, and returned home, the mind filled with the grand objects we had seen, which made us grave the whole evening."

"July 21st.—Got up early, and under the guidance of Mr. Garvey we ascended Cro. Pat. to the foot of the reek; there, turning about, we had a most glorious view, having before us Clew Bay and all its islands, and for back ground the mountains of Erris and Tyrawley. To the right Westport, and to the left the Islands of Achill, with the high Island of Clara, and in the rear Joyce's Country.[1] Mr. Bigary proposed mounting up the

[1] This is a popular topographical error—Joyce's Country extends from the Killeries to near Cong, and does not include the barony of Murrisk, south of the Reek.

Reek; but, as it was enveloped in clouds, which would have obstructed the view of any object, and would have wet our clothes, we over-ruled him, and descended the hill, having got a good appetite for our breakfast. Croagh Patrick is situated in the Joyce's Country, and forms the southern entrance of Clew Bay; it is very rocky, and affords some pasture for sheep. The Reek is composed of rock, which seemed to me divided in small stones, &c.; though the summit seems to terminate in a point, our interpreter (who went there to gain indulgences) told us that it is pretty flat, and forms a plain somewhat hollowed, where there is built a stone altar to say mass on the saint's day. See Anecdotes."

Here the narrator quotes Harris's edition of Ware respecting the Reek, and also M'Curtin—4to edition, Dublin, 1717, p. 17, and then adds in the diary:—

"Eat our breakfast, and walked about until 10, when our vessel was afloat. Took leave of the good family who had entertained us so well. Embarked and set sail, and arrived at Westport at 12; where, to our great joy, we found Mr. Irwin and his son arrived.

"22nd of July.—Rain all day, worked at our drawings."

Here Colonel Irwin had to leave them, and with true Irish liberality informed them that *their* portion of the account had been lost!

On the 23rd they set out for Ballinrobe, where they had letters for Mr. Gallagher, "Sub-sheriff to Lord Westport, eldest son to Lord Altamont." Then follows a short description of Westport, both the town and the residence. Beranger then gives an account of the barony of Erris, from information derived upon the spot. He was informed that there were no antiquities, and writes:—

"That if we intended to try it on uncertainty, we must leave our carriage, take horses and provisions, and penetrate into a vast tract of wilderness, composed of mountains and bogs, without town, village, or hamlet; where we would not even see a tree; that our lodgings must be in one of the cottages which we chanced to meet, there being now and then an odd one found where chance had left an arable spot; that wherever we found a cabin we must take a guide to the next one, and so on; that without this precaution we should be lost amongst the mountains and bogs, and that we should hasten our journey to the Mullet [Belmullet] the most western part of the barony, and the only one inhabited. That summer was the only time to undertake this journey, which in autumn and winter was impracticable. In regard to the inhabitants, we were told they were very hospitable, never shutting the doors of their cabins; that any poor stranger gone astray, or travelling along, might freely come in whether by night or day, and take his share of what the house afforded. All these difficulties made us lay aside the intention of penetrating in that country, since we were uncertain to find any antiquities there."

They therefore proceeded southwards, by the Abbey of Ballintubber, which they drew and made a plan of, and thence journeyed to Ballinrobe; about a quarter of a mile east of which town, the narrator says, there "is a small lake, called Lough Shy, which, by the eye, may be about a mile long." This was (for it no longer exists) Turlough O'Shine, which was drained by the Robe canal that now takes off the surface and winter water of the district, and was made by the drainage operations in 1850. In the anecdotes connected with this passage Beranger writes respecting Ballintubber—

"Found a schoolmaster in the abbey with a parcel of children; his desk was a large monument, and the children sat on stones arranged. Joy of our interpreter on finding a person of his [own] profession."

From this we glean that a portion of the Abbey must have been roofed or vaulted in 1779.[1] My readers must not confound this locality with the Castle of Ballintubber, in the county Roscommon, the last stronghold of the O'Conors.

Sigr. Bigari stayed at the inn, finishing some sketches during the morning, and then they both proceeded to the Neale, to see Sir John Browne, who politely invited the artists to take up their quarters there. They then passed on to Cong, where they were entertained by Mr. Ireland, who at that time resided at Strandhill (now the property of the Elwood family), and who acted as their guide to the antiquities in that celebrated locality. Under the name of the "Priest's Hole," now known as the "Pigeon Hole," he describes that remarkable cavern and subterranean river, with its "blessed trouts," &c., but all which have long since been frequently described by Sam Lover and myself, and other western tourists. He also

[1] "Cathal O'Conor, in 1216, erected this Abbey for Regular Canons of St. Austin, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. It was a noble structure, of excellent workmanship, and the whole admirably finished. The original extent was much greater than at present. The chancel part is covered, and there are two chapels on each side. The groining in the chancels is entire, springing from consols of a peculiar shape, ornamented with sculpture. The eastern window is composed of three openings, under which is the great altar. The tower is down. The principal door was beautiful, being a pointed arch, supported by five columns." See "Grose," A. D. 1771.

mentions the remarkable stony plains round this region, and then adds :—

"The ground of the concerns at the Neale are of the same composition; and walking over it, it seemed to us a good ground covered with grass, until Sir John Browne told us that he had been at the expense to dig and blast some of them to make a pond for water, which was a commodity not found formerly at the Neale. [See Wilde's description of the Battle of Moytura, in "Lough Corrib," p. 242]. And those blasted rocks he got broke, and the crevices stopped with them, and gravel mixed, after which he covered it with six inches of earth, which formed the lawns and fields before us. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that those rocks, which are about four or five feet thick, lie upon a rock so perfectly even that it appears to be one single flag, which composes the bottom of the large pond under the windows of the mansion house, in the centre of which he preserved rock enough to form an island which is now covered with some shrubs, in which the vast quantity of foreign waterfowl which he feeds on it breed quiet and undisturbed. On telling us that he had begun another pond some hundred yards further, we went to it, and were surprised to find an even flag without joint or fissure, and of such an enormous size. We measured as far as the digging and blasting had gone on, and found it to be 100 feet long, by 48 broad. It has the effect, to the eye, of a pond on which the water is frozen. Sir John told us that he verily believes that it extends thus under the whole estate, of which I make no doubt; Mr. Bigari danced a Minuet with Miss Browne upon this curious floor."

Limestone slabs, similar in size and smoothness, may be seen in other parts of Mayo, but are especially observable in the Galway Islands of Aran.

"Sir John told us that, before he had made the pond of water, this element was so scarce there, and in the whole neighbourhood, that, if some visitors arrived there unexpected, they were often obliged to leave a bottle of white wine in their rooms to wash their hands in the morning, the little water which might be in the house being wanted for breakfast."

It will be in the recollection of those who have read the history of the Battle of Moytura, that it was this dearth of water in the neighbourhood of the Neale that compelled the Firbolg King to retreat to the shores of Lough Mask, where he is said to have been slain. Lord Kilmain's family used some years ago to send to the borders of Lough Mask for spring water daily. The narrative continues :—

"A singular bird of the waterfowl kind appears in the pond every Sunday, eats and swims the whole day familiarly amongst the tame fowls, and disappears before morning. He has never been seen on any other day, but comes regularly on Sundays. This afforded us many speculations in conjecturing where he could be on the other six days, &c.; how or

why he should only come on Sunday; and as we were there on that day, we went to the pond before breakfast, and had the pleasure to see him pretty close, having taking oats to feed the fowl, close to the edge of the pond. He seems to be the size of a teal, as black as jet, and in shape nearly of a wild duck, only the beak seems more sharp and pointed."

He then gives an account of the various temples, urns, and statues which Sir John had erected in the demesne, and the—

"Miniature model of one of the Pyramids of Egypt from a plan and drawing given him by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Charlemont, who has travelled in Egypt, and other parts of Africa and Asia."

This structure still remains, but the leaden Statue of Apollo, which formerly crowned it, has long since been removed. He also describes the deer park, where there were then 200 brace of deer; and had, he says, "a dish of venison every day." From this and many similar entries recorded in this MS., we perceive that, in those days, the nobility and gentry of Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon were, with few exceptions, not absentees.

On the 26th the artists were taken in a coach and four by their host to visit several objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and among the rest to the

"Leabbie Diarmuid, i. e., Dermott's bed, at Ballinchalla, near Lough Mask, which is a cavern containing a river, said to communicate with the one in the Priest's hole, a mile from Cong, distant five or six miles from one another. Sir John told us that he had once this river plum'd on the edge where we were standing, and found forty feet depth; that he had put on the river where we were a plank or board, on which he had got six candles fastened, and put it adrift, which said board was found in the subterraneous river near Cong."

The cavern here alluded to is similar in character to all those in the neighbourhood of Cong. [See "Lough Corrib"]. But the name is here remarkable, and I do not know any other locality in which the resting place of Dermod and Graine in their flight from Tara is not that of a cromleac. The tourists passed over in boats to the "island of Ballinchalla," now known as Inishmain, and which at present forms a part of the mainland, where they drew the beautiful abbey, and the castellated gate at the entrance of its enclosure; and remarked upon the enormous length of flat rocks—nearly half a mile in extent—which

is still one of the wonders of that locality. They also visited Innishowen, and there noticed the large circle of flagstones of which I have published an account and illustration some time ago;[1] but Beranger states that at that time it was "surrounded by a ditch, and a row of trees." He likewise remarked the small holes in these upright flags, and adds, "Whether this is the work of art, of worms, or of nature, I cannot decide." Lough Mask is fairly described, and also the Partry Mountains on its western shores—

"Which look like wildernesses. Sir John told us that he had 15,000 acres in these mountains, which brought him only £50 per annum. This Lough is famous for producing the Gilleroe trout, which has a gizzard like a goose, of which a devil is made, and has no different taste; but though Sir John offered half-a-crown, which set them all afishing, they could not catch one, the weather being too calm, since they are seldom caught but when the wind ruffles the surface of the lake."[2]

I have paid considerable attention to the subject of the muscular gizzard in certain kinds of trout found in our western lakes, and brought the subject before some of our Scientific Societies in Dublin many years ago. It will be in the recollection of my readers, that the first account of this peculiar anatomical structure was published by the Hon. Daines Barrington in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1773; in which work will also be found memoranda from Mr. Walsh, and Mr. Henry Watson, on the same subject, as well as some observations by John Hunter, in the Number for March 17, 1744. Subsequently a full description of "The Gillaroo Trout, commonly called in Ireland the Gizzard Trout" was published by that author in the "Animal Economy," in 1792, but he does not give

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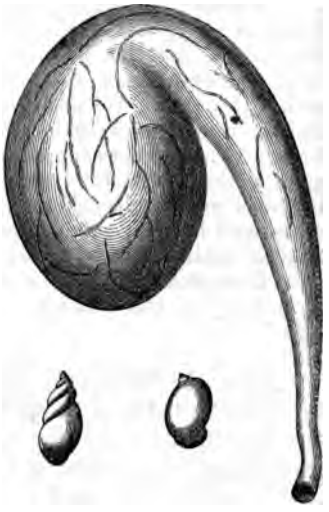
[1] See Wilde's "Lough Corrib," pp. 227–28.

[2] *Gilla ruadh*, a red fellow, is the proper interpretation of this fish, on account of the very red spots with which it is marked. It has no reference to the peculiarity of the stomach. See the late William Thompson's volumes on the "Natural History of Ireland," where some of my notes on this subject will be found.

Since writing the foregoing I have fished a small tarn in Connemara, where I knew that there were gillarooes of delicious flavour, and a pink colour in muscle, every summer and autumn, when the large white and yellow lilies literally cover this pond. I procured several of these trout last Easter; but in all, the flavour had deteriorated, the colour had become pale, and the muscular stomach had degenerated into a membranous bag. The lilies had not then (13th April, 1870) grown, and there were no small shells to be seen.

a drawing of it. There are several fine specimens in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Dublin; but as they are preserved in spirits, they do not exhibit the isolated cuticle and hard elevated rugæ as well as those prepared dry. On the blank page opposite this part of Beranger's description, he has given a drawing of a very fine specimen of the Gillaroe gizzard, and some of the shells found in it, and says—



"I got the above drawing from an English gentleman in April, 1790, just returned from Connaught." This is at present the earliest known drawing of the kind with which I am acquainted. The shells which he has drawn were found in the stomach; and he states in the description, "Whether the stomach digest them, or whether the fish swallow them as the birds do gravel, to help digestion, I dare not decide." So far as I have been able to investigate the matter as yet, I incline to the conclusion that this thickening of the muscular coat of the stomach, and the detached cuticle, is the result of feeding in localities where the usual trout food is not easily obtained; but when the variety became permanent I am unable to determine, as the peculiarity is found in very small fish. I am at present, however, conducting some experiments upon the subject in my ponds at Moytura, and other localities, in order to determine whether the ordinary river trout with membanous stomachs will assume this specialty when removed from their original habitat and supplied with crustaceous food.

On the 27th of July, Beranger and Bigari say they

"Took leave of Sir John and Lady Brown, Mr. Cromie and family. Took up some money from Sir John on my draught on Colonel Burton, and set out from the Neal at 12 o'clock, passed through Kilmaine and Ballyndangan in different villages and arrived through a flat country at Dunmore, Co. Galway, at half after five,"

where they were kindly received by a relative of one of my ancestors, Ralph Ouseley, Esq., subsequently well known as an antiquary. They made drawings of "a coat of arms and inscription over the door of the abbey in the town;" and then in a couple of days they set out with Mr. Ouseley for the Abbey of Knockmoy, situated between Tuam and Dunmore, in which journey they had again a break down.

"We drew the Abbey, and plan, and Fresco painting on the wall, and found an inscription on the monument of Cathal Cruive Diarrag, King of Connaught, and founder of the Abbey, which our interpreter could not read, nor even know the letters, which I was obliged to design, and took up an hour. We had heard much of those ancient Fresco paintings, and on inspection were much disappointed, as they are bare black outlines. Mr. Bigari, who possesses the art of Fresco painter, and has done great works of this kind abroad, assured us, after a nice inspection, that they had never been coloured, and that the spots of various hues were occasioned by time and damps, since the same colour extended farther than the outlines; and supposing the coats had been green, the same colour went through the face and hands, which shows it to be the effect of the inclemency of the weather. So that they may be called Fresco drawings."

Their present condition certainly confirms this opinion, although in my description of them in the "Catalogue of the Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy," page 350, I mentioned the green and yellow colours, because I was describing the coloured copy of the painting which was made by Mr. Mac Manus for the first Dublin Exhibition, and which then hung in the Academy.

The artists then proceeded to Athenry, having been supplied with a guide by Mr. Ouseley. There, they say, we—

"Dined and went to take a plan and view of Birmingham Castle, and worked the remainder of the evening at our sketches."

So that these gentlemen did not dawdle over their work; and they were up and painting again at 6 o'clock the next morning. Bigari's drawings of the Castle and Abbey here, and also that of Knockmoy, were published in Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland," in 1791. The narrator describes Athenry as—

"An ancient town of the Co. of Galway situate 91½ miles west from Dublin, and 22 south of Dunmore, said to have been built by King John—part of the old wall and the ruins of some turrets and gates are still seen. There is a barrack close to the Abbey, which Abbey has much suf-

fered from the neighbourhood of those children of Mars, who, not satisfied with breaking down all the ancient tombs (the marbles of which are still scattered over the ground)"—

had still further desecrated the church;—which, he writes, obliged "us to take more snuff there than in all the other Abbeys we had seen." From thence they went to Kilconnell, near Ballinasloe, where they made a drawing and plan of the beautiful Franciscan Church there. Afterwards they returned by "Newtown-Bellew, *alias* Mylough," to Dunmore, apparently for the purpose of correcting their drawings, and again enjoying the society of Mr. Ouseley.

"During this tour we had no hills to walk over—rolling over an even flat country, mostly pasture ground. We regretted the mountainous counties, where every hill afforded some new and charming scene, and we would willingly have undergone the same fatigues to enjoy some like prospects, variety having its charms, which uniformity cannot afford. After breakfast took a draft and plan of Dunmore Abbey, the chancell of which has been roofed, and serves for a church."

The drawings made by Bigari of the ruins at Dunmore and Kilconnell have been published in Grose's "Antiquities."

Before leaving the county Galway they received the following information from Mr. Ouseley, which is inserted in the "Tour" :—

"County of Galway;—the second largest county in the kingdom, is in general a warm limestone soil, producing excellent pasture, and of late a considerable deal of tillage; is mostly an open champaign country, interspersed with a few hills, which lie mostly to the west, in that part called Connamarra, which is divided from the rest by Lough Corrib, and contains a large tract of mountains, and the best kelp shores in Ireland. It has several lakes, and abundance of bogs; it is rather bare of wood, but abounds with game; it produces the best wool, remarkable for its fineness."

On the 2nd of August, accompanied by Mr. Ouseley, they set forward towards the county Roscommon, but their course was arrested by the bridge over the River Suck having been broken down. With some difficulty they and their baggage and chaise were got over. This was probably the bridge at the ford, now known as Willsbrook, as from thence they proceeded to the Castle of Ballintubber, a short distance off, in the parish and barony of that

name. Bigari's drawings of this castle will be found in "Grose's Antiquities." Here Mr. Ouseley took leave of them, having provided them with a guide to take them to Belinagar. Having mended the chaise, Beranger says:—

"We set forwards under the direction of our guide, who brought us through ways where never chair [chaise] went since the creation, through meadows, fields, gaps of ditches, boggy grounds; we cursed him a hundred times through means of our interpreter (for the fellow spoke only Irish). At last we arrived at a lake, as we thought; but asking him which way we were to turn, were ready to beat him heartily when he pointed to this sheet of water. After a long altercation he rid in the water, and we sailed after him like a boat, having water to the axle-tree. The ground was well enough, it being some overflowed meadows; but we were tumbling all the way, expecting to be drowned, until we arrived at a new road, yet unfinished, which, not being gravelled, was so softened by the heavy rain of the day before, that our wheels sunk in it, and the chair could not go on. Here we certainly had knocked him down, if our interpreter had not interfered. We alighted to ease the horse, and walked for two miles, sinking halfway boot at every step. At last we found a good road, and a rivulet, where we washed our boots."

The foregoing incident, no doubt, occurred at the large turlough of Carrokeel, adjoining the highway between Castlerea and Ballintubber, and which I well remember to have seen overflowing the road; but which is now, owing to the drainage operations, scarcely perceptible. The tourists then—

"Went on, and arrived at Belinagar, the residence of Charles O'Connor, Esq. (descendant of the ancient Kings of Connaught, and well known in the literary world by his literary publications concerning Ireland), past 7 o'clock. He had just sat down to dinner, having given over seeing us that day. We were in good mood to help him to despatch it, and eat as heartily as we had yet done during our tour."

In a memorandum on a leaf of the MS. I find—

"To remember the notice he [Mr. O'Conor] took of our interpreter when he was told he was a M'Guire."

Next day, August 3rd, having first worked at their sketches, they set out on horseback with Mr. O'Conor and his son Denis, for Frenchpark, the seat of Arthur French, Esq. (ancestor of the present Lord De Freyne), where, he says,—

"We were well received, a large company being there of both sexes; we all mounted, and went to see the deerpark, being in all eighteen, besides the servants; every gentleman picked up a lady [probably on a

pillion]; fine cavalcade. Were shown here five large red deer, some enormous large bulls of English breed, and a flock of small black Welsh sheep, having some 1, others 2, 3, 4, and 5 horns each."

The oxen referred to were probably those of the old Connaught breed, of great stature, and long horns twisting under their chins, of which I have given an account elsewhere.[1] The race has, I believe, nearly become extinct in Roscommon, its chief habitat. Some years ago, when the late Rev. John French succeeded to the title as second Lord de Freyne, he found two or three animals of this breed of great age in the lawn at Frenchpark, and was good enough to send me the head of one, which I exhibited at the Royal Irish Academy, and afterwards presented to the Royal Dublin Society, where it can at present be seen.

From Frenchpark the party proceeded to visit Clonshanville Abbey, about a mile distant, and where one of the ladies, Mrs. Davis of that locality, helped Beranger to measure the ruin. They "returned to Frenchpark, dined, and spent the day agreeably;" and then went back to Belinagar, where Mr. O'Conor exhibited to the narrator his library—

"Where, amongst a vast number of Irish manuscripts he showed me the Annals of Connaught. Worked at our sketches, Mr. O'Connor writing under those of Connaught, and some others, the names of the founders, and dates of their foundation."

At the time of Beranger's visit the Belinagar family had not adopted the title of Don, which was then used by the Clonalis branch as the male head of the line. Owen O'Conor, the eldest grandson of Charles, was the first of the Belinagar branch who assumed the title of Don, or *Dun*, on the death of Alexander O'Conor at Castlerea. He was a most courteous, refined gentleman, and immediately after the passing of the Relief Bill was elected M.P. for Roscommon an honour which has since descended to his grandson, the present esteemed O'Conor Don, of Clonalis. Denis had two other sons. Matthew, the second son, with whom I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance, and who resided at Mount-Druid, was a distinguished lawyer, a man of

[1] See "Proceedings of The Royal Irish Academy," vol. vii., pp. 64 and 181.

great erudition, of refined tastes, and an accomplished writer. The third son, Charles, was the well-known author of the "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores.*"[1]

On the 4th of August they set out with Mr. O'Conor to investigate the remains at Rath-Croghan, commonly, and indeed correctly called in Roscommon, Rawcraughan.

"Were met by his son and some other gentleman; went to Rathcroghan, an artificial mound, where the ancient Kings of Ireland were inaugurated, and also kept their provincial assemblies, 400 feet in diameter at the top. Drew and section."

To this is appended a pen and ink sketch of the great rath, which he made to be 1350 feet in circumference at the bottom, the slope to the top 33; and the circular

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[1] Having been born in the locality, I am perhaps the last writer who retains a personal recollection of three of the following lineal descendants of Cathal Crove-Dearig, one of the last Kings of Connaught.

Daniel, one of the direct descendants of Sir Hugh of Ballintubber, was The O'Conor Dun, *doon*, or *dubh*, the *Dark* O'Conor, to distinguish him from O'Conor Roe, or *ruadh*, the red, and O'Conor Sligo, and O'Conor Kerry. He lived in great state at Clonalis, near Castlerea, and died in 1769. He had three sons, Dominick, Alexander, and Thomas, and two daughters, Jane and Elizabeth. The former married Mr. William Eccles, a solicitor and a Protestant, and was never afterwards seen by her father; my aunt, who died several years ago at a very advanced age, remembered having seen her coming in to "cry" her brother Dominick, when he was "laid out" in the barn at Clonalis. Dominick, who died in 1795, was reconciled to his sister, but made a will leaving his property to Denis O'Conor, of Belinagar, failing issue by his brothers. The third son, Thomas O'Conor, lived to a great age along with his sister, "Miss Betty," in a small house at a place called Arm, near the mill bridge at Castlerea, where my father, who was their medical attendant, used frequently to bring me to see them. Thomas O'Conor died so suddenly that foul play was suspected, as he was supposed to have had a large sum of money in the house, and an inquest was held upon him. Both brother and sister were very eccentric, and lived in great seclusion, but were highly esteemed by all the first families in the county. In the old house I remember seeing a beautiful Spanish picture of the Madonna; a large gold snuff box, representing on the lid the landing of Columbus in America, said to have been given by the King of Spain to one of the O'Conor family; and the silver and jewelled hilted sword of Count O'Reilly. These, with the personal property of Thos. O'Conor, passed into the hands of his nephew, the late Daniel Eccles, father of my friend, A. O'Conor Eccles, the respected Editor of the "Roscommon Messenger."

The second brother, Alexander O'Conor, had been for many years in Spain, but at the time of his brother Thomas' death was living at a place called Creglahan, near Castlerea. Athough past seventy, he was usually called "Master Sandy," but was always recognised by the people as the true "King of Connaught." I knew him well, as he afterwards resided with a relative of mine. He died at a great age, and is buried beside my ancestors, the O'Flyns, in the old churchyard of Kilkeeven, on the banks of the Suck, near Castlerea.

The Rev. Dr. Charles O'Conor (Columbanus), the celebrated antiquary, was parish priest of Kilkeeven, where I was born, and while there, it is said, collected all the Irish MSS. that could be procured in the neighbourhood, as well as those belonging to his relatives whom I have already mentioned, and which he subsequently carried off to Stowe, when he became librarian to the Duke of Buckingham. Besides Denis, Charles—the friend of Beranger in 1777—had another son, Charles, of Mount Allen, grandfather of the present Charles O'Conor, of New York.

elevation in the centre 6 feet above the surface. Here Beranger, in the notes and anecdotes, enters into such a dissertation upon the subject of the exaggerations set forth by some of our former Irish historians, that I think it well worthy of transcription.

* "Here, Mr. O'Halloran (Chapter IX.) says, was a superb edifice raised for the Kings of Connaught, but I can assure the reader that, not even the least trace of such building is to be seen. It seems strange that at this day Greek and Roman antiquities are found in various parts of Europe, which proves the grandeur of those nations, and that no traces remain of the grandeur of the ancient Irish, which we are pressed to believe without proofs, except some manuscripts, which very few can read, and which I do not know if sufficiently authenticated, and out of which the Irish historian picks what suits him, and hides what is fabulous and absurd. I think the shortest way to satisfy the unbelievers would be to give the world a true translation of those Manuscripts, Psalters, and Leabhars, as they are, that we may from thence form an idea of their history, and judge ourselves of their merit and truth. Some of those are written, Mr. M'Curtin tells us, by St. Benignus. Query, what materials had he—was he inspired? I cannot read ancient Irish, and must I believe, because an honest Irishman, enthusiastick and fired by the love of his country, sees through a magnifying glass, and believes? We are told by Irish historians (M'Curtin, Walsh, O'Conor, O'Halloran), that the zeal of your primitive Christians in Ireland destroyed most of the Heathen manuscripts, and that the Danes finished most of those that had escaped the first Christians' fury; but still, that enough remains to make up a complete Irish history. My answer is, that this is very lucky, and I wish to see a true translation of them; I am not to believe in hearsay, except what is told me by an inspired writer; but was St. Benignus one? I am afraid a manuscript older than his cannot be found. Where, then, has he got his materials?"

One would think from the foregoing that the cautious old Dutchman had been writing a prospectus for the origination of our Archæological and Celtic Societies about thirty years ago. He likewise quotes the introduction to "Warner's History of Ireland," pages 128-29, and 30, respecting our native household palatial architecture, prior to the introduction of Christianity; and in which opinion I am strongly inclined to agree with that author; for, although the great stone cahirs, forts, and doons of Ireland which still remain are barbaric monuments of undoubted grandeur, and applicable to the day in which they were erected, and the art of their constructors, and although the golden ornaments of that period are unmistakeable evidences of great skill in metallurgy, they do

not warrant the expressions used by those who have described the Royal residences of Tara and Emania, which I believe to have been earthen mounds, wattled and plastered like the temporary booths of modern times.

From the Rath at Croghan the tourists were brought to one of the caves adjoining, commonly known as the "Hellmouth door of Ireland," where the story of the woman and her unruly calf was repeated to them in the same manner as has been already detailed at the Sligo end of the passage—he says :—

"We found there some men waiting for us; and having lighted some candles we descended first on all-fours through a narrow gallery, which for the length of 12 or 14 feet is the work of man, being masonry said to be done by the Druids, who performed here some of their secret rites. (See O'Conor's Dissertations, p. 178.) A yard or two farther we could walk erect, the cave being 7 or 8 feet high, and about 4 feet broad; the walls and roof (work of nature), of a brownish colour, smooth and shining, as if varnished, the ground of solid rock, like the rest, smooth, always descending; but the unevenness not unlike steps, favouring our descent, and preventing us from slipping. We went about the length of 150 yards, when we found our career to be at an end, the cave going no further. We examined closely, but solid rock was everywhere—no door, window, nor crevice, where the woman and her calf could pass; we commented on the story, and joked the country people on their belief; but the answer was, that the devil had stopped it up, and this statement we could not contradict conveniently."[1]

In 1838, O'Donovan carefully examined all the remains at *Cruaghan*, or Croghan, fixed their sites on the Ordnance Map of Roscommon (Sheets 21 and 22), and described this partly-artificial cave, in his letters to Captain Larcom of that date, as *Umaid-na-Gcat*, "Cat's Cave." Tradition assigns its earliest occupancy to the celebrated Meave, Queen of Connaught, and it has been supposed to be a special residence of the Fairies of that district.[1] In September, 1864, Mr. Samuel Ferguson, M. R. I. A., when examining the artificially constructed opening of this great subterranean limestone cleft, discovered several Ogham inscriptions on the edges of the undressed stone lintels, the result of which he laid before the Academy (see "Pro-

[1] It is remarkable that it is only the very oldest works of art, such as those at Croghan, Knockmoy, and Moytura, that are said to be the special residences of the "good people;" and that Tara and Emania, which were perhaps of later date, have but few legends of this description attaching to them.

ceedings," vol. ix., p. 160). And, according to his deciphering of these combinations of lines standing for letters or words, some of them read, "The Stone of [Fraic ?] son of Medf," or Meave, who was probably the Queen Mab of Shakspeare. I have very lately verified the accuracy of Mr. Ferguson's illustrations. He is of opinion that these rude incisions were made prior to the stones being placed in their present position, and that "these lintels may have been monumental pillar stones, brought, not improbably, from the adjoining cemetery of Relig-na-Ree," or the burial place of the Kings. Many years ago I pointed out a similar circumstance in some of the flags employed in the construction of the great chamber at New Grange, when archaic volutes, circles, and other markings of that class, were exposed to view on the slipping of some of the supporting masonry.

Croghan, the Tara of Connaught, and the scene of the Tain-Bo-Cuailgne, or great cattle raid made from thence into Louth, and the exploits of its Connaught heroine, has been celebrated in many of the Irish romances; and numerous were the legends that forty years ago floated round it, some of which I have described elsewhere. Among other usages of olden times which I witnessed as peculiar to this locality was that of driving in all the black cattle from the surrounding plains to the great Fort on May morning, and bleeding them for the benefit of their health, while crowds of country people, having brought turf for firing, sat around, and cooked the blood mixed with oaten meal, and when they could be procured, onions or *scallions*. It is now a ruined city of raths, tumuli, circles, cemeteries, caves, cairns, and pillar stones, like those at Tara and Moytura, &c.; and occupies nearly the centre of the great fertile plain that runs about east and west through the baronies of Ballymoe, Castlerea, and Frenchpark, and stretches from the Valley of the Suck between Ballintubber and Dunamon, by Oran, Castleplunket, Tulsk, and Elphin, to Moylurg, and to the borders of Lough Gara, and Lough Key, and by the Boyle Water, even to the Shannon. To recite all the fairy legends and popular superstitions attached to this celebrated locality would scarcely be congruous with the objects of this memoir.

O'Donovan, the great Irish topographer, was, in 1837, able to identify and furnish names for no less than thirteen of the forts and other noted places grouped round the great central rath described by Beranger. From the circumstance that these extensive fat lands of Croghan have not been broken for centuries, most of the raths and circles can now be identified, although some form only slight elevations above the surface.[1]

I must here correct the opinion which Beranger and his guides expressed, that "the ancient Kings of Connaught were inaugurated at the Rath of Croghan." It is well known that the inauguration took place at Carnfree, or the Carn of Fraech, the son of Fiodach of the red hair, an eminence about three miles to the south-east of Croghan, in the townland of Carns, and parish of Ogulla, which rises to the height of 401 feet,—as first identified by O'Donovan, from the record in the *Dinnseanchus*. While these pages were passing through the press I visited the spot, all traditions of which have long since ceased to exist among the few peasantry, herds, and cottiers, that still linger on the surrounding plain. From this commanding eminence may be seen one of the grandest pastoral views in Ireland. All the surrounding great plain, for miles and miles, is solely occupied by cattle, except where a few groves mark the residences of the gentry. Immediately below, to the north, are the remains of Croghan; to the east may be seen the slopes of Slievebawn, rising over the numerous Crannoge lakes in the vicinity of Strokestown, and shutting out the view of the Shannon, which margins their distant side. The eye then follows round still more to the north, by Elphin, to the distant mountain of Slieve-an-Ierin, the original resting-place of the metal-working Thuatha-de-Dannan, before they migrated to Mayo; and still somewhat to the west an uninterrupted prospect is obtained of the Curliew hills, in Sligo, and on a clear day even the conical peak of Croaghpatrick may be discerned. A grander spot, or a more enchanting view, could not be

[1] Included within the circle of the raths of Croghan is some of the finest grass land in Ireland, in proof of which I may refer to the prizes carried off annually at the various cattle shows in sheep from that locality by my friends, Mr. W. Cotton, of Castlerea; and Mr. R. Flynn, of Tulsk.

obtained by a King of Ireland as he stood on the inauguration Carn, with his face to the north, his feet on the Sacred Stone, and amidst the shouts of thousands was handed the white wand of Sovereignty. The remains here consist of a small carn of earth and stones, now chiefly grass-grown, as shown in the accompanying sketch.[1] It measures 41 paces in circumference, and is now about

8 feet high. In the adjoining field is the conical earthen tumulus of Fraech, about 20 feet high, 81 paces in girth, and surrounded with a fosse and raised earthen ring. This very ancient sepulchral monument, so often referred to as the *Dumha-Sealga* of Magh-Aei, has been celebrated in Irish history from the earliest period.

Adjoining that tumulus, and in the same field with the carn, stands the *Clogh-Fada-na-gcarn*, "the long stone of the Carn," and which is well represented in the accom-

panying illustration. This, which in all probability is the *Lia-Fail*, the destiny stone, or inauguration pillar of Carn-

[1] The sketch of this monument and the pillar stone were drawn by my son, Mr. W. C. K. Wilde, in September, 1870, and were cut by Mr. Oldham.

free, now stands 10 feet over the ground, in the centre of the vestiges of a circular rath. At some distance it looks not unlike the figure of a man. Not far from, and perhaps coeval with, these monuments, on the slope leading down to the south-east, are the remains of a very ancient cemetery, enclosed by a low ditch, within which is a short, flat pillar stone, so beautifully polished by the rubbing of the sheep against it for centuries, that every limestone fossil in it is displayed. I never saw higher polish given by the hand of man.

To return to the narrative—I may remark that the tourists, whom we left at the Rath of Croghan, then proceeded to dine at Mr. Denis O'Conor's, of Mount Druid, and say—

"In the evening we walked home through the fields, there being about half a mile distance between Mr. O'Conor's and his son's. August 5th, set out, Mr. O'Conor and Mr. Bigari in the chaise (I riding Mr. O'Conor's horse); arrived at Tulsk, a borough of the County Roscommon, which sends two members to Parliament, &c. Drew the Abbey and plan. Set forward, and arrived at Roscommon, the shire town of the county, situate sixty-nine miles south-west from Dublin. It is a long poor-looking town, has a barrack for one troop of horse, and sends two members to Parliament."

"August 6th, went to the Abbey, drew and plan, also the tomb of Roderick O'Conor, last King of Connaught, and one of the ancestors of Mr. O'Conor, to ascertain the dress of the Gallowglasses, or guards, of which the figures are carved round the monument."

Here again the strangers were misinformed; for the tomb alluded to is not that of Roderick, the last Monarch of Ireland, who died at Cong, and was buried at Clonmacnois, A. D. 1168,—but that of a Felim, son of Cathal Crovederg O'Conor, King of Connaught, who was interred in this Abbey in 1265. (See "Annals of the Four Masters" under that date.) I have just visited Roscommon, and regret to have to report upon the extensive dilapidations that have taken place both within the Abbey and around O'Conor's tomb, and also the filthy desecration even of the altar sites by the cattle from the adjoining field.[1]

Bigari's very beautiful drawing of the north view of

[1] I hope the circumstance of my recent visit may aid in clearing away the rubbish from about the tomb, and preserving the abbey from further demolition, as a subscription has been set on foot for that purpose, to which the present O'Conor Don has liberally contributed. See *Roscommon Messenger* of 24 Sept., 1870.

the abbey, the original of which was in the collection of the Right Hon. W. Conyngham, at whose instance the Connaught Tour was undertaken, has been published in "Grose's Antiquities," vol. ii., p. 74.

With the intention of continuing the Catalogue of the noble antiquarian collection in the Royal Irish Academy, I procured, through the kindness of the Hon. Miss Crofton (now Mrs. Dillon), a Photograph of two of these Gallo-glasses, which I had engraved by Oldham several years ago, and by the kind permission of the President, R. I. A., I am here enabled to make use of this illustration, which

is of great interest as characteristic of the costume, armour, and weapons of these renowned mail-clad warriors of the days of the O'Conors, and Mac Swines, and Cooe-na-Gal.

"Returned to the inn; were met there by the Rev. John O'Conor, D.D.; breakfasted; went after to the Castle, where access had been refused to us by the surly owner, who by means of Rev. Mr. O'Conor was now become polite; drew and plan; took leave of Messrs. O'Conors, set forwards, and arrived at Mount Talbot, the seat of William Talbot, Esq. Met in the avenue Mr. Talbot, Jun., with Denis Kelly, of Castle Kelly, County Gallway, Esq., which last gentleman invited us at dinner at his house for the Sunday following, with the family of Mount Talbot. We were introduced by Mr. Talbot, Jun., to Lady Ann Talbot, his lady, and to Lady Theodosia, and Lady Arabella Crosbie, her sisters, to Mr. Talbot, Sen., and other gentlemen and ladies then residing there on a visit. After refreshing ourselves for some time, we went with Mr. Talbot, Sen., to see the concerns, which are a continued wood, and occupying near 800 acres, through which are walks adorned with rural seats, temples, and hermitages; and vistas are cut through the wood,—all terminated by the river Suck, which meanders through the estate, and separates the counties of Roscommon and Galway. If these concerns were situated on unequal ground, and not on a level as they are, they might be ranked amongst the finest in the kingdom. The town of Mount Talbot is yet in its infancy, and may in time become a decent town; but its church, situated on the north side of it, built by Mr. Talbot, is one of the prettyest country churches I have ever seen, being finished in the Gothick style, somewhat in the manner of the chappels in Westminster Abbey, the seats and organ elegant, and the whole adorned with nice stucco ornaments, the ground of which, being coloured differently, makes said ornaments more conspicuous. The very pulpit is adorned with raised stucco; and when the east window is finished (which is to be of stained glass), it will certainly be a curiosity worth visiting by travellers."

From this we perceive that nearly a century ago, before the barn-like churches erected by small builders and master carpenters, under boards of penurious commissioners and tasteless rectors, there were, even in Connaught, some redeeming specimens of church architecture. Alas! even the edifice thus admired by the artists, although erected for the service of the then Established Church, has not escaped destruction; for a friend has just written to me:—

"It was thrown down years since;—and a plain oblong building, with an embattled tower at the west end, with square old-fashioned pews, and a pulpit with a sounding board decorated with pinnacles by way of ornamentation, was erected in lieu of the church of Mount Talbot at a distance of three miles."

Beranger's diary continues:—

"We dined with the family and visitors in a rural temple on the banks of the river Suck, and in the evening walked to another, in which we drank tea. Towards 9 o'clock we all embarked in a barge, and went home by water.

"August 7th. Got up at 6 o'clock, worked at our drawings; I went after breakfast with Mr. Talbot, Junior, on horseback, to Castle Kelly; returned by 12 o'clock; found at Mount Talbot, Captain Sandys, formerly of the Carabineers (an old acquaintance), who took up there his quarters; went in the evening with the company to walk; came home before dark, and were treated by the ladies with a concert before supper.

"August 8th. Worked until 3 o'clock; set out with the family and visitors (two coaches, our chaise, and gentlemen and servants on horseback, forming a large caravan), for Castle Kelly, Co. Gallway, distance two miles from Mount Talbot; arrived, and were elegantly entertained at dinner, being thirty in number. I left the gentlemen at their bottle, and escaped to the ladies, but was soon after joined by them all at tea, after which Mr. Bigari (an excellent dancer) danced with Miss Kelly and some other ladies. Returned home at 10, and found supper ready.

"August 9th. Mr. Talbot, Junior, obliged to go abroad, left the company to the care of Lady Anne. Worked at our drawings, walked about, paid a visit to Castle Kelly, and got a concert before supper."[1]

The travellers then proceeded, on the 10th of August, to sketch and make a plan of St. John's Castle, on a peninsula jutting into the wide portion of the Shannon, called Lough Ree (engraved in Grose), and from thence passed on to the sign of "The Three Blackmores," at Athlone, where they remained only a day, as Mr. Willis, and all the persons to whom they had letters of introduction in the neighbourhood, were from home. They then proceeded to Clonmacnoise, where they made several sketches, and returned to dine on Shannon eels at Athlone. On the 12th they hired a boat, and thus describe their adventures:—

"Set out at 5 in the morning, in a long narrow boat, with Mr. Bigari and our interpreter; this vessel was so narrow that the seats held but one person, so that we were sitting one behind another, with order of the conductor not to lean to right or left, or that if we did we should be overset and drowned, which not choosing, we kept in an erect posture, having got only leave to move our head to admire the Shannon and its pleasing banks. Tedious as this posture was, we continued strictly to observe it; but being tired of it, we landed on an island, spread the cloth upon the grass, and eat a cold fowl, which we washed down with wine and water; went in our vehicle with great care, and arrived at Clonmacnoise, ten miles from Athlone, which voyage took up three good hours, though the vessel (by its structure) went fast, one man making it go by

[1] The Denis Kelly, lineal descendant of the chiefs of Hy-Many, and nephew of John, Earl of Clanricarde, alluded to in the foregoing notice, was the grandfather of Denis H. Kelly, M. R. I. A., well known and esteemed among those who take an interest in the study of Irish history and antiquities. The Talbot of that day, who so hospitably entertained Beranger and Bigari, had married Lady Theodosia, daughter of the Earl of Glandore, was a very tasteful and literary man, and a great friend of Cumberland, who wrote his "West Indian" at Mount Talbot.

two oars or paddles ; staid here the whole day, working and finishing everything, very hungry, and nothing to eat, there being nothing to be found in the few miserable cabins but sour ale, and smoked whiskey. Clonmacnoise, or the Seven Churches, is described by Sir James Ware, in his Antiquities; it is situated on an uneven rising ground on the banks of the Shannon, in the King's County, ten miles of Athlone, where the river is rather narrow. We left this place rather late, and returned to Athlone by moonlight."

He then gives some extracts from Harris' Ware and Vallancey's "Collectanea," vol. i., p. 85, respecting the early history of Clonmacnoise ; but I have not been able to discover any of his or Bigari's drawings of that locality; and as Beranger's description in the Diary is rather meagre, I take the following extract from Mr. Walker's MS. book, already frequently referred to :—

"Clonmacnoise, or the Seven Churches, as it is called, is situated on the borders of the Shannon, ten miles from Athlone, on a high ground composed of various little hillocks, on part of which some of the building stands, and others at the foot in hollows. The plan in Ware's Antiquities is exact for what remains of it; what is since destroyed we marked on his plan, adding the distance of the buildings from each other, from which Mr. Bigari has an intention to make a plan of its present state, which is begun. The principal antiquities are two round towers, elegantly finished in hewn stone. The largest, marked B on the plan, is 62 feet high, wanting its roof, and 56 feet in circumference. The walls are 3 feet 8 inches thick. The other, marked A, is 7 feet diameter within, and the walls 3 feet thick ; height, 56 feet, including its roof, which is standing. The dimensions of the doors and their figures are marked on drawing No. 53, letter F. The next considerable building is the Cathedral, which has an inscription within. See drawing 53, letter G. The door of this building is exact in Ware; but still made drawings of them. They are very richly adorned; the rest of the buildings are small chapels, one of which is made a Parish Church, and locked up; another, by the inscription (drawing 53, letter G), marks that it was built in 1689. As it is impossible for me to give a name to the various parts, not knowing the terms of architecture, I took care to represent it on paper with their plans, from which an architect can name and describe them. Those that are no more extant are marked on the plan. See various drawings, No. 53, with the explanations on them."

At page 121, in describing the Walker MS., I have mentioned the copy of Blaymires' letter from Clonfert ; and as it is here of some interest, and has not, that I am aware of, been published, I here transcribe it from that book. I. Blaymires was the artist employed by Walter Harris to draw the Cathedrals for his edition of Sir James Ware's "History of the Bishops" of Ireland ; and the plates of those

of Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Kildare, Limerick, and Killaloe, &c., bear his signature, and are dedicated to their respective prelates, who probably contributed towards their publication. The following letter, although not addressed, was evidently written to Walter Harris, and it forms a key to his plate of Clonmacnoise :—

" *Clonfert, Octr. 7th,* 1738.

" SIR,—I received both your letters, and am now got safe to Clonfert. I arrived here on Wednesday last, but was forced to swim my horse over the Shannon, and had nothing to go over in but a little cot, the wind being very boisterous and the river run, which put us in danger; but when we was safe over we was as glad as a parcel of mariners arriving after a storm at the desired port. This inconvenience was occasioned by the boat that you went over in being gone back to Mr. Moore's. I have finished my draught of the Seven Churches, after labouring almost day and night. It has been the most laborious draught I ever yet attempted. It is tolerably well finished, and the variety it affords is extraordinary. I would not have finished such another to take it from the things under ten pounds, if it was in Dublin. For, if I had not used all the diligence imaginable, I should not have finished there this fortnight. I will here give you a description of it. On the left-hand side is first the fine door belonging to Temple M'Dermott, which appears upon the paper most natural. Next is the old chapel belonging to the nunnery, with a plan of the chapel. The next is the west door of Temple M'Dermott. On each side of it a view of the cross that stands before Temple Hurpan. At the foot of the left side is a view of the ruins of the ancient palace belonging to the Bishop of Clonmacnoise, taken from the other side of the Shannon, and likewise two views of the large cross which stands before Temple M'Dermott. On the right-hand side is a plan of the whole yard and churches, with their proper distances and situations, and underneath it is a prospect of all the churches and two towers in one view, taken from the other side of the Shannon. The towers bound the prospect on each side, which makes it appear very beautiful and exceeding graceful. No one point of view would bring in all the churches but this I have made use of. The draught is furnished with proper references from the best information I have been able to obtain, and I believe I may venture to say, that the whole together is the most complete draught that ever will be taken of that place. I have collected abundance of Irish Inscriptions, which I have writ down upon a single piece of paper, but have not met any person here who could give me any satisfactory interpretation of them. I will fold up the paper with the draught when I meet with any person by which to send it to you, but I propose to send Clonfert along with it. The Bishop had a servant went for Dublin the day before I arrived. They tell me he sends one to Dublin every fortnight. If so, I can, perhaps, catch an opportunity of sending them to you that way. Clonmacnoise has been unavoidably expensive to me. I could not have necessaries but what I was forced to send to Athlone for, besides I was obliged to have a man to attend me every day at sixpence a day besides taking share of what I had; I could not have done without one, for he has found

me every stone that was grown over with earth that was in the churchyard, helping me likewise to survey the place, and went to Athlone for me as often as I had occasion, so that I could have lived cheaper in a town a great deal, all things considered. I was likewise obliged to treat several priests that came to see me, even for my own safety; for this affair has made a prodigious noise in the whole country, and has spread, as I am credibly informed, through most part of Connaught —some reporting that I was the Pope's Legate, and was taking an account of the churches, in order that they should be repaired, which notice heaped abundance of blessings upon me; but, on the other hand, it was reported that I was employed by the Bishop of Meath to view them, in order that they might all be pulled down to build a large parish church, which notion, if it had prevailed, would have proved fatal to me. Several priests came over the Shannon, some ten—some twelve miles—to satisfy themselves of the truth of it. However, after all, I bless God I am safe at the clerk's house at Clonfert. I am now on this fine door, which gives me abundance of pleasure. I can assure you that these two draughts will make no mean show amongst the Irish Cathedrals, but even will be the best amongst them. This place will take meup full three weeks. You must contrive to order me three pounds or three guineas to this place, or somewhere in the neighbourhood, or else I shall not be able to get to Limerick, nor even from Clonfert, if I have not such a remittance, which I beg you will do with speed; for I had next to nothing coming here, and, I presume to say, have acted with all the frugality possible. I was apprehensive how ill I should be set for a drawing board, and the morning I left you I took horse, and went to Athlone, and got one made there, which serves me here very well. I bought a quire of paper, and several other necessaries I wanted, knowing very well what a place I was going to. Next morning I got to Clonmacnoise, about an hour after the boy was gone. They could not prevail with him to stay, though they told him they expected me every minute. Some informs me here that knows Tuam very well, that there is a window in the east end of that church, that excels this door; but, as I don't go there, it is not worth mentioning. I had like to have forgot to tell you, but you can remember, how it rained after you left me. It begun at Clonmacnoise on the Thursday night, and never ceased till the Wednesday following, which prevented me doing any great good during that time. The Shannon was raised to such a degree, that it overflowed all the neighbouring meadows, and came within less than thirty yards of the door of the lodge; so that, when I looked out of my window, I had a sheet of water in front, and a sheet of water to the right, and a sheet to the left, so that I imagined myself at some fine country seat, but it made the air most intolerably cold. I have another thing to add, and, then I shall conclude my long epistle. The Bishop and Mr. Clarke have both seen me, but take no manner of notice of me, though I have been here now four days; and the clerk tells me he is very sure they won't, because we disobliged them in not accepting their offer. However, I shall make myself easy where I am till you relieve me, which I hope you will do as soon as possible. The Bishop bears a miserable character here. Pray give my service to Mr. Lyons.

"I remain your most humble Servant,

"I. BLAYMIRES."

Clonfert Cathedral was not published by Harris; probably the Bishop, Dr. Whitcomb, would not specially pay the artist for it, although he subscribed to Ware's Works.

Before leaving Athlone, Beranger added in a note the following description of Connaught :—

"Connaught Province is in general very mountainous, and the least cultivated, but very thinly inhabited, and has a vast many boggs; it produces abundance of cattle, which makes the principal riches of it, which are disposed of at Ballinasloe, in the county of Roscommon [Galway], which has yearly the greatest fair of cattle and wool known in the three kingdoms; and though the cottagers have a poor appearance, I cannot say that I have seen here greater signs of poverty than I have seen four or five miles from Dublin, in the hilly parts of Wicklow.

"August 14th, staid at home all day working at our sketches, and now and then looking at the crowd under our windows, it being market day, and the market held before the inn; we also packed up our baggage, and settled everything for our journey on the next day. Athlone is a borough town of the county of Westmeath, situated on the river Shannon, which divides it in two parts, the west side of the river being in the county of Roscommon, province of Connaught, and the eastern part in the province of Leinster, by which it communicates by a stone bridge, which serves for mall in the evening, when both sexes make it their walk: it was here that General Ginkel passed the Shannon in sight of the Irish army (who were intrenched on the opposite shore), in 1691. There is a barrack for four companies of foot, and two troop of horse. It returns two members of Parliament, and is situated almost in the centre of the kingdom; its look is but poor, but the river makes it pleasing.

"Being now on the point of quitting Connaught and taking our leave of it, by crossing the bridge, I think it my duty to do justice to its inhabitants, on whom a late tour writer bestowed the name of savages, and asserted that there were no roads, on a bare hearsay; since he confesses that that prevented him from visiting this province. I declare then solemnly, that the roads are so excellent and firm, that during our tour through the province (in the hottest summer that the oldest men ever felt), we have not seen an atom of dust; and that in all the course of my life I never found more politeness and hospitality than we experienced from the inhabitants, both high and low. Mr. Bigari, who not able to converse in English, and of course could not enjoy the conversation, but in places where Italian and French was spoke, confesses that we can nowhere be better located than we have been in this province, and feels as well as myself a reluctance to quit it."[1]

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[1] Besides the cave at Rath Croghan, referred to at page 78, there are a great many others of a like nature in the surrounding district, and particularly near Elphin, the most remarkable of which is that of Kilmackumshy, of which a description was given in a tract published in 1790. It accords in a very remarkable manner with some of those on the plain of Moytura which I have already described. Although the author, who writes under the name of Hastlar, gives a very fair description and a plate of this *souterrein*, yet the deductions which

After parting from their Connaught friends and hospitable entertainers, they published the following, which I find on the flyleaf at the end of the Journal:—

"Copy of my publication, after my tour in Connaught, in the Galway Paper:—

"Messrs. A. M. Bigari and Gabriel Beranger, having made the tour of Connaught by appointment of the Hibernian Antiquarian Society, under the direction of the Right Hon. William Burton, with a view to collect drawings of the antiquities of Ireland for publication, think it their duty to undeceive the public in regard to some aspersions thrown on that province by a late tour writer [Twiss?], who, by his own confession, never visited that part of Ireland, and to assure them that they found the roads excellent; and that they cannot find words to express their gratitude to the inhabitants for the polite reception, hospitable entertainment, and friendly assistance they received in the prosecution of their design. In particular, they beg the following noblemen and gentlemen to accept this public proof of their sincere gratitude, viz.:—

Co. Monaghan.—Rev. Mr. Ward, of Clones.
Co. Fermanagh.—Right Hon. Lord Enniskillen, Florence Court.
Co. Sligo.—L. F. Irwin, Tanrego, Esq.
— W. Ormsby, Willowbrook, Esq.
— John M'Donnough, of Heapstown, Esq.
— Rt. Hon. Jos. Cooper, Mercrea.
— Capt. Jones, Tubberpatrick.
— Robert Brown, Fortland, Esq.
Co. Mayo.— —— Jones, of Ardnaree, Esq.
— Right Hon. James Cuffe, of Newtown Gore.
— Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Killala.
— Right Hon. Earl of Altamont, Westport.
— —— Garby, of Murrisk, Esq.
— J. Gallagher, Ballinrobe, Esq.
— — Ireland, of Cong, Esq.
— Sir John Brown, The Neal, Bart.
Co. Roscommon.—Right Hon. Earl of Kingston, Boyle.
— Charles O'Connor, of Belinegar, Esq.
— Denis O'Connor, of Belinegar, Esq.
— Arthur French, of French Park, Esq.
— Rev. John O'Connor, D. D., Roscommon.
— William Talbot, of Mount Talbot, Esq.
— William J. Talbot, of Mount Talbot, Esq.
— Nehem. Sandys, of Sandfield, Esq.
Co. Galway.—Ralph Ousley, of Dunmore, Esq.
Co. Westmeath.—Denis Kelly, of Castle Kelly, Esq.
— Alexander Murray, of Mount Murray, Esq.
— Sir Pigot Piers, of Tristernaght, Bart.

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he drew from its examination are evidently written in burlesque, and intended as a satire upon the Royal Irish Academy, which at that time was publishing the lucubrations of Vallancey and William Beauford; and in the preface the writer says: "To you we are also indebted for the little magic which is as yet known in this ignorant land. The virtues of the talisman of the great Valancy but for you must have ever been buried in obscurity; but for you must the wonderful properties of its mysterious characters been lost to mankind! and itself (shameful to be spoken) have ever appeared to the world a common Bombay coin." From this we see that there were men in Ireland eighty years ago who were as well aware of the absurdities of the antiquaries of the period as were those of forty years subsequently.

This Tract is entitled "ΣΥΑΛΕΓΟΜΕΝΑ of the Antiquities of Killmackumpshaugh, in the County of Roscommon, and Kingdom of Ireland, in which is clearly proved that Ireland was originally peopled by Egyptians. Written by Doctor Hastlar, M. R., S. P. Q. D. L. M. W. M. A. S. T., and L. L. Z. Dublin, 1790."

I am indebted to my friend, the present Dean of Elphin, for this rare tract. There is also a copy of it in the Halliday Collection in the Royal Irish Academy.

"TRIP TO GLANDALOUGH, OR SEVEN CHURCHES, COUNTY OF WICKLOW, IN 1779.

"October 9th, having received our orders from Colonel Burton, I set out with Mr. Bigary[1] at 9 in the morning, being a rainy day; passed through Milltown, a village two miles from Dublin, and by the Castles of Dundrum, three and a-half miles; and Kilgobin, five and a-half miles from Dublin; passed through the Skalp, which is certainly a mountain split in two by some earthquake, or other revolution, time out of mind; the road is at the bottom of the split, and in each side rises to a great height; the parts of the mountain once joined being a composure of rock, in some places the convexes are visible on one side, and the concaves which contained them on the other; immense rocks, sticking out, supported by stones of smaller size, seem ready to tumble down and crush the amazed traveller; it gives an idea of the work of the giants heaping Ossa upon Pelion; the rain and wind prevented our stopping to draw a view of it, which we referred to our return. The Skalp is eight miles from Dublin. Arrived at Tinnahinch, small village ten miles from Dublin, almost drowned; went to the inn, where was neither fire nor a drop of spirits; got a fire made, but no spirits to be had; took each a pint of strong white wine, undressed and dryed ourselves as well as we could at a fire which would not have broiled a sparrow; the horses having baited, set forwards; passed by Roundwood, a hamlet, and quitted the high road about eighteen miles from Dublin, turning to the right, which road is so bad and rocky that we were obliged to alight, the servant leading the horses. We arrived at a ford [probably Laragh], where we found several horsemen, the river, or rather torrent, running with such rapidity, that no one dared to cross it; we halted also, not knowing what to do; at last two countrymen mounted upon one horse took courage, and went in; but being just passed the middle, the force of the water threw down the horse, but keeping hold of him by the mane, he swam on shore, and they were saved; this was no encouragement for any of us to follow, but the servant insisted it could be done; he went in, crossed safely, and came back to bring us over, we mounted in the chaise, and he riding before, went in after him; when we were in the middle, our horse, frightened by the noise and waves of the torrent, refused to go on; the servant took hold of his head, and we gave him the whip, but notwithstanding he kept us some minutes in the greatest anxiety, and fear of being drowned; at last we conquered him, and went over, followed by a string of horsemen, who all came over safe. About half-a-mile further, in sight of Derrybane, the residence of James Chritchly, Esq.,[2] we met another of these torrents, over which a bridge is

[1] Signor Bigari having become naturalized in this country, his name was pronounced Biggary. In the same way, when I asked an old lady not long since whether she remembered Monsieur Beranger, a French artist and antiquary, her answer was, "No, but I remember very well Mr. Burrenger, who, I suppose is the person you allude to."

[2] The Chritchly family of Derrybane are now extinct in that locality. The property and house belongs to Captain Bookey, who is connected with the Chritchlys through the female line. He owns the Abbey, or Monastery Church, at Glendalough, upon the north side of the river. Properly speaking it is not one of the "Seven Churches," being some distance to the eastward of the enclosure known under that term, to be explained hereafter.

begun; but as the piers for the arches are only finished, the same obstacle kept us for some time consulting; and again, encouraged by our servant, followed him, and arrived safe at Derrybane, past five in the evening, where, by the care of the good family, we found ourselves so comfortably that Mr. Bigary said to me, he thought himself again in Connaught. As it was dark before dinner was over, did not do anything this day.

"October 10th, fair day, went with Mr. Chritchly to the Seven Churches, distant half-a-mile; drew and plan, and came home sooner as it began to rain.

"October 11th, storm and rain all day; could not stir out of doors, worked at our sketches.

"October 12th, showery day, set out with Mr. Chritchly, and worked at the monastery; and as the river, which surrounds part of the churches, was not then fordable, went to Prince's Church [the Reafert], near the Lake, drew and plan; digged under a stone with Greek characters, but found nothing; came back to a hill facing the churches [on the south side], where, on the declivity and shelter of a rock, we ate a good cold dinner which Mr. Chritchly had ordered to be brought there; the road to the Prince's Church, near the lake, is in rainy weather a continued bog, and one is obliged all the way to leap from stone to stone, which have been put there to prevent one sinking.

"October 13th, set out before breakfast, and finished at the monastery; after breakfast went to the Churches, the river being fordable on horseback; worked there the whole day, tho' often obliged by showers to shelter. Mr. Chritchly came for us in the evening; got home through a heavy shower, almost drowned.

"October 14th, rain and wind all day, no stirring abroad, worked at our sketches.

"The Seven Churches, described by Sir James Ware, are situated in a small valley surrounded by high mountains, near a small lough, divided in two parts by a long flat slip of land; part of the churches, viz., Cathedral, Kevan's House, Priest Church, and Lady's Church, are in the valley, and surrounded by a river, which after rain is not fordable for a horseman. Prince's Church, on this [south] side the river, is situate near the Lough at the foot of a hill; the Monastery, also on this side the river is nearer to Derrybane, in a field on the edge of the river; a few houses are scattered in this valley, but no accommodation can be got there.

"October 15th, cloudy day, set out for the Churches; worked, though interrupted by showers; a very heavy one obliged us to take shelter under the door of Lady's Church, which being unroofed, had only the thickness of the wall (three feet) to cover us, here we had a fine view of the Lake, with the effect of the sun darting its rays through a cloud, and lighting only one side of the mountains, leaving the rest enveloped in darkness; which I drew.—See Plate. The shower being over, continued working and finished all, after which we adjourned to Kevan's House, where we found a dinner which was sent us from Derrybane; dined on the stone altar, and when done left the servants to eat their dinner, and adjourned to a closet or chappel annexed, to drink our bottle; returned in the dusk to Derrybane. Storm and rain during the whole night.

"October 16th, fair, but the river not fordable until past 12. Took leave of Mr. Chritchly and family; went on slowly, past safe the two fords, and stopped to bait at Enniskerry, near Tinnehinch. Our servant

here told us that he had made a recruit of Lord Powerscourt's coachman, and that they would both keep close to the chaise, as it should be dark before we arrived in Dublin, and that road being frequented by robbers required us to be on our guard; accordingly we set out, but could not stop to draw a view of the Skalp; night overtook us at Miltown, where our servant discovered two suspicious fellows in the road, who would not stir, though called to, to go out of the way of the carriage; but on showing my pistols, they stepped aside, and we arrived safe in Dublin in the dark."

The plate to which the above allusion was made is No. 8 in one of the small sketch-books now in my possession, and is thus described in the manuscript appended thereto:—

"Glen-da-lough, Co. of Wicklow, 22 miles from Dublin. This place is known also by the name of the 7 Churches, which appellation it has received from the remains of as many consecrated buildings in its neighbourhood, which are still visited and revered by Roman Catholicks; the Churches have been described often, and views of them published. I here present only a view of the Lough; it is situated at the end of an extensive glen, surrounded by mountains, which gives it the appearance of the bottom of a well, where the rays of the sun penetrate some hours latter than in other parts of the country. This spot is uninhabited, wild and romantick; a long and narrow slip of ground seems to divide the Lough in two parts, but I believe the separation to be only apparent, as the water on each side this slip of ground is equal in height, and the slip itself so soft and boggy that it could not bear my weight, as I sunk in it to the knee on the very first step I made, to try to cross it. This view was taken in October, on a stormy and rainy day; some rays of the sun, escaping thro' the black clouds and illuminating one side of the mountains, produced the fine effect here represented, and induced me to draw it whilst I was sheltering under a small door in a thick wall of one of the unroofed Churches."

It would thus appear that this view was taken from the doorway of the Lady's Church, a short distance to the south-west of the Cathedral, where it is said Sir Walter Scott long remained in meditation when visiting these ruins. The doorway is one of the most remarkable at Glendalough, and has been described by Petrie, who also figured the cross which is carved upon the under side of the lintel.—See Petrie's "Round Towers," p. 170.

In the "Notes and Anecdotes" appended upon the fly

leaf opposite Beranger's description of Glendalough we find the following memoranda :—

"Glendalough,—formerly a Bishoprick, was annexed to the see of Dublin in 1214—*Ware*. The remains of all those churches and chapells and not the least trace to be seen here of any dwelling-house, seems to confirm the opinion of some authors, that the palaces and houses of the ancient Irish were made of wattles and plaister, and that churches and chappels only were made of stone and mortar, and those not until the 9th century. See Warner's introduction to his History of Ireland, page 128 to 130."

There are no remains of palaces or domestic dwellings of any account until the later days of Rome, Pompeii, and Herculanæum, except, perhaps, those in Moab, which are hewn out of the solid rock. I have often been struck with this circumstance, when pondering over the ruins of the fanes and temples of Greece, and in Asia and Africa. The people in those days must evidently have *lived* in small wattled huts or houses of diminutive proportions.

"Derrybane.—Remember Mr. Bigary, fond of the gisard of a fowl, made a devil; got one so seasoned as to be uneatable, consequence of it, and merry-ment it afforded. His fall in a bog; the figure he made; his observations. The sun not seen at the Churches, but 2 hours after the County had seen it. The Valley not unlike the bottom of a well. St. Kevin's bed, over the lake, where none of us dared to clamber up, tho' ladies do it every day to lie on the Saint's bed to avoid dying in childbed. The lake divided in two parts by a long narrow slip of ground, is no real division. Experi-ment I made on this. The water equal in height. Sunk in it to the top of my boots, the slip being a bog, &c. Curious carved stone [St. Kevin's] I found at Priest Church, which escaped Mr. Burton and his company, when encamped there with some gentlemen and artists, as the stone had the carving downwards."

Thus far for Beranger's description, and his and Bigari's visit to Glendalough. In, however, one of his large books of illustrations there are some most valuable Indian-ink drawings, and also copious notes respecting some of the remains as they stood in 1779, which have been made use of by others. For many years I was in the habit of visiting "The Churches" on the eve of the *Pattern*, or patron Saint's day, and remaining until the faction fights were likely to commence, about 3 o'clock P. M., on 23 June, when it was rather an unsafe locality, unless a stipendiary magistrate and about 100 police could keep the combatants, the

Byrnes, Tools, and Farrells, &c., separate. The scene was remarkable, and I and my friends often spent a large portion of the night walking among the ruins, where an immense crowd usually had bivouaced, or were putting up tents and booths, or cooking their evening meal, gipsy-wise, throughout the space of the sacred enclosure. As soon as daylight dawned, the tumbling torrent over the rocks and stones of the Glendasan river to the north of "The Churches" became crowded with penitents wading, walking, and kneeling up St. Kevin's Keeve, many of them holding little children in their arms.[1] "The Deer Stone" was visited by strangers and pilgrims, and always found to contain water! The guides arranged the penitential routes, or conducted tourists round the ruins with the usual forms of expression used by their class. Dancing, drinking, thimble-rigging, prick-o'-the-loop, and other amusements, even while the bare-headed venerable pilgrims, and bare-kneed voteens were going their prescribed rounds, continued. Towards evening the fun became "fast and furious;" the pilgrimages ceased, the dancing was arrested, the pipers and fiddlers escaped to places of security, the keepers of tents and booths looked to their gear—the crowd thickened, the brandishing of sticks, the "hoshings"and "wheelings," and "hieings" for their respective parties showed that the faction fight was about to commence among the tombstones and monuments, and that all religious observances, and even refreshments were at an end. Police and Magistrates were often required. What a change has taken place during the last twenty years! The present worthy parish priest, one Pattern day some thirty years ago, collected the sticks of the combatants, and by his mild but determined influence assuaged the angry feelings aroused simply by the contiguity of the combatants. The Patron Saint's day at Glendalough on the 3rd June is no longer celebrated. The pilgrimages round the Cathedral and sacred enclosure are almost forgotten; even the present guides seldom bring the

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[1] One of Mr. Erskin Nicholl's early pictures painted about the time I have above alluded to illustrates the scene here referred to.

tourists to St. Kevin's Keeve. A bridge has been thrown across the brawling torrent; an admirable hotel, with greenhouses and shrubberies on the river's brink, invites the traveller; gravelled walks and plantations of young trees and shrubs conduct to the Round Tower and the Cathedral; loud-clothed young men from Dublin establishments play accordions; or brass bands proceed in procession with their respective crowds of admiring gossoons and colleens to make the usual circuit of the place. Even the surrounding scene has been changed; streams of grey material from the mines pour down the mountain sides, poisoning the lakes; increasing without fertilizing the slip of land that intervened between the upper and lower water; and pouring down along the river's brink, have rested wherever a bed lay for their deposit. Old Winder and the other guides who pressed their services upon you in former days, as—"I'm the rale guide, yer honor, that brought Sir Walther Scott into the Churches,—Howenever, I put Miss Edgeworth into St. Kevin's bed—I guided Lady Morgan and Mrs. Hall, and all the rest of yees; I can repate the poethry of Tommy Moore—

'By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark ne'er hath warbled o'er,'—

I'll show yees King O'Toole's bed, and tell the height of the Round Tower, for I taught it all to the great Dr. Petrie," &c. &c.—are of the past.

Well, some of this has been transmitted to a few old crones of Cathleens, but in a very degenerate form. The gloom of the surrounding mountains, the wild desolation of the scene of the valley of Glendalough, of which so much has been already written, seems to be passing away. With it, unhappily, the ruins are becoming more and more dilapidated. Let us see how they now stand in the summer of 1873, as compared with their condition in 1779.

It is a mistake to suppose there were exactly seven churches originally in the valley of Glendalough. Beginning from the east, we first meet on the north side of the river the Abbey or Monastery or Church of St. Saviour, as it is indif-

ferently called.[1] It is now almost a heap of stones, although surrounded by an oval enclosing fence, and is crowded with trees, briars, and bushes. Among its ruins may be found a large collection of highly sculptured stones, which chiefly formed the beautiful clustered pillars and highly ornamented semicircular choir arch, which, when in its prime, must have been one of the very finest specimens of architecture in Ireland. It was probably of the 12th or early part of the 13th century, and the stone of which this ornamentation was made appears to have been foreign. There was probably a primitive doorway in the western end of the nave. I do not think that the fact of a square-headed sloping-jamb doorway militates against the idea of a 12th century choir arch of the most elaborate character, for I hold that such arches may have been, and absolutely were, inserted into or added to some of our early churches long subsequent to their original foundation.

One of the more recent causes of the dilapidation of this, as indeed of most structures still existing at Glendalough, is owing to trees, some of which press upon or occasionally shake the walls from without, and, in times of storm, bring down portions of the ruins. But by far the most destructive influence, for some time past, has consisted in the wall trees—chiefly ash and thorn, that have grown on the tops or sides of the walls, and, spreading their roots through every crevice, have been for several years bringing down some of the most valuable portions of the ruins.

Besides what Beranger wrote in the foregoing, and those descriptions attached to his drawings relating to the ruins of the Abbey, to be referred to hereafter, I think the following, from the graphic pen of the Rev. Mervyn Archdall, published in 1786, in his valuable "Monasticon Hibernicum," requires insertion here.

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[1] When and why the ruined Abbey Church dedicated, as stated by Archdall, to St. Peter and St. Paul, was first called the "Priory of St. Saviour," as now marked on the Ordnance Map, is unknown to me. It would appear that this church, with its beautiful arch and pillars, had remained partially buried underneath the general mass of rubbish, probably for centuries; and this may account for the preservation of so many sculptured stones. Upwards of a century ago, Mr. Evans of Avondale, M. P. for Wicklow, cleared this rubbish out and came upon the structure now under consideration.

The jumble of names of places and buildings made by writers respecting this part of Glendalough is really remarkable; many instances might be cited in proof of such.

"The ruins of this Abbey (being the first which a traveller perceives) are situated in the bottom of the vale, and consist of two buildings parallel to each other (the larger one in the south being the church). On the east end of the abbey is an arch, of extremely curious workmanship; the columns on the side recede one behind another, and are very short, but do not diminish; the capitals are ornamented in a singular manner, most of them with human heads at the angles, and dragons or other fabulous animals at the sides; the heads have much the appearance of those in Egyptian sculpture, with large ears, long eyes, and the tresses of the hair straight; the ring-stones of the arch are indented triangularly, in imitation of the Saxon architecture, and in some parts human heads and other ornaments are within the triangular mouldings. On the removal of some heaps of rubbish from under the ruins of this arch, a few stones beautifully carved were found, many of them belonging to the arches, and some to the architrave of the window; the architrave is twelve inches broad, and a panel is sunk, ornamented lozenge-wise, and an ovolo forms the lozenge with a bead running on each side; the centre of the lozenge is decorated on one side in bas-relief, with a knot delicately carved; the other with a flower in the centre, and mouldings corresponding to the shape of the lozenge. The half lozenge, at the bottom of the pilaster, in one is filled with a bas-relief of a human head, with a bird on each side pecking at the eye, and the other by a dragon, twisting its head round, and the tail turned up between its legs into the mouth. Here is another stone, apparently the capital of a column; two sides of it are visible, both are ornamented with patera, but each side in a different manner; one consists of a flower of sixteen large leaves and fifteen smaller ones, relieved the eighth of an inch, and the other, of six leaves branching from the centre, with another leaf extending between their points."[1]

Petrie has given a lengthened description of this Church, and has figured many of the stones of the choir arch still remaining there, in his work on "Ecclesiastical Architecture, &c.;" in which will likewise be found a beautiful illustration of the clustered pillars, including the base and capital, which supported the right or southern side of the structure from which the arch sprung. The left or northern group of pillars and pilasters is nearly as it was in the days of Beranger. It certainly is remarkable that there are no Christian emblems among these remains; nearly all the sculptures appear to be of Grecian origin.

Within the enclosure there are two or three tomb-

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[1] Dr. Petrie, when quoting this passage (see "Ecc. Arch. and R. T."), says Archdall took it "from the notes written by the Artists for Colonel Conyngham." There does not appear to be any authority for this statement; and if it had been a quotation, the author of the Monasticon would probably have given it as such.

stones, but at present no burials take place there. This ruin is on the property of Captain Bookey, of Derrybane, who has informed me that he intends clearing out the enclosure, repairing, and, as far as possible, restoring the chancel arch, and surrounding the place with a proper fence. At the time of the foreign artists' visit they made a ground plan of the interior, giving its dimensions with great accuracy. Within that sketch—which will be of importance in case any clearance or restoration is undertaken—I find the following in Beranger's handwriting, at the east end of the plan; "Altar or tomb, of one stone 5 feet by 2 feet 11 in." No traces of that are now visible, but it may be hidden by superincumbent stones and rubbish. He then goes on to write—

"Inside plan of the old building called the Monastery of Glendalough, as it was in October 1779. There are six pilasters, or rather half columns [three on each side], A. B. C. D. E. F. I measured one marked A, and found the following dimensions:—capital 9½ inches, column 4 feet, base 8 inches, pedestal 8, total height 6 feet 1½ inches. I believe this whole building was arched, as the beginning of the arch is visible on the top of the side walls. I measured the height from the ground to spring of the arch, and found it 6 feet 4 inches."

At the bottom of the sketch, and relating to the western end of the nave, is marked in a number of loose stones, and he here adds,—

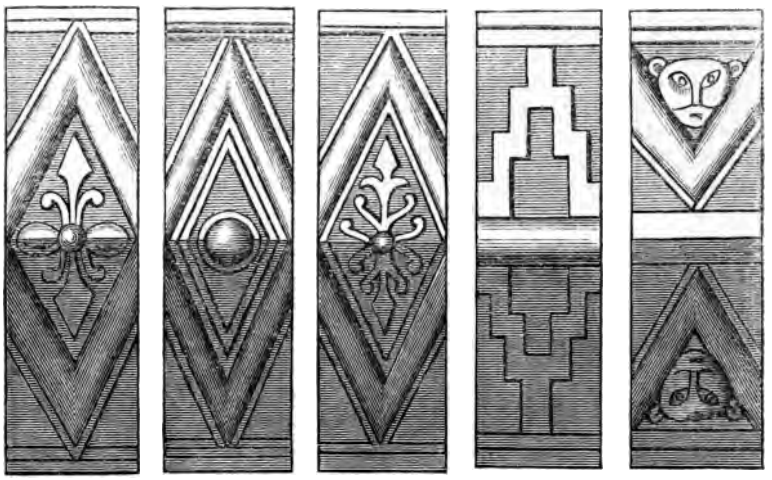
"All this are stones of a ruined wall, in which I suppose the windows were placed to light the building, but none others appear in what remains of the above plan, but only recesses in the wall. The whole is unroofed at present."

He likewise marks in the sketch the site of the southern doorway of the nave, which appears to have been a description of porch leading into the outward enclosure. On the ground plan are marked four recesses in the wall, three on the south, and one on the north, about 3 feet from the bottom, but which do not go through, nor admit light. I tested them recently, and found their old measurements most correct.

Except Archdall, no authority has recorded the existence of an eastern window, so that probably this small chancel

—only 13 feet 10 inches by 11 feet 5 inches—was illuminated by artificial light from the candles on the altar, which must have had a fine effect, while the beautiful arch was displayed to the congregation of worshippers by the natural light admitted through whatever windows originally existed in the nave. Beranger made fifteen Indian-ink drawings of the carved stones at the Monastery, and in the description thereto says :—

"A parcel of carved stones ley about the ground of the Monastery which I believed formed an arch from pillaster F. to pillaster C. [the outside ones]. There is a good number of them, some well preserved, some others defaced. I designed a few on the spot, of which here annexed is the plans and five views of the carvings of six others."



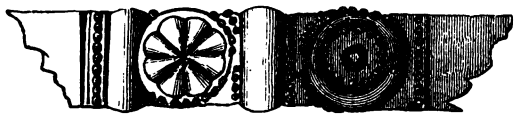
Beranger's drawings of the voussoirs of Chancel Arch, Monastery Church.

Within the outline of one of these ground plan sketches he has written—

"Plan of one of the stones which I suppose to have formed the arch of y^e^ entrance under y^e^ arch."

The foregoing illustration is copied with fidelity from Beranger's drawing as it stands in the book already referred to. The cat-headed figures on the right, however, should be

tete-a-tete at the angle. Of the remaining stones, they have been for the most part represented by Petrie, either from original drawings, or from copies of those made by Beranger and Bigari. There is, however, one given by Petrie which I thought it necessary to reproduce from Beranger's drawing, as it exhibits a higher style of art than that figured at page 262 of the "Round Towers."



Beranger's drawing of Voussoir, at Chancel Arch of Monastery.

Within the confines of the pillars, or upon the remains of the eastern wall, are piled up a great number of these carved stones, and among them a large semicircular one, which may have been the key of the choir arch, as it is somewhat too large to have formed the head or top of an east window in so small a space.

No greater benefit could be conferred on the memory of early Irish Ecclesiastical Art, than the clearance, preservation, and, where possible, the restoration of this beauteous structure. Like other ruins at Glendalough, it is going hourly to decay, and the trees growing within and without are largely assisting to hasten that undesirable end. Had the Bill of my friend Sir John Lubbock, for the preservation of National Monuments in Great Britain and Ireland, passed into law; had the Treasury granted supplies, and proper skilled artists been employed thereon, a great boon would have been conferred upon the United Kingdom. As matters now stand, the Board of Public Works may, under the provisions of the Irish Church Act (with, I presume, the sanction of the proprietors), commence operations upon the Rock of Cashel, upon the preservation of the Seven Churches of Glendalough, the falling Round Tower of Kilmacduach, and the other Round Towers, Abbeys, Churches, and ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland; but when that body does so, I hope it will be with care, archæological as well as architectural skill, just reverence for the ground on which they tread, and a due appreciation of the feelings of an excitable people, who honour the shrines of their forefathers, and the graves of their immediate ancestors.

With respect to Ledwich's observations on Glenda-

lough, and his assertion that the architecture of the Monastery is "Danish," it has been so completely refuted by Petrie, that I do not think it necessary to discuss it here. I may, however, add from personal knowledge that there is no ancient Scandinavian architecture at all resembling that at the Monastery of Glendalough, a locality which Ledwich describes as having "from the earliest ages . . . been a favourite seat of superstition," &c. Books and pictures may enable the antiquary to draw up parallels or present similitudes, for or against his own particular impression or theory. But this will not always suffice. A true antiquary should possess an eyesight knowledge of the structures, outdoor monuments, and the weapons, tools, ornaments, and implements, of other countries beside his own; his eyes should be accustomed to look on such structures, and his taste educated, before he can pronounce dogmatically upon subjects of this nature. Had the Rev. Dr. Ledwich been thus learned, it would not have required so much time, space, or learning, to have been expended upon the refutation of his theories.

In lieu of public Governmental care, individuals and associations of liberal-minded patriotic men have, from time to time, done something to preserve the monuments of our country. See what has been done at Roscommon Abbey, at Cong, at Kilkenny, Clonmacnoise, Adare, and other places, where individual or united exertion has succeeded in preserving from destruction ruins that were going to decay. In 1870 Dr. Purefoy Colles of the Indian Army,—my late most distinguished pupil and friend,—struck by the dilapidations and desecration of Glendalough, set on foot a subscription for its preservation, and procured a sum of money for that purpose, the disposal of which now rests with the Council of the Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland. It is a matter of more than regret, it is one of sorrow to his friends as well as to his family, that the untimely death of this good Irishman should have left undone the work that he proposed to effect at Glendalough. The funds he collected may go to other, but I doubt to more worthy, purposes.

In connexion with this, the first of the most eastern structures in the Vale of Glendalough, it is right to

mention that the whole story of the life of St. Kevin, translated from both Latin and Irish, as well as collected from English sources, and the description of the ruins as they existed in 1839—the drawings made of the most remarkable edifices, and also transcripts of some of those by Beranger, can be found in John O'Donovan's Letters, in the great collection of the Ordnance Memoirs now in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy.

The rapid torrent that passes eastward within a few perches of the Monastery has largely helped to preserve that ruin from further spoliation. Proceeding westward along the river, we are now struck with the extraordinary change that has taken place, owing to the deposit of the lead material which has been washed down from the mines at the upper end of the valley, and has altered the streamway in many respects. Passing upwards on the south side of the river, we meet with St. Kevin's Well, a very beautiful limpid spring, renowned for its curative powers in various ways.

Following up the itinerary commenced at the eastern end of the valley, and before we come to "The Churches" proper, we meet upon a rising bank on the north side of the river, and immediately adjoining the main road, the ruins of "Trinity Church," or, as it was formerly called, "The Ivy Church," from the quantity of that glorious green decorator, and, occasionally, preserver, of our monuments that crowded over its ancient tower in former days. This building is on the joint property of Captain Hugo and Major Longfield, and, with characteristic taste and feeling, they have not only agreed to, but have assisted to preserve it, and have placed that preservation in the hands of the writer of this memoir, and the Rev. Eugene Clarke, the worthy Parish Priest of Derrylassery, the parish in which Glendalough is situated.

Before proceeding to describe in detail the characteristics of Trinity Church, we should see whether there is any drawing or other memorial of it which can give an idea of its character at the time of Beranger's visit in 1779. In the 2nd volume of his large book of drawings (now the property of Dr. Edmond Sharkey of Ballinasloe), we find, in Plate 24, a large coloured sketch of Glendalough and the surrounding scenery, taken from the immediate vicinity of Trinity Church, and copied from "the Earl of

Portarlington's original drawing," and on which Beranger has written, " I compared this on the spot, and found it very exact." At first it would appear that the artist stood a little to the south-east of the church, but from that point one cannot obtain the view of the two lakes and the large cross in the Cathedral enclosure. On, however, passing up a few yards over the high bank on the north side of the adjoining road, the general view faithfully represented in the drawing can be obtained. I, therefore, suppose that when the artist had finished the general sketch, he came down to the place already indicated, and added in as a foreground the tower, and south-western end of the church, such

Beranger's drawing of the Round Tower, Trinity Church.

as is here faithfully represented, reduced one-fourth by Mr. G. A. Hanlon, and I believe it is the only truthful illustration of the condition of this ruin one hundred years ago, and that all others are spurious imitations. The perpendicular dotted line on the right marks the extent of the original drawing. The western gable has fallen, ex-

cept a small portion at the northern corner. Although the most accessible, being immediately adjoining the main road, Trinity Church has been—from its seclusion by the trees, and the fact that no burials occur there, and that it did not form part of the route of pilgrims—by far the best preserved structure remaining at Glendalough:[1] and in one of O'Donovan's Ordnance Letters (written in 1839) he says "it is the most curious, and of its age the most perfect specimen of an ancient Daimhliag that I have yet seen; and I have seen many."

In this present summer of 1873, it was rapidly going to destruction, chiefly from injury by the trees growing upon its walls, and which had in several places, but especially upon the southern side wall of the nave, thrown in their roots with such energy as to bulge outwards some of the largest stones, particularly beneath the small round-headed window; and in other places they have been shaking the ruin to its foundation. As I write, all these have been carefully cut away, and their roots and stumps can be destroyed,

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[1] "On entering [the glen] from the east we first," says Ledwich, "reach the Ivy Church, so called from being enveloped in the umbrage of this plant. The belfry is circular, and shows one of the first attempts to unite the Round Tower with the body of the church." That author has likewise given two general views of Glendalough, from the fertile but rather imaginative pencil of Mr. W. Beauford, but both would appear to have been manufactured. In a supplemental Plate (opposite p. 161, not 155), Ledwich gives a view of Trinity Church and its tower, standing out somewhat distinct; however, in Grose's Antiquities, to which the same author wrote the description, there is an engraving of Glendalough, which he says was "taken from an original drawing by Dr. Wynne." It is a miserable and evident plagiarism from Lord Portarlington's picture, copied and compared by Beranger, as already stated at p. 102, *supra*. The artist, not understanding perspective and the original point of view from which the drawing was made, has placed the south doorway in the eastern gable of Trinity Church! The more one looks into Ledwich's writings, the more he must be convinced as to their inaccuracies as assertions of facts, and descriptions of localities. At p. 79 of Grose, vol. ii., as well as in his "Antiquities," he described the Ivy Church and the Trinity Church as separate buildings, and *both* with Round Tower Belfries!

The incongruity of writers in naming the churches in the valley of Glendalough is remarkable. Even Archdall, usually very accurate, has fallen into this error, in giving a separate name and place to the "Priory of St. Saviour" (the Abbey or Monastery already described), although his description tallies with the Monastery only; and in addition to Trinity Church he recounts and describes the Ivy Church, and says, "nothing worthy of remark can be found in this building." One of the last writers upon Glendalough, who has illustrated his book on "Cuthites" with the beautiful woodcuts originally made for the second volume of Petrie's immortal work, calls Trinity Church "St. Mochuarog's Temple," and describes "St. Saviour's Church" as the "Priest's House," and says that one pier of the chancel arch is still in its original position; so that I suppose the second was not pointed out to him at the time of his visit. I possess a beautiful water-coloured drawing of Glendalough, taken by the late John Connolly, during one of our trips to that locality thirty years ago.

to prevent further growth or sprouting. The church shows a nave and chancel running not quite due east, but a little to the south of east—a circumstance not quite uncommon in early Irish churches, and said to depend upon the season of the year when the foundations were laid. In the clear, the nave is 29 feet 6 inches, by 17 feet 6 inches, and was, in addition to its doors, lighted by a small round-headed window in the S. E. wall. It, and the chancel arch, have been figured by Petrie in the "Round Towers," and by Wakeman in his valuable "Handbook of Irish Antiquities," and the original sketches, some of which were, I believe, drawn by the late Mr. Du Noyer, may be seen in O'Donovan's Letters preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. With the exception of the outer key-stone, which has drooped a little, this arch is in most perfect preservation, and is certainly one of the finest of its kind in Ireland. The dressed stone arches are double, with a rubble masonry arch turned between; a portion of the gable remains. The chancel itself, much smaller than the nave, measures 13 feet 7 inches long, by 6 feet 3 inches broad, and was lighted by a very beautiful round-topped window, small, but deeply splayed internally on all sides, and with stanchion holes above and below: a small angle-headed window exists in the south wall. A wall of loose stones recently divided the chancel and nave—erected apparently for the purpose of a cattle shed or pigstye. That has likewise been removed, and the floor of both structures carefully cleared out—when a decorated mill-stone was discovered.

Of the southern doorway, within a few feet of the west end, nothing remains but the lower dressed jambs, but other stones, lately in the western doorway, have been replaced without much trouble. There is an entire breach in the wall here upwards, but the continuity of the side-line of the church is preserved above by the matted roots of the ancient thorns that were growing there, and they have been for the present preserved. Questions have arisen among describers as to whether this doorway was round or pointed, but from the illustration given at page 102, I incline to the former opinion, as the other drawings cannot be depended upon; moreover, we lately discovered some of the curved top stones of the circular arch. On the outside of all the ends

where the side-walls rise into the gables, we find those remarkable projecting stones (six in all), so commonly seen in ancient Irish churches, and which look like early attempts at gargoyls. Upon the stone which forms the semicircular head of the east window, there is a projection like a weather-moulding or string-course similar to what is seen above the western doorway of St. Kevin's House and elsewhere.

One of the most curious features of Trinity Church is the remains of the building at its western end. On entering the nave, and having observed the beautiful choir arch, attention is at once directed to the very perfect square-headed doorway with sloping jambs which occupies the centre of the western gable, and was lately filled with the stones of the southern doorway. Appended to this end of the church as a subsequent building, but evidently abutting upon, but not incorporated with it, are the ruins of a small quadrangular structure, now measuring in the clear 10 feet 3 inches by 10 feet, and only approachable by the ancient doorway already referred to. Its north and west walls are still tolerably perfect, and in the former is a small circular-headed light, deeply splayed internally, where it measures 3 feet 10 inches high, and 1 foot 11 inches across at the middle, but widens below like the ancient square doorways. Above it are the remains of the arch, which supported the Round Tower Belfry alluded to, and delineated in Beranger's illustrations, as shown by the accompanying illustration, drawn to scale, and recently taken, under my superintendence, by Mr. Wakeman, from the south-western angle of the building.

Here on the N. side we observe the remains of the arch, and the dotted outline above shows the probable site of the Round Tower Belfry like that at St. Kevin's House, and formerly at Nessan's Church on Ireland's Eye. The ancient doorway is 6 feet high, 2 feet 6 inches wide at top, and enlarges 3 inches at bottom, and its wall is 2 feet 10 inches thick. The gable above it now rises to a height of 7 feet from the side wall, and was evidently not in any way connected structurally with the Belfry. The southern dry wall, although composed of the original stones, is undoubtedly modern, and is thus accounted for:—Some forty

years ago, one of those travelling voteens or "Hermits," clad in the usual garb of such persons, with a long beard, bare

Interior of Sacristy, Trinity Church.

feet, ragged russet garment, a long stick, a cord round his waist, his exposed neck and breast hung over with amulets, &c., in fact, only wanting the scallop shell to picture him as a veritable pilgrim of the days of the Crusades,—arrived at Glendalough and took up his abode at Trinity Church. The good people of the neighbourhood cleared out the base of the belfry for the reception of this holy man, built up the south wall, and roofed it. He disappeared from the locality suddenly, and matters have remained so since. That the Tower was erected as a belfry long subsequent to the nave admits of no doubt; and it adds another proof to those already adduced as to the Christian origin, and one of the *later* uses of the Round Towers.

A little to the west of this church, and opposite a neighbouring cottage, stands a rough upright block very like a pillar-stone.

Proceeding down the road—with the tall grey spectre-like form of the Tower catching the eye at every turn—we pass the supposed site of the ancient city of Glendalough; although some authorities assign the river's bank near the Abbey as its locality. There is here seen the rude shaft of the "market cross," of mica slate, 3ft. 8in. over ground, and a raised cross within it; but it may have been only one of those marking the boundary of the ecclesiastical enclosure. So on, to the little hamlet where Jordan's most comfortable hotel invites to rest and refreshment; and a substantial bridge placed a little to the east of the old stepping-stones or *togher* carries us over the brook, where we often waited for hours to cross, when the mountain floods of the Glendasan stream were hurrying onwards by St. Kevin's road to the Glendalough river a little below the hotel. Those two streams enclose the central and most notable group of monuments at "The Churches." They and the surrounding mineral-producing mountains on the northern side are now the property of the Irish Mining Company, who have planted and "laid out" all the ground on the north and east of the general grave-yard. They have also planted with larch, now in a most flourishing condition, the whole southern face of the mountain, and have likewise restored the fallen arch of the two that once formed the portal of the sacred enclosure leading into the Cathedral, and have placed an iron gate there. The guides of any intelligence can conduct tourists by the ancient Causeway, known as "Kevin's road" to the site of "Kevin's Keeve," now bordered on the southern side by a saw-mill; and will also show the various *bullauns* or rock indentations in that locality, and recite the many wonders and legends especially connected with their callings.

Passing into the overcrowded grave-yard, attention is at once attracted by the Round Tower, said to be 110 feet high, with its rather rude unmoulded circular-headed doorway. The upper portion is going fast to decay; and if the Board of Public Works, under the provisions of the 25th section of the Irish Church Act, and with that laudable desire which should animate a commission of educated Irish gentlemen, undertake any of the preservations at Glendalough,

they will do well, and deserve national gratitude, for having pinned with coloured mortar and otherwise repaired this Tower. Putlock holes may be observed in this structure, showing that it was built by means of scaffolding from without. Petrie assigns the seventh century as the probable date of its erection.

A recent English writer, of intelligence and observation, has dogmatically pronounced this tower to be of the "twelfth century." For myself, I am really wearied of hearing opinions of this description pronounced *ex cathedra* as to the *exact date* of the erection of our ancient buildings, between the years 900 and 1300, or perhaps even later.

The Cathedral has often been described: with the exception of its western gable and the grand square-headed doorway therein, it is now a complete ruin, and so filled with grave-stones that it might be a hazardous experiment to attempt an excavation of its interior. Immediately within the enclosure at the western end stands a row of upright grave-stones, that I fear even an Act of Parliament will not be able to remove without trespassing upon what may be justly considered by the inhabitants sacred ground, as containing the remains of their ancestors. On the inner face of this western gable we observe a circular stone built into the wall. It looks like the nether stone of a quern or hand-mill. The portion of the western gable to about the top of doorway is undoubtedly what would be termed Cyclopean masonry, with the stones indented into each other, but the upper portion of the wall is evidently of lighter material, and apparently a subsequent structure. Over the lintel of the square-headed doorway an arch has been turned, apparently to relieve the rather thin stone when the upper and more modern superstructure was constructing, probably centuries after the original door was erected. In this lintel may be seen the hinge holes. In many of the ruins in this locality these bolt or hinge holes have been wantonly injured for the sake of the bits of iron they contained.

In the sketches already referred to we have a very perfect representation of the western gable, with its buttresses, Cyclopean masonry, square-headed doorway, and over-topping arch. It is thus described by the old Dutchman:—

"West front of the building called the Cathedral of Glendalough, two side pilasters and the four first rows of stones above ground are cut square, and some stones grooved in one another as seen in the drawing, having copied them one by one. The rest upwards is built with rough stones of all sizes; the door is wider at bottom than at the top, viz., top 3 feet 6 inches, bottom 3 feet 10 inches."

Immediately inside the Cathedral door on the right-hand side, I recently found the remarkable stone described and figured at pages 113–14, together with some stones of the Priest's Church. In the northern wall may be seen the remains of an entrance which ornamented and permitted ingress to the Cathedral, and which is evidently of a "middle age" date, probably coeval with that of the east window of the chancel.[1] This should be cleared out: and the stones which evidently composed it, and are now lying about, might be replaced. Of the Chancel arch, little now remains except the buttresses from which it sprung, and the only indication of the east window itself is a gaping void,—but towards that eastern end there are several objects of interest, viz., some horizontal tombs, apparently those of bishops, abbots, or other high ecclesiastics, and in the north-east corner a rude oblong font 2 feet 6 inches in length. The ruins of a Sacristy, with a square-headed doorway, still exist on the southern side of the Chancel.[2]

Respecting this east window, which has been figured again and again by those who it is said have had access to Beranger's drawings, or copies thereof, I cannot find in his writings or illustrations any reference to it, except those sketches presented by Ledwich and Petrie, and which Beranger describes, not as on the architrave, but as "capi-

[1] I remember the foundations of this doorway for a great many years, but they were generally covered with a heap of stones. My friend Mr. J. J. M'Carthy informs me that, with some friends, he had these stones removed, and the bases of the oolite pillars exposed in 1857; and that at the same time an application was made to the Mining Company to assist in preserving the ruins; but, like one recently made by myself, it was totally disregarded.

[2] In this description of Glendalough I am merely supplementing Beranger's notes, and have for the most part avoided the repetition of the details so well recorded by Petrie. Drawings, made by that eminent artist and antiquary, of the Ecclesiastical grave-stones in the north-east corner of the Cathedral will appear shortly in that grand collection of Irish Christian Inscriptions now in course of publication, and forming the Annual quarto volumes of the Royal Archæological Association of Ireland, by Miss Stokes, who has kindly furnished me with the following copies:—I. and II. Or do Diarmait. Or do Mac Cois (on one stone). III. Aigur. IV. Or do Umgeil. V. Muridach. The beautifully decorated grave-stones in this locality should be cleared and drawn without delay.

tals of the pillars of the east window in the church called the Cathedral ;" and another representing the zigzac "carving on y^e^ Architrave of the arch over the window of the Cathedrall." See further particulars and illustrations of this window at pages 115–16.

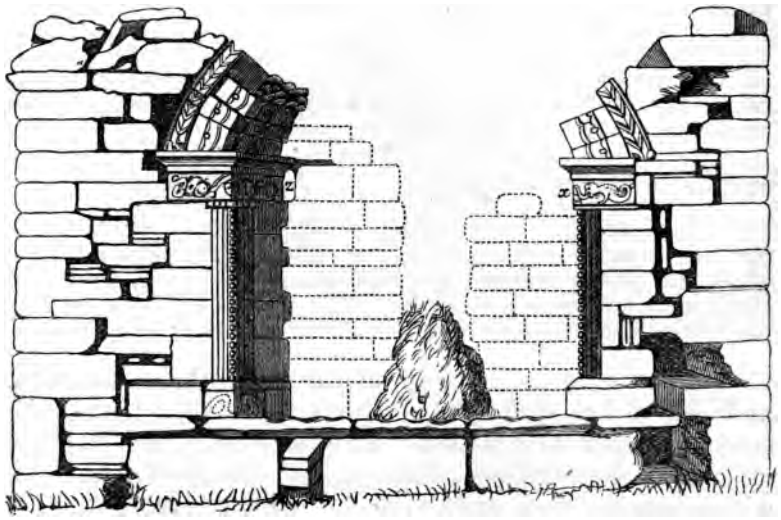
The grave-yard of Glendalough is a lamentable scene of over-crowding, and the rank grass manured by human remains grows with such luxuriance as to almost hide all view of the flat grave-stones within the enclosure. The foot of a curious cross, not unlike that at Cashel, lies on the pathway. It really behoves the owners of this locality—the Irish Mining Company especially—to establish a cemetery in some of the fields on the north-western end of the grave-yard, and to apply to the Privy Council for the closure of the present grave-yard of Glendalough.

Without stopping to recite the legends respecting the "horse-stealer's grave" to the N. E. of the Cathedral, and other tales, let me, in the name of Beranger, direct the attention of the antiquary and architect to what was the condition of the beauteous structure known in 1779 as the "Priest's Church," and which stands within about 3 perches of the western end of the Cathedral. It is now nearly invisible, owing to the dilapidation of the ruin, and the growth of weeds around it, so that the little masonry that remains is almost occluded. To me it appears to have been erected over the grave, or as the mausoleum, of St. Kevin or Caemghin, the founder and patron saint of Glendalough ; although perhaps, in reverential recollection, the parish priests were buried there, and several of their tombstones now occupy the interior.[1] This beautiful little structure was (at least in modern times) first recorded by Beranger during his visit in 1779. He has given a ground

[1] One of these tombs lying on the flat has an inscription running thus:—"I.H.S. Here lyeth body of the Reuer^d^. Phelim Bryan, dec^d^. May 3^d^. 1759, aged 57 years." Provided it could be done with decency, these flat and upright monumental stones might be temporarily removed, the walls of the Mortuary Chapel cleared both within and without to the foundation, the tombstones replaced, and a railing put round the whole, as suggested by the late Dr. Colles ; so as to preserve it from further destruction and desecration. Surely the Mining Company, the parishioners of Derrylassery, the Board of Works, and even the Guides, would not object to such an exhibition and preservation of the tomb of the founder of the religious establishment at Glendalough, and the graves of these clergymen ; and I will be happy to give any assistance in my power.

plan of the building, and a very carefully drawn illustration of its eastern face, as it then stood, with a full description of the ruin, and its measurements, all of which latter I lately verified. It must evidently have been of the nature of a tomb, as it could not well have been used for general public worship. The walls were 2 feet thick. In the southern wall near its junction with the western angle, we find the remains of a narrow doorway, which was probably square-headed, and surmounted by a sculptured pediment.

At the eastern front their existed in 1779 a most remarkable arch supported by fluted pilasters, with elaborately-carved bases, capitals, and architraves, as shown in the very beautiful illustration found among Beranger's drawings, and which has been copied (probably from a copy) by Petrie in the "Ecclesiastical Architecture; and Round Towers," p. 246. On the south side in particular the bases of the pillars still crop up, and can with care be made out; and on the wall above them (if not already stolen), can be seen a curiously indented "dog-tooth" stone which probably formed a portion of the arch. Other stones of Priest's Church are now in the Cathe-



Beranger's drawing of East End of Priest's Church.

dral. According to Beranger's drawing, this must have been one of the most chaste and elegant buildings at Glen-

dalough. In justice to the artist whose memoirs I edit, I think it right to give a fac-simile of his picture, most carefully reduced somewhat more than a third from the original. Attached to this drawing he has appended the following observations :—

"A view of the front of the small building called the Priest's Church, Co. Wicklow, exactly drawn with every stone as they are laid down originally, and the holes of those that fell out or ware broke wilfully in course of time, to the intent of showing the mode of building at that period, and the manner of cutting some of the stones to lap or groove in one another to keep the building firm. Done in 1779. It is but a small chapple measuring within, in length, 14 feet 4 inches, and in breadth, 7 feet 7 inches; and the outside front represented here below is only 11 feet 8 inches in breadth. It has no windows, but only a small door in the side wall 20½ inches broad; it is unroofed at present, and the front entrance built up latterly with stones in part, and the centre with earth mixed with hay, as is shown by the dotted lines.

"Measurement of pilasters or half columns, &c.—Capitals 8½ inches, pilasters 2 feet 1½ inches, base 5 inches, total height 3 feet 3 inches. The arch;—architrave 7 inches, cornice over it 2 inches."

In another page he gives drawings of the sculptures on the capitals on both sides, which have been figured by Petrie (see R. T., p. 247). That learned author has there fallen into a slight mistake in saying—

"The principal ornamented feature which distinguished this building, and to which I have seen nothing similar in any other Irish ecclesiastical ruin, was an arched recess placed on its east front, as represented in the annexed copy of Beranger's drawing;"

and he adds that—

"The recess which it enclosed was perforated in the centre by a narrow unornamented window, having obviously a semicircular head, but which was not in existence when the drawing was made. The sides of this window were not, as is usual, inclined, nor does it appear from the drawing that the jambs had the usual internal splay," &c., &c.

Now it is manifest, from Beranger's original drawing and the description quoted above, that this temporary structure, said to represent a recessed arch, was nothing more than some stones placed in the opening *behind*, and with a lump of mud and hay in the centre. Had Petrie before him the book now in my hands, he would at once have seen the correctness of this view of the case. What may have originally filled up this space—which, according to the

scale on which the drawing was made, is not quite 7 feet in the clear from pillar to pillar, as shown by Beranger's ground plan, which accompanies the drawing—it is difficult to determine. It may have been a window, or merely the entrance to the Cenotaph of St. Kevin.

Another difficulty presents itself in the small doorway near the end of the southern wall, which may perhaps be explained by supposing that this Priest's Church was made on the model of ancient buildings of that character.

The most remarkable monument of antiquity at Glendalough is that of the angular-headed stone figured below, and which the artist says he "found on the ground at Priest's Church; 2 feet broad and 1 foot high to the point." This also has been figured by Ledwich, Petrie, and others, but not exactly as given by the foreign artist. It represents an ecclesiastic seated in a chair, with an open book before him. The head, as shown in Beranger's drawing, has a fringe of hair upon the forehead, probably below the tonsure, but which has been converted by whoever copied the original drawing into a crown. On

Beranger's drawing of the Sculptured Stone found at Priest's Church.

the left of the central figure is that of a person in a stooping position, clad in a long soutan, and holding an object in his hand, which is manifestly a representation of an early quadrangular ecclesiastical bell. Upon the right is another figure, holding what would appear to be a crozier.

It is manifest, from a careful inspection of the original drawing, that by the straight line at top on the right-hand side, in contradistinction to the irregularly broken condition of the stone on the left of the figure, that this was done to "make good" the presumed condition of the monument as it existed prior to 1779. Petrie says "the stone is now broken as marked in the drawing, but the two pieces are preserved in a neighbouring house." On the other hand, Mr. Clibborn informs me that he remembers the stone lying on the roadside in the neighbourhood of the village of Glendalough; and Mr. Huband Smith says he recollects it on the cashel wall, not far distant from where I found it. All I can say is, that I discovered it a few weeks ago lying face downwards among the rubbish in the Cathedral, as stated at page 109, and that in order to preserve it from further destruction, I, with the assistance of those who had authority in the matter, carried it off, to prevent its further injury, and to have proper photographs and models made of it; but always with the intention both of myself and my co-worker, Father Clarke, of restoring it, when occasion offered, to its original locality and probable use.[1] There can be little doubt, from the design here faith-

Sculptured Stone found by Beranger near the Priest's Church, as it now appears.

fully figured, that it is the oldest sculptured stone at Glendalough, and is probably one of the oldest incised stones in Ireland. Petrie inclines to think it may have been the pediment over the southern doorway of the Priest's Church, or mausoleum; but it certainly is not of an age

[1] See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for 23rd June, 1873.

contemporaneous with the architecture of the rest of the building. Like many other monuments, however, of the kind, it may have been preserved for centuries, and had been so placed, say about the "twelfth century period," of which we hear so much in the present day; or it may have been kept within the mausoleum, and perhaps over the absolute grave, of St. Kevin. The stone itself, which is composed of the micacious rock of the district, is greatly weathered upon all sides, particularly at top; and ordinary observers, as well as distinguished geologists, can see that it must have been for centuries exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, in order to produce the appearance presented, specially above, where there is not an angle or curvature which could have been either so smoothed down or the surface roughened by natural causes, within a century from the time of the breakage. From a photograph of the stone itself, and with the actual object he was engraving before him, Mr. Oldham has displayed his art in this most graphic illustration.

Referring again to the east window in the chancel of the Cathedral, mentioned at page 105, it is of importance to the memory of Beranger and his companion Bigari, as well as for the truthful elucidation of the history of Glendalough, to make a few observations.

When Archdall wrote, in 1786, he stated—"The Cathedral church ranks as the first, and owes its origin to St. Keivin, by whom it was dedicated to the Patron Saints of the abbey. It had a beautiful window at the east end." Some years later, Dr. Ledwich published a picturesque drawing, made by Beauford, of the "East Window of the Cathedral," and writes—"The eastern window is a round arch, ornamented with a chevron moulding. The window itself is very singular, running to a narrow spike-hole." (*See* 2nd edition, p. 176.) In 1845, Dr. Petrie published in the "Round Towers," a geometrical plan, taken, he says, "through the drawings made for Col. Burton Conyngham, now in my possession, aided by sketches made by myself, a few years since." It is, however, only a "tolerable memorial;" but he gives from Beranger's book of drawings the two sculptures of the frieze already alluded to. In O'Donovan's Wicklow Letters,

written in 1839-40, we find a description of this window, and a critical dissertation on Ledwich and his fraudulent artist, and he says, "the eastern window is now nearly destroyed; its lower part is, from the present day, level to the ground, and it measures 6 feet in breadth from the bottom; but no more dimensions of it can now be obtained." Alluding to Beauford's drawing, as published by Ledwich, he continues to say, that it may or may not be correct; "but it is very hard to trust to it, as we have a drawing of the same window made for Col. Burton Conyngham, before the publication of Ledwich's book, and in which the window was represented very much injured, both on the inside and outside, on which it is a formless breach. I fear, therefore, that Beauford and Ledwich have completed this window from their own imagination, and this to bear out a theory that Ledwich struggles to establish, that the lancet-headed or pointed windows are of great antiquity." To this was added, in the Ordnance book, a rather rude drawing of the east end of the chancel and its window; and below it the following memorandum: "Inside view of the eastern window of the Cathedral of Glendalough, as drawn originally, about the year 1780, by an Italian artist, for Colonel Burton Conyngham. Copied by W. Wakeman, junior."

Drawing of East Window of Cathedral, from Ordnance Letters.

Proceeding southwards along the path from the Cathedral, we pass on the right the large, tall and almost undecorated granite "Calvary[1] cross," 11 feet 3 inches high, and 3 feet 10 inches wide over the arms; and then we enter upon a new field of inquiry as we take in the view of the Church, with its small overtopping Round Tower belfry, popularly called St. Kevin's House, and by the guides, the Saint's "Kitchen." Passing

[1] In the middle ages it was customary to erect these crosses near a church, called "Calvary Crosses," in recollection of the crucifixion.

down to this latter, we observe a deep excavation which looks like a covered way leading upwards towards the Cathedral, and in it are the fragments and remains of large flat crosses and massive tombs, all of which might be easily removed to the interior of St. Kevin's House, or placed against the adjoining boundary wall, where there are no modern graves.

Portions of St. Kevin's House—next to be considered—are puzzling to antiquaries and give rise to much speculation. Like many other early Irish Churches, the western end or gable, together with the tower on top, is perfect. A tall sloping-jambed narrow square-headed doorway in a wall of Cyclopean masonry, with the superstructure supported by an arch over the lintel, is still quite perfect. It is 7 feet 3 inches high, and 2 feet 6 inches wide in the middle, and standing out from the lintel, which is 5 feet 8 inches long, but part of the same stone; there is a projection or moulding with holes in it at each end, apparently for the purpose of inserting the fastenings of an outer door. A semicircular pediment of two stones fills the space between the lintel and arch.

As the eye is directed upwards we can discern above the string course (which passes round the church) a lighter character of masonry, but not at all so dissimilar from that at the basement as in the cathedral, and this remarkable gable rises gradually into the beautiful Round Tower belfry where the high-pitched roof adjoins it, and from which and the gable it would appear to spring. This doorway is now built up, and has been so for many years.

St. Kevin's Church seems to have undergone more than the usual vicissitudes of buildings in the Vale of Glendalough. There can be little doubt as to the originality of the western gable, its door and tower; but in the interior, and at the eastern and southern ends, additions and alterations have been made, which have considerably altered the character of the primitive structure. The last alteration occurred several years ago, when, as there was no place of public worship in the immediate vicinity of The Churches, the parish priest converted this building into a chapel—built up, it is said, the western doorway, erected an altar (of which the stones still remain) immediately

within it, enlarged the southern square window, and had service there for some time, until the attention of the late Archbishop Whately was called to it, and he, consulting with Archbishop Murray, interdicted it.

The conical top of the Round Tower is still quite perfect. It has four large quadrangular lights looking towards the cardinal points, and two smaller and lower ones facing east and west. Even as it stands, this beauteous structure is likely to remain in its present condition for centuries. Externally the church is 29 feet 7 inches long, and 22 feet 7 inches wide; and internally 22 feet 7 inches long in the clear. The pitch of the roof is very high. The north side is devoid of any opening, but upon the south there is, near the eastern angle, a large oblong window, the masonry round which is evidently very modern. Alluding thereto, Archdall says St. Kevin's Church was, when he wrote, in 1786, "almost entire, having suffered alone in the ruin of a window, the only one in the church; this was placed about 8 feet from the south east angle, and was ornamented with an architrave elegantly wrought, but being of a freestone it was conveyed away by the neighbouring inhabitants, and brayed to powder for domestic use." Upon the eastern gable we find a large opening, where the wall is 3 feet 6 inches thick. The aperture is 5 feet 3 inches across, and 9 feet 5 inches high, and was undoubtedly cut out of the original wall—but when, it is difficult to determine. Above this round-headed aperture, which may be presumed to have been intended for a chancel arch, we observe the lines of a small semicircular-headed light, as is well shown in Petrie's illustration (*see* Round Towers, p. 429). Viewed internally, this former aperture is seen to splay very widely, but it is now filled up with masonry. Externally we see that a deep groove has been chiseled out of the gable for fitting in the stones of the chancel roof. There are also two small square-headed apertures in this gable, the lower one opening into the church immediately below the arched roof, and the other admitting light to the croft.

To the north of the chancel arch, adjoining, but not incorporated with the original building (certainly of very great antiquity) we meet with what was probably the

Erdam or sacristy—where Beranger and Bigari retired to enjoy their bottle, in 1779. It also had a stone roof, part of which still remains, the groove for which may yet be seen on the east gable of the church. The door is square, but has not sloping jambs. The interior is about 10 feet long and 7 feet 7 inches broad, and is at present in a frightful state of desecration. The masonry is rude, and at the eastern end there is a small light, the circular head carved out of a single stone. At the eastern end there are the remains of rude pilasters. Had this building been found in any other locality distinct from St. Kevin's Church, every antiquary would have assigned to it a very early date. Alongside it, towards the south, must have stood the chancel already referred to, as shown by the grooved lines of its high-pitched roof upon the east gable of the original church. We have neither drawing nor description of this building as it existed in the time of Beranger, but Archdall gives the following account of it, and I think it trustworthy:—"At the east end is an arch 5 feet 3 inches in width, which communicates to another building 10 feet 6 inches in length by 9 feet 3 inches in width, on the north side of which is a door 2 feet 2 inches wide, which communicates with another chapel of the same length, and 7 feet 9 inches in length. Each of these buildings has a small window in the centre, to the east; the walls are 3 feet thick, and both measure 12 feet in height." And again, at the conclusion of his description, he adds—"Indeed the walls of the double building are separated from those of the larger, and although undoubtedly very ancient, yet the inferiority of the materials and workmanship evidently shows that this work was posterior to the former, and directed by much less skilful builders" (Monasticon Hibernicum, p. 725). Respecting the latter passage of the foregoing extract, Petrie has again attributed it to "the artist sent by Colonel Burton Conyngham in 1779," although Archdall makes no acknowledgment thereof. However, in O'Donovan's Letters on Glendalough may be seen a drawing of the Chancel as well as the Sacristy. I believe it was done by Mr. Wakeman, who thinks it was from a drawing by Dr. Petrie.

Perhaps if sufficient excavations were made, the foundation of this chancel might be discovered; but heretofore

I have generally found Archdall very correct in his measurements. Opposite the south-eastern end of Kevin's Church there is a large collection of stones piled together, probably done at the time the church was cleared out for public service. Within the building we observe the walls smoothly plaistered. Its dimensions are as originally stated by Archdall. The roof is curved, and its height from the present ground nearly 21 feet. Partial apertures exist near the spring of the arch on each side, probably for beams, so that it is most likely the original building was in its time flat-ceiled. The remains of a sculptured cross and a rude oval font, carried there for security, can be seen at the western end. The cross formerly rested at the stepping stones.

What a pity it is that some of our learned artists of the present day have never made an effort to produce, on either paper or canvass, an idea of the perfect state of some of the interiors of our early Irish churches. Surely their efforts, if at all worthy, would meet with pecuniary as well as archæological reward.

Looking upwards towards the western end of the arched roof, may be seen a small square aperture leading into the croft, and between that and the western wall three holes apparently for the transmission of bell-ropes. Into that aperture I have recently, on more than one occasion, gained access by means of a long, but not very secure ladder, and have carefully examined the croft and the interior of the Round Tower, with the following results, as they then appeared to my mind.

Gaining access through this small aperture into the croft, one perceives it to be a low arched chamber 22 feet 9 inches long, and 5 feet 3 inches in height, and 5 feet 6 inches wide. The floor is at present covered with fine clay probably the accumulation of dust blown in there for centuries. It is lighted by a small square-headed aperture in the eastern gable, not splayed, and likewise by transmitted light through the door of the Round Tower belfry. Whoever measured and reported on this chamber, for Dr. Petrie, led him into the error of stating that it was "lighted by two small oblong loops, placed one at the east, and the other at the west end," the latter being an

impossibility—and likewise that the height of the croft from the floor of the arch over the church to the crown of its own arch was "seven feet six inches." The lower side portions of this croft are formed by the projecting stones of the roof, and the upper part (about two-thirds) is well rounded and smoothly coated, a couple of inches thick, with intensely hard cement, so as to be impenetrable to wet. Such is the croft in the roof of St. Kevin's Church at this day—evidently an *architectural necessity* to lighten the superstructure of the heavy stone roof—pitched high in order to provide space for these two arches, of which it formed the outer casing. In fact such a roof could not have been constructed otherwise. The outer roof stones are laid on the flat and were well mortared and grouted.

That this croft (and perhaps others also) was ever intended as a habitable apartment, I cannot admit. If St. Kevin, who it is said died in 618, was alive when this church was built, it must have been weary work for him, either as a penance, or for security, or for meditation, to climb up and down upwards of 20 feet daily into this cell! When timber roofing was first introduced into our Irish churches it is now difficult to determine, as neither antiquaries nor artists have expressed an opinion on the subject.

Passing westwards through the croft we get into the Round Tower belfry, by a square-headed doorway 5 feet high, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and so deeply splayed toward the croft, that it is there only 1 foot 6 inches internally. This turret, which is very rudely constructed internally, is a most interesting structure; it stands partly on the gable and partly on the floor of the arched ceiling of the church; its base is about on a level with the croft, and it is 25 feet high internally.[1] That it was part and parcel of the original building, no one who had ever got into it could deny. It is with great diffidence I offer an opinion contrary to that of the learned author of the "Round Towers;" but I cannot believe with him that St. Kevin's House, or "Kitchen" as it is called, was *originally* built for, and occupied as a dwelling—its croft

[1] The foregoing measurements very closely agree with those of Mr. R. R. Brash, published in the *Irish Builder* for 1878.

in particular—and that when it was subsequently "converted to a place of public worship," this tower was reared on the gable, arch and roof, and that it is contemporaneous with the chancel and sacristy subsequently erected at the east end.

The original Irish church was a simple oblong building, entered by a square-headed western doorway with sloping jambs—massive, grand, and generally undecorated —the roof arched internally, and then with a high pitch covered in by stones, laid flat, bevelled on the outside, each line of masonry projecting inwards like that at New Grange, and in similar Pagan structures. The building was lighted by a small semicircular-headed and deeply splayed window in the eastern gable, and sometimes by an additional angle-headed one in the side wall, usually the south. Subsequently, at different periods, when a chancel came into fashion in ecclesiastical architecture, the old church I have here described was left standing; but either the east gable was removed or an aperture was made in it for the chancel and its arch (always smaller than the nave); and in process of time the side door, generally towards the west end of the southern wall, and with a round and often decorated arch, was inserted. This tallies with some of the buildings at Glendalough, as well as many elsewhere, but it does not account for the erection and probable date of the Round Tower belfry at St. Kevin's Church.

Glancing upwards, as we stand within the Tower (a windy locality I can assure my readers), we find that at 11 feet from the ground there is a set-off in the wall, and another 3 feet 6 inches above that, over which there is a third space 2 feet 4 inches high, and then the Tower narrows into a conical roof, with the stones projecting inwards in a rude fashion, exactly as they are in New Grange and elsewhere, after the manner of a beehive dome. The four top apertures in this Tower are very large, and in proportion much more so than any other structure of a like character. Certainly, they would transmit the sound of a bell better than any which I have seen. I was not able to discover any trace of bell-hangings, although I have little doubt that such formerly existed between the floor of the first set-off and the top of the Tower.

In the ceiling of the church, and immediately beneath the door of the Round Tower, we observed the three apertures already referred to at page 120, and which were probably bell-rope holes. At present, however, a stick will not pass completely through ; it appears to be stopped by a removeable flag over their upper entrance.

Passing southwards, across the Glendalough stream, we observe the " Deer-Stone," a conical boulder, with a cup-like and evidently artificial excavation at the top, and surrounded by several large blocks of stone, on the mountain side. To me this group has always appeared to have been a primitive baptistry ; but the following pleasing legend is told of it :—St. Kevin found an orphan infant, left by a beautiful mother in the Glen, and carried it downwards to the Deer-Stone, not knowing how to procure it sustenance. Shortly, a beautiful white doe appeared, and then, and for long after, was milked daily into the Deer-Stone ; and thus the child was nourished. There is another pleasing legend told in the lives of St. Kevin of a white cow, but it does not concern the special object of this investigation.

To the N. W. of the cathedral, but outside the line of the great cashel, which enclosed the ruins as they now stand, a group of trees, chiefly ancient thorns, point to where the " Lady Church" stands. To those who have the hardihood to clamber over its outer enclosure, and risk the loose stones and thorns therein, it is well worthy of inspection ; but, until some clearance is made of both stones and trees it is not possible to give anything like a faithful description of it, or its measurements with accuracy. It really behoves the Mining Company, or the Commissioners of Church Temporalities, to expose to view this ancient structure without delay. Petrie was of opinion that this building was the first church erected by St. Kevin within the precincts of the city in the lower [middle] part of the valley, " that now popularly called the Lady Church, in which his tomb remained within the last century." The former is very questionable ; and, furthermore, that learned author has, on a previous page of his work, given an extract from Ware's Bishops, to the effect that St. Kevin " having dwelt in solitude for four years in the upper part of the valley, his monks erected for him a beautiful Church

called Disert-Cavghin, on the south side of the upper lake, and between it and the mountain"—evidently the architecture of the Reafert is fully as old as that of the Lady Church. Archdall, writing sixty years before the publication of the "Round Towers," says this church was then "almost a ruin; but from the doorway, and the few remains of wall, it appears to have been built with more knowledge of the art than the other buildings." He then goes on to describe with accuracy the dimensions of the doorway and the cross on its souffet, &c., &c.

Passing upwards through the valley, we observe several boundary crosses, rude, but in their sculpture highly characteristic of the special Glendalough cross, of which a type can be found at *Teampul na Skellig*, marked by semicircular lines at the outer junctions of the shaft and arms (see page 128, *infra*).

Crossing over the small bridge that spans the river which connects the two lakes, we arrive at the comfortable hostelry of Lugduff, where Mr. Dawson, the proprietor, will conduct tourists to the Reafert, which is immediately behind the hotel, and will likewise supply boats, &c. Two months back from the time at which I write (September, 1873), the tourist was conducted a short way up the side of the hill, over a rudely paved causeway, to a heap of stones, among which some ancient ash trees, of great size, grew; and the whole mass was crowned by a dense copse. The only evidences of what the structure beneath this heap may have been, to the ordinary eye, consisted in the grand square-headed cyclopean doorway at the western end; and, scattered around the outside of the ruins, the steps or bases of several crosses, some of great size; and, also, fragments of the middle or sculptured portions of the crosses themselves, chiefly made of the mica slate of the district; and all characterised by the Glendalough mark of intertwined ornamentation, and the sunken indentations already referred to. Petrie has, in the "Round Towers," at p. 263, delineated one of these crosses, which, I am happy to say, still remains. In the days of Beranger, the Reafert or Reefert was called "Prince's Church." Archdall says, "The Rhefeart, literally the Sepulchre of Kings, is famous for having seven princes interred within its limits;

in this church is the tomb of M'Mthuil, or O'Toole, the ancient chieftain of the country, with the following inscription, in the Irish character: *Jesus Christ. Mile deach-feuch corp re Mac Mthuil.* — See here the resting-place of the body of King M'Thuill, who died in Christ, 1010." This has been quoted by Ledwich, who has given, without any description, something like what the tomb may have been as drawn by Beauford, with some "Greek characters" upon it. This may have been the tomb of which Beranger wrote—"Digged under a stone with Greek characters, but found nothing." These remarks refer to what was popularly known as the tomb of King O'Toole, and which formerly lay outside the S. E. angle of the nave, which it is said either curiosity hunters stole, or the guides disposed of, bit by bit, many years ago. At present no vestige of it remains. To the kindness of Miss Stokes I am indebted for the following account of this inscription, from Petrie's notes and drawings—"*Or do Corpre Mac Cathail.*"—"Pray for Corpre, son of Cathail." And in a note Petrie adds: "In the Reafert Church there are a great number of sepulchral crosses, of a small size, standing on pedestals. They are of mica slate, and are rudely sculptured, without inscriptions. There are also several large flat tombs; but they are not inscribed, with the exception of that called 'O'Toole's Tomb.' The church is surrounded by a wall [cashel], a good deal of which yet remains, and a vaulted passage led from the interior of the cemetery to the door of the church." This was written upwards of forty years ago.

With the permission of the proprietors, and the gratuitous assistance of the miners, after their day's work, we have been able to remove all the large trees that threatened the utter demolition of this interesting ruin, and also, to clear out fully the chancel and nave, and we hope in time to place all the sculptured crosses within the latter, and to expose the ancient cashel, or surrounding enclosure, the southern portion of which abuts upon the hill. The grand western doorway, still complete, is 6 feet 4 inches high, 2 feet 7 inches wide at top, and 2 feet 8 inches at bottom, and the wall thereof is 2 feet 10½ inches thick. It has been figured by Petrie. The nave, as now exposed, is 29 feet 2 inches long in the clear, by 17 feet 2 inches wide.

The chancel is 13 feet 1 inch long by 8 feet wide. The arch has long since fallen, but several of the stones which formed it have been discovered, and a portion of it at least may be re-erected, when sufficient material has been excavated, so as to show its proportions.

According to my view, what is required for our ruins now, is *preservation*, not restoration; and I trust that idea will be entertained by those into whose hands—either local or general—the care of these national monuments may be entrusted.

O'Donovan has given a lengthened and faithful description of the Reafert Church, and also a quotation from Petrie's notes somewhat similar to that already quoted at p. 125, but with this addition—"there was a window in the south wall, now reduced to a formless breach." I think some of the stones of that window will be discovered in process of our excavations. O'Donovan likewise says, that in this church were formerly preserved the "loaf-stones" referred to in some of the lives of the saint, who, having discovered a woman in a lie, turned the loaves she was carrying into smooth, oval or egg-shaped stones. Some of these, with rude carvings upon them, may be seen in many of our oldest churches, especially in the islands of Aran, and are much venerated by the peasantry; a few such may be seen in the Irish Academy, under the name of "altar stones" (see "Catalogue," part II., page 131). He has likewise left on record the following:—"King O'Toole's tomb-stone, which is near the south wall, exhibits a sculptured cross; but the inscription was recently broken off by the guide, who was in the habit of breaking off bits of this stone, to give travellers for relics!" We must therefore suppose that the letters were in raised character; and I confess I have my doubts respecting the spoliation of this monument: but the foregoing and the following notes show with what difficulty the modern antiquary can collect evidence respecting the past, and collate and compare authorities on any such subject. O'Donovan says the O'Tooles were not buried in Glendalough, and that their country lay altogether in Kildare; and he adds, "this inscription is now totally effaced. But from Ledwich's published representation of the stone, and a careful drawing of the inscription made by Mr. Petrie,

many years since, I can very easily see that it was simply as follows :—

ŌR DO CARPRE MAC CATHUIL

ORATIO PRO CARPREO FILIO CATHALDI.

"This is all of this inscription copied by Mr. Petrie, but Ledwich has another word coming before Carpre thus—MXHFS Cappie Mac Cathuil; but this word is not intelligible, at least in the form in which it is engraved by Ledwich, and I fear that no other copy can be had." The tomb-stone, as presented in Ledwich's book, is a flat, oblong, quandrangular flag, with a cross, branching in the middle, having a central boss, and half circles at the extremities of the shaft and arms. Some of the letters are not Irish, perhaps from the artist who drew it not understanding the language; the latter portion of the inscription is quite distinct. We hope to be able to preserve, and perhaps to re-erect, some of the many sculptured crosses upon their pedestals; and we must trust to the improved state of society, the good feeling of tourists, and the honour of the guides, for their future preservation. It is related in the life of St. Kevin that the *Reigh-feart*, or Royal Cemetery Church, was built by St. Kevin by direction of an angel who appeared to him in a vision. During the excavations, part of a cast bronze hand-bell was discovered, a fragment of an iron spear, and some other portions of metal work, and a polished fragment of green stone like scagliola—probably a portion of the altar. Professor Haughton has pronounced it to be a piece of that most rare and precious green porphyry found at Lambay, Co. Dublin. On the mountain side above this church some stones mark the site of what is called "St. Kevin's Chair."

Taking boat, we row up the southern side of the upper lake, and pass by the square and apparently artificially constructed aperture in the face of the rock, known as St. Kevin's Bed, and from which, according to the tales and songs, he retired occasionally from the world, and from which it is said he threw down the beautiful Cathleen, who came to tempt him from his solitude. The tale, however, is differently told in the life of Kevin, as detailed in the Codex Kilkenniensis, where it states that

tourists.

ır aquatic progress westward, we arrive beach, above which, amidst the luxuriant pped by the verdant copse of the glorious ı behind, we perceive a heap of stones. em, we reach the remains of Teampul-na-·Kevin, the most western church at Glen- to have been the earliest place of worship his Church of the Rock, or of the Desert, el with the ground ; but, as it does not ining Company, and has not been in- ıny conservators of national monuments, I hope to be able, upon some future occa- h excavations as will bring the founda- primitive structure into view.

›f a doorway at the western end leads into assage, which ends in the remains of a ıg to such measure- e recently made, this :et long, and 16 feet .e eastern end, I lately :mains of a curious ; to me typical of all ılley of Glendalough, special characteristics :nted, but clearly de- ; of a central boss, :s at the junction of cross and arms, as :ompanying sketch, drawn by my son, le.

Cross at Dysert-Kevin.

led the task as a commentator upon

Beranger, and observer of the present day, one cannot leave the locality without inserting the following graphic passage with which Archdall concludes his description:—

"We shall now bid adieu to this illustrious seminary, which (in the language of a late eminent writer) was once the luminary of the western world, whence savage septs and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. The romantic shape of the surrounding mountains, many of which are covered with a fresh spring of wood, and others, though of a surprising height, retaining the loveliest verdure almost throughout the year—these, added to the winding form of a very fertile valley, which terminates in a lake of considerable extent, increase our veneration; in a word, on a review of such a scene, to abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from us and from our friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom or by virtue. That man is little to be envied whose piety will not grow warmer as he treads the ruins of Glendalough!"

The vale of Glendalough, from the west end of the Upper Lake to the Monastery Church, is about two miles long, and is situated in the barony of Ballinacor north, and the parish of Derrylossery, the latter containing a population of 3192 persons, according to the Census of 1871. The Irish language has nearly died out in the county Wicklow. In 1861, there were only one hundred and eighty-two Irish-speaking persons in the entire district. In 1871, there were but ninety-four, of whom five could speak Irish only. Of the foregoing number, twelve who spoke English and Irish were returned from the barony of Ballinacor north.

Those who are anxious to know more of the history of Glendalough should, in addition to the authorities already quoted, examine the Index to O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

CONCLUDING PORTION

OF

THE MEMOIR

OF

GABRIEL BERANGER.

BY

LADY WILDE.

REPRINTED FROM THE "KILKENNY ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL."

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GABRIEL BERANGER.

CONTINUED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY LADY WILDE.

It is a sad office to take up the pen fallen from the pale cold hand of the dead, and endeavour, through all the discouraging consciousness of insufficient knowledge, to complete the book left unfinished by a well-trained writer, perfectly learned in all the details of the subject in hand, and whose opinions had weight and authority, as being the result of acute and accurate observation, guided by a wide experience, and the varied culture derived both from books and from extended travel. Such a writer, in the fullest sense, was Sir William Wilde. There was probably no man of his generation more versed in our national literature, in all that concerned the land and the people, the arts, architecture, topography, statistics, and even the legends of the country; but, above all, in his favourite department, the descriptive illustration of Ireland, past and present, in historic and pre-historic times, he has justly gained a wide reputation as one of the most learned and accurate, and at the same time one of the most popular writers of the age on Irish subjects. For Sir William was no visionary theorist—no mere compiler from the labours of other men. His singularly penetrating intellect tested scrupulously everything that came before him, yet with such clear and rapid insight that nothing seemed laborious to his active and vivid intellect. His convictions were the product of calm rational investigation, and facts, not theories, always formed the basis of his teaching. Therefore, in the misty cloudland of Irish antiquities he may especially be looked upon as a safe and steadfast guide. His ardent and inquiring spirit made him spare no labour to ascertain the truth, and he never

affirmed until he had proved. For these reasons his works and numerous essays on Irish subjects have a permanent value, and will always hold a place in literature as sure and reliable authorities.

When engaged on any subject he gathered knowledge from every source, ancient and modern—from history and tradition—and having sifted all for the truth, he treated the matter exhaustively, and left nothing to be supplied or added by any other writer that might follow his footsteps on the same line of ground.

Thus, in "The Boyne" and "Lough Corrib" the subject is treated with a minuteness and fidelity that make these volumes indispensable to the tourist or antiquary, who would wish to study with a learned and competent guide all the wonderful monuments, Pagan and historic, of these most interesting regions. Sir William himself visited every locality he describes, assisted in the measurements, and suggested the best points of view for the illustrations.

Yet he was no dry and formal writer. His love of the antique past was an enthusiasm, and all that is strange and beautiful in the ancient art and architecture of Ireland touched him deeply. He had, besides, a vivid sensibility to the picturesque in Nature, while his intense love for the old customs, the old legends, and the old songs, in the language of the people amongst whom he had passed his boyhood, was almost pathetic in its tenderness, and gave a warm human glow to all he wrote, even about the far-off Pagan ages, and the shadowy heroes of the ancient battle-grounds.

Year by year, as civilisation advances, and progress rushes along in the line of the iron groove, the aspect of the land will change, the sacred ruins will fall to dust, the old traditions will fade from the minds and hearts of the new generation; but the national lore and memorials of the mystic past to be found in his pages, and in the works of men like him, who have worked with loving zeal for the illustration of our national history, will remain a precious treasure to the country, and one whose value will even increase with time, according as the

ancient monuments, legends, and language of the people fall into oblivion, ruined, forgotten, and extinct.

But it was not alone in the department of national antiquities that Sir William's mental energy was exerted. Whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might, and this energy, that nothing could weary or exhaust, was the secret of his success in all he undertook. The numerous biographies of eminent medical men and others that he contributed to periodical literature, his essay on Swift's closing years, his book of Eastern travels, and many other works, have all genuine originality and vital power, as is proved by their popularity up to the present time.

But the most laborious work of his life was in connexion with the Irish Census, extending over a period of thirty years. During the three decades in which he was employed by Government on the Census in an official capacity he organised the system, in conjunction with his distinguished colleague, Colonel, now General Sir Thomas Larcom, in a more perfect manner than ever had been known before in Ireland. That great and splendid contribution to statistical, medical, and historic literature, "The Status of Disease," was included in the Census volume for 1851. It is a monument of labour and learning, such as never before had been given to the State, and no other nation has included anything of equal value in their Census Reports.

In this singularly interesting and comprehensive volume he has collected from tradition and history the details of all the epidemics and maladies that swept over Ireland from the earliest period, with an account of all the atmospheric changes and phenomena that preceded or accompanied them, as noted by the old chroniclers, whose assertions have since, in many instances, been curiously verified by the scientific method known as *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates.*

This volume, like almost all others written by Sir William, is certain to hold a permanent place in literature. It is a treasure-house of facts for all future writers on medical history, and full of rare and recondite infor-

mation, especially on the epidemics and mania that prevailed in Europe during the Middle Ages with such weird and strange manifestations.

As another proof of the remarkable Ἐνέργεια ψυχῆς that characterised Sir William, it may be noted that while engaged on his great and favourite work, "The Catalogue and History of Irish Antiquities in the Royal Irish Academy," he visited all the chief Museums of Northern Europe, in order to prepare himself fully for the task—an undertaking no Irish antiquarian had before accomplished. He there studied the relation between the remarkable pre-historic remains found in such profusion throughout Denmark, Sweden, and the south of Norway, and those which are strewn so thickly over the soil of Ireland; and while, in company with the chief savants of Sweden, who had been invited to meet him by the distinguished Baron Von Kraemar, then Viceroy of Upsala, he drained the horn of mead at the great mounds of Thor, Odin, and Freya, at *Gamle Upsala*, he may have fancied himself once again at the Boyne, by the tombs of the ancient kings he has described so well, from the striking similarity of the scene and the monuments.

It was chiefly from the study of the cognate tools, ornaments, weapons, and other remains in the magnificent collections of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Berlin, and other places of less note, but of high importance to the ethnologist, that he arrived at those strong and definite views respecting the origin, habits and arts of the ancient Irish which have now been fully accepted by all antiquarians.

The publication of the Catalogue of the Academy at once attracted immense attention. It was the first time that the entire subject of Irish antiquities was placed in a full, rational, and comprehensive manner before the world; and Sir William had the gratification of finding it accepted by all the leading archæologists of Europe, as the highest authority on the early and pre-historic races of Ireland. In the able review of the Catalogue which appeared in the Journal of the Kilkenny and South East of Ireland Society for January, 1859, from the

pen of the learned Editor, it was pronounced to be "the only scientifically catalogued Museum of Antiquities in the British Isles"; and Mr. Digby Wyatt, when presenting a copy to the Royal Institute of British Architects, said in his address that it was "one of the most important contributions ever yet made to the complete illustration of the early art and ethnography of Ireland."

When Sir William began his labours at the Academy, the so-called "Museum of Antiquities" was but a mass of mute, incoherent symbols that told no story and formed no intelligible word. Irish history up to that period was little more than a vain and bewildering babble of learning, the product of tortured etymologies, as taught by Vallancey, O'Brien, Ledwich, Sir William Betham, and others of the theoretic school; but out of the changeless alphabet of stone that lay around him, which knows no mutation, he formed words, and each word revealed a race and a history. By his organizing power he made the mute symbols to speak and yield up the secrets of thirty centuries, and in his hands the rudest implement had its value as helping to unveil the hidden life of those mysterious old-world races who, having swept over Europe three thousand years ago, found their last resting-place in this far Western land, by the shores of the ocean beyond which, to them, progression was impossible; and here, upon the stupendous cliffs of Arran they built their last forts, erected their last altars, and found their final graves—the silent races of humanity who have left no name, no word, no written sign to mark their passage across the primal world—nothing but the rude stone tools, the cromleach, the mound, the pillar-stone, and the mysterious chambers of the dead.

The task of arranging and classifying the collection of antiquities was undertaken suddenly, when the meeting of the British Association for 1859 was announced to be held in Dublin. Every one felt that it would be a disgrace to the country, if the finest Celtic collection in the world were allowed to be seen by the learned of Europe in its then neglected desolation. But Sir

William's energy saved the Academy from this reproach. He at once offered his services generously and gratuitously, and in a few months he accomplished the toil of years. Confusion was changed to order; the dead symbols woke to life, and the rare treasures of antiquities which Ireland contained were made known to the world. A new page of primitive history was unrolled which had an interest for all Europe. The succession of races in Ireland and their kinship with the other early races that had passed along the shores of the Mediterranean, and the lines of the great rivers, and through the central forests of Germany, was a subject that excited intense interest on the Continent amongst the ethnologists and philologists.

Sir William was also the first to direct attention to the *Crannoges* or lake-dwellings of the early people; and his essay on the subject gave the impetus to the works of Ferdinand Keller and others on the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. The learned and lamented Professor Troyon of Geneva came over purposely to study the subject of Irish Crannoges, and agreed in Sir William's views that the Swiss and Irish builders were of the same race, but that the Swiss *Pfahbbauten* were the work of a ruder people in a less advanced state of civilization than the Irish; and thus the scientific antiquary marks out the stepping-stones of the nations on the surface of the world, and tracks their progress and their kinship by their creed and their culture, their altars and their tombs.

Many other distinguished men visited Ireland about that time. M. Boucher de Perthes, the celebrated antiquary of Abbeville, came over to investigate the markings on our ancient buildings, to see if there were any that could support his strange and peculiar theory—that they were portraits in profile of the earlier inhabitants of the country. Professor Nilsson came from Lund, and studied carefully the primitive remains on which his own researches and learned essays had thrown so much light; and the late Emperor Napoleon, who had projected a magnificent work on Celtic antiquities, sent

over a special commissioner to examine and report on the unique specimens to be found in Ireland, especially of gold—no country in Europe possessing so many costly and beautiful Celtic ornaments in the precious metal as Ireland.

The learned Abbé Domènech was also amongst the visitors, the author of several important works on Mexico, where he resided many years, and whither he returned with the fated Maximilian, and the then bright and brilliant Empress Charlotte, as head of a commission, which they had projected for the study of Mexican antiquities. All this intercourse with the learned of other nations was of infinite use to our Irish ethnologists; new lines of investigation were opened out; new theories were suggested, and new analogies discovered.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland, Sir William had the honour of conducting the Prince over the Museum of the Academy, when his Royal Highness expressed himself greatly interested, and evinced an amount of knowledge on Celtic antiquities that amazed and delighted Sir William. The Prince recognised many of the objects at once, and their uses, and compared them with similar articles in the Copenhagen Museum, which, he said, he had studied under the guidance of the late celebrated Professor Thomsen.

All Europe knew that charming and distinguished old man, the head of the Museum at Copenhagen, who was treated as a valued friend by the Royal Family of Denmark, and adored by the people. He had resisted all entreaties to have his portrait painted: he said he was too old, too ugly, and had no time; but the Prince informed Sir William that, at last, he had prevailed on him to allow a photograph to be taken; and so, for the only likeness in existence of the venerable and eminent Professor Thomsen, the world is indebted to the kind and gracious insistance of the Prince of Wales.

The immense amount of correspondence that poured in to Sir William after the publication of the Catalogue, from all quarters, abroad and at home, was full of

interest and appreciation; and he received from the chief learned societies of Europe all the complimentary honors that it was in their power to bestow; but, unhappily for antiquarian science, the book so successfully begun was not continued. Sir William published three parts, all copiously illustrated, including the stone and bronze periods, and a full description of the gold ornaments in the Academy, to which, from their beauty and importance, a separate volume was devoted. He then prepared and fully completed an extensive treatise on the silver, the iron, and the ecclesiastical remains in the Museum, with an accurate registration of every article in these departments; and, finally, he had an admirable and perfect Index made for the whole work, in which nothing was omitted or forgotten.

All these exist in manuscript, and have been lying so for years, ready for the printer's hand; yet they still remain unpublished, although fourteen years have elapsed since the publication of the third part—that concerning the gold. The Academy had, indeed, existed for nearly a century without a Catalogue or registration of the treasures of the Museum; but when the work was at last begun, and that Sir William's energy and knowledge were ready to supply the deficiency, it is difficult to understand the apathy which could allow such a work to remain uncompleted.

This apathy of the Academy, towards a national undertaking upon which Sir William had lavished so much of his life, deeply pained and grieved him. In a letter addressed to the Council in 1859, commenting on their then recent resolution that "all works whatsoever connected with the second part of the Catalogue should be stopped," he says with truth, "Had I known the amount of physical and mental labour which I was to go through when I undertook the Catalogue, I would not have considered it just to myself to have done it; for I may fairly say, that it has been done at the risk of my life."

The resolution of Council to stop the Catalogue, appears to have been caused by want of funds for the completion of the work. After this a subscription was

opened amongst the members, to obtain sufficient to defray the expenses of printing and illustration. But even this proposal was coldly received by a large section of the Academy, who took no interest whatever in national antiquities. When the resolution to open a subscription was first put by the Chairman, it was moved—"That the Academy do now adjourn," and a division having taken place, the Chairman declared that the amendment had been carried, and the Academy adjourned accordingly.

The necessary funds were, however, at last collected to continue Parts II. and III., Sir William contributing largely, with his usual liberality towards all national objects; but there the work stopped, whether from want of funds or want of interest amongst the members of the Academy, it is difficult to say. The subsequent disarrangement and disorganisation of the Museum, in order to increase the space for the Library, intensified Sir William's bitter disappointment and regret. All he had done was subverted, and the connexion between the Museum and the Catalogue was destroyed, though, as a history of Irish antiquities, it must always retain an independent value. And thus it happened, that vexed, wearied, and dispirited, he laid aside the manuscript that would have been the completion of a great national work, and never again resumed the subject.

It is hard to say where the fault lay—whether it was indifference on the part of the Academy to the splendid collection entrusted to their care, or the result of that parsimony which chills and withers all Irish projects, from the poverty of our institutions, and the small support given by Government to national objects in Ireland. But the fatal result has been, that the Catalogue, begun so ably twenty years ago, and carried on through three parts, including the most obscure period of Irish history, with immense labour, trouble, and research, will most probably remain for ever uncompleted. Few have the requisite ability and knowledge, or would be found willing to lavish time and money, with Sir William's unselfish prodigality, on so arduous and exhausting a task. Besides, much that was necessary to

its completion, all the precious lore that Sir William had collected through his immense correspondence, both home and foreign, has gone down to the grave with him. No one has even attempted a completion of his work; the Catalogue is still without an Index; many of the articles in the collection remain unregistered, and the Museum is fast retrograding to that state of chaotic incoherence from which it was rescued for a time by his talent, energy, and singular amount of accurate antiquarian knowledge.

Sir William has left also other works in manuscript—at least fragments of works—on subjects of great interest, such as "A History of Irish Medicine," with a comparison between the medical knowledge of the ancient Irish and that of other European nations at the same period, and thus tracing the kinship of races through their medical superstitions and identity of treatment in disease.

A second volume of "Irish Fairy Lore" was also begun, and a vast amount of material collected from all parts of the country, many of the strange wild tales being graphically narrated by some eye-witness of evidently intense faith, and forwarded to Sir William by the believing narrator; and on general antiquarian matters an immense quantity of manuscript and correspondence exists, in every line of which there is an interest which makes them worth preserving. But who will now finish these half-written works? Who is ever able to take up with the necessary care and precision the threads of another's life-labours, and continue to weave the warp and woof as he would have woven it, fulfilling the idea with all the individuality of thought and form that gave life and colour to his work?

Sir William had unusual gifts and facilities for acquiring knowledge on all subjects upon which he wrote; a marvellous memory that no lapse of years seemed to deaden; and a remarkable power of utilising all he saw and heard. He had also a wide acquaintance with all classes of the community throughout the country, who were ever ready, and courteously willing, to give him the information he required. By the pea-

santry he was peculiarly loved and trusted, for he had brought back joy and hope to many households. How gratefully they remembered his professional skill, always so generously given; and how, in the remote country districts, he would often cross moor and mountain at the summons of some poor sufferer, who believed with simple faith that the *Docteur mor* (the great Doctor, as they called him) would certainly restore the blessed light of heaven to blind-struck eyes. In return, they were ever glad to aid him in his search for antiquities, and to him came many objects from the peasant class for his inspection and opinion—a fragment of a torque or a circlet; an antique ring or coin—and in this way many valuable relics were saved from loss, and given over to the Academy's Museum.

Amongst the immense mass of correspondence addressed to Sir William—a perfect library of curious lore, stories of "finds," and legends of battle-fields—no letters are more interesting, or show more intelligence, than those from the peasant class, enclosing some curious specimen of antique work, or giving him the information he had asked for respecting some ancient mound or rath, or battle plain. These letters, with their half oriental courtesy of address, the earnest interest shown in the subject, and the evident pride in the idea that they were helping to glorify Ireland, have a simple and singular beauty, which could only be the product of the earnest, deferential, believing, half-poet nature of the genuine Irish peasant. But the race that knew and told all those things best is rapidly passing westward across the great ocean; the tales and legends are fast fading away, and the acute, organising mind that could have transmuted them all to science is with us no more.

The last publication on which Sir William was engaged was the "Memoir of Gabriel Beranger," of which four parts had already been printed He took great pleasure in the work, and it was his chief recreation after the fatigues of professional life.

The French vivacity and Dutch precision of the genial foreign artist seemed to have great attractions for

him, and he spared no pains to supplement Beranger's manuscript with his own knowledge and experience, so that he might be able satisfactorily to complete the Memoir. The last excursion he ever undertook was to Glendalough, to verify Beranger's statements, and to note the changes that had fallen on the holy ruins during the century which had elapsed since the artist sketched them.

The visit to Glendalough formed the fourth and last portion of Beranger's notes of travel edited by Sir William. He had commenced the fifth and final portion of the artist's MS., the description of a tour through Wicklow, Wexford, and northward to Drogheda, and had even revised some of the proofs, when the languor and lassitude of failing health interrupted the work. But he often alluded to it during those last sad days, with the expression of anxious hope that when he was stronger the work would be completed. But that day of renewed strength never was vouchsafed to him. The weakness and the lassitude increased day by day, until finally all mental labour had to be given up, and the stillness of death fell at last on the warm heart, the vigorous brain, and the energetic mind, that never through life had seemed to know weariness when the object was the good of humanity, or the advancement of Ireland, the illustration of the past history, or the material and intellectual progress in the future, of the Country he loved and served so well.

So long a time has elapsed since the first portion of Beranger's Memoirs was commenced, in January, 1870, and the last portion which appeared from Sir William's pen in July, 1873, that it may be well to recal some of the circumstances connected with the subject.

More than a century ago Beranger, a foreign artist, half French, half Dutch, settled in Dublin, and by his intellectual gifts, of which he has left abundant evidence, attracted the notice of the leading men of that day, who took so warm an interest in Irish history, and promoted the study of national records and remains with such

splendid liberality. The theories they advanced may be questioned and their dogmas confuted, but the amount of learning amassed by these men, and given to the world in their earnest efforts to elucidate the mysteries of Irish antiquity, has proved a mine of wealth to succeeding investigations.

Amongst Beranger's chief friends were the celebrated General Vallancey, and that munificent patron of Irish art, the Hon. Burton Conyngham. By these gentlemen he was employed to take sketches of the principal antiquarian remains in Ireland; and in furtherance of this object he and the Italian artist Bigari, many of whose beautiful and admirable sketches will be found in Grose's Antiquities, made excursions north and south in search of the antique and the picturesque, and sketched abbeys, castles, cromleachs, forts, mounds and ruins as they journeyed on.

The details of these journeys, written with clever vivacity and considerable knowledge of Irish subjects and Irish writers, were left by Beranger in a large bound MS. volume, arranged with great precision, neatness and care, evidently with the intention of publication. He also left two large volumes of water-colour sketches, and three or more smaller volumes of sketches, with written descriptions of each building appended to the volumes. These sketches are of great interest now, as showing the architectural condition of Ireland a hundred years ago; for since then many of the finest and most beautiful castles have become deserted, and the abbeys have fallen to ruins or totally disappeared through the wear of time, and the active agency of vandalic ignorance or national neglect. Beranger's paintings are generally admirable in effect, clear in outline, and still vivid in colour, but somewhat harsh in treatment—more like mosaic than painting.

Occasionally dramatic accessories are introduced, the figures of the artist himself and his friend Bigari; or gentlemen in the long-skirted scarlet coat, and ladies with the slim trailing gowns and the large hats and feathers of the period; peasant women also, in the red

petticoat, blue over-skirt, and white headkerchief, such as can be seen in the west in the present day, and which costume has probably remained unchanged in Ireland for centuries. These figures give life and spirit to Beranger's sketches. He also introduces animals frequently, but they are of a deplorable kind, quite unworthy of modern cattle shows and competition prizes.

To the written account of his journeys through the country we are indebted for many pleasant glimpses at Irish life a century ago, when it seems to have been bright, gay, and luxurious; wealthy and aristocratic in its environments, and magnificent in the old lordly style of feudal hospitality; altogether in strong contrast to its present aspect. We find noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank in the country everywhere receiving the artists with graceful, generous kindness; carriages, horses, boats, were placed at their service. At the entertainment that followed, distinguished guests were invited to meet them, who, in their turn, proffered willing aid to assist the artists in the object of their mission; and the evening closed with music, dancing, and the refinements of intellectual society. It is expressly recorded in the journal that Signor Bigari, an excellent dancer, danced a minuet with Miss Browne, daughter of Sir John Browne (Lord Kilmaine) of the Neal, on one of the large limestone flags in the demesne, which are amongst the curiosities of the county Mayo. Lord Altamont had a cromleach opened for them; at Florence Court they were entertained by Lord Enniskillen; at Rockingham by Lord Kingston; in Roscommon by the O'Connors and the Frenches of French Park; by the Irwins and Ormsbys of Sligo; the Talbots of Mount Talbot; Denis Kelly of Castle Kelly; and in Wexford by the Harveys, the De Rinzeys, Ogle Moore, and others. The old names and the old families are met with at every moment in the journal; and this picture of Irish society at the period shows us the manners eminently courteous, refined, and noble, and the hospitality splendid and munificent.

Those interesting materials left by Beranger, having come into the hands of Sir William Wilde, he at once

saw their value, and resolved to bring them before the public, in the hope that eventually the whole would be published—the journal and the volumes of illustrations.

In the first part of the Memoir, published by Sir William in the January number of this Journal for 1870, he gave an account of Beranger's origin and life as far as could be ascertained, and also extracts from the MS. account of the artist's first excursion in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

The second and third portions, published in April and July, 1870, give details of the tour through Ulster and Connaught. It is exceedingly interesting, full of life touches, and ably edited by Sir William, who adds all his own intimate knowledge of the province where he was born, to supplement Beranger's narrative.

The fourth part of the Memoir, published in July, 1873, contains the visit to Glendalough and the Seven Churches. In addition to the artist's description, a great deal of valuable information concerning the present state of the sacred ruins, is contributed by Sir William; and ten illustrations are added, of which he defrayed half the expense. In the Glendalough journal Beranger states: "I found a curious carved stone at Priestchurch, which escaped Mr. Burton and his company when encamped there with some gentlemen and artists, as the stone had the carving downwards."

By a singular chance, Sir William, on his last excursion to Glendalough, happened to find this very stone amongst the rubbish at Priestchurch. He brought it to Dublin, had it photographed, and a model taken of it, and it now appears amongst the illustrations to Part IV. This curious and interesting fragment of early art, which Sir William considered "the oldest sculptured stone at Glendalough, and probably the oldest incised stone in Ireland," has now been given up to the Commissioners of Antiquities, to be replaced by them in its original position, if that can be correctly ascertained.

The tour to Glendalough ended in October, 1779, when the foreign artists returned to Dublin, and we hear no more of their doings until the following year,

1780, when Beranger gives a record in his MS. note-book of a tour through Wicklow and Wexford. On this tour he was accompanied by Barralet, the artist, many of whose beautiful sketches of the abbeys and castles along this line of route, taken at the time, will be found in Grose's Antiquities, engraved from the original paintings in the Conyngham collection.

This final portion of the MS. left by Beranger is entitled: "A Tour through the Counties of Wicklow and Wexford in 1780."

Sir William had begun to edit this portion of the memoir, and had even revised a proof, but it was never published; and all the collateral information he would no doubt have supplied from his rich sources of knowledge, to supplement Beranger's narrative, is now lost to us. Still there is much to interest in Beranger's simple details of his journey, especially through a county so rich in historic associations, and so remarkable for picturesque beauty and splendid architectural remains, as Wexford. It was expressly for the purpose of making drawings of the celebrated castles and abbeys of the county Wexford that the artists undertook the excursion, by the desire of Colonel Burton Conyngham, who arranged all the details and supplied them with introductions.

The first MS. note begins:—

"September, the 27th, having received our instructions from Colonel Burton, I set out accompanied by Mr. John James Barralet, Landskip Painter, and a servant of the Colonel who spoke Irish; rain and wind; passed through Miltown, and by Dundrum and Kilgobin Castle; stopped at the Skalp, of which Mr. Barralet took a drawing, and stopped to breakfast at Enniskerry, county Wicklow; set forwards to Rathdrum; passed over a ridge of mountains, where, for several miles, no signs of habitation or cultivation were to be seen; this wild scene was heightened by the dark clouds gathering round the summits of the dreary mountains which surrounded the horizon on every side, whose colours were varying from a black purple to a deep blue. All this in concert with the storm, rain, and darkness, as well as the solitude of those regions, represented a scene awful enough to strike terror even in artists who love to study the effects of nature. I do not believe a wilder place can be found in Ireland than this spot. We arrived at Rathdrum in the dusk, situated in the county of Wicklow, twenty-five and a-half miles south from Dublin; enquired for Colonel Hayes, but were told that he was gone further up in the county; set up at an inn.

"September 28th, set out by daybreak, passed through Aghrim, six miles south-west from Rathdrum, and Tinehaly, six miles south-west from Aghrim, very mountainous country, partly wild, and partly cultivated, rain and wind in our faces; arrived at Carnew, six miles south from Tinehaly, and forty-seven south from Dublin; set up at a very good inn, went to the castle, took the plan, but could not do more, being hindered by the heavy rain.

"September 29th, got up by daylight, walked out of the town, took view and plan of the Carne; came back, and took the view of the castle; breakfasted, and set out for Rookly Lodge, county of Wexford, the seat of Thomas Derinzy, Esq.; were shown a road over Slivebonie mountain, a bad bridle road, over which never a carriage had passed; went over it walking to ease the horses, sometimes over rocks, sometimes between banks, where we were afraid the chaise could never pass through; when we were on the top the rest of the mountains seemed on a level with us, except Sugarloaf Hill, who reared his head above all. Walked down, got the high road again, mounted in our chaise, and arrived at Rookly Lodge. Mr. Derinzy being in the gout, and not visible, delivered our credentials to Mrs. Derinzy, also a letter for the Rev. Francis Turner, residing in the family; were extremely well received, and fixed our quarters here. Dined, and when almost done, arrived George Ogle, Esq., his lady, and Miss Moore, her sister, were presented to them; they set out again after eating a hasty dinner, for Bellevue, where Mr. Ogle told us he should expect us.

"September 30th, set out with Mr. Turner, his brother, and two Masters Derinzy, for Ferns, a Bishopric, and poor village at present, four miles from Rookly Lodge, and fifty-four miles south from Dublin; drew the Cathedral, Castle, &c., and returned to Rookly Lodge, rain coming home.

"October 1st, stayed at home working at our sketches, rain and wind all day. Ferns, the residence formerly of Dermot M'Morrough, King of Leinster; it was here he carried the wife of O'Rourke, King of Leinster, as related in our Connaught journal."

Here among the notes and anecdotes already referred to, Beranger quotes from Vallancey's Collectanea the legend relating to the River Slane, and says:—

"The banks on each side the river from Bellvue to Carrick Cass are shelving down towards the water. Some parts were covered with woods, others cultivated, others wild with bushes; the seats or dwellings have their grounds improved, either in lands or roads. Near Carrick ferry the grounds grow bold, rocky, and perpendicular, particularly on the north side, on which stands the castle, or rather tower, which defended the pass where now the ferry is. The south side is a high ground or hill, on the top of which are the traces of Shuane-coor. The river seems larger than the Liffey, and the height and variety of its banks are delightful."

"October 2nd, took our leave, and set out accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Turner; arrived at Enniscorthy, a borro' and post town of the county of Wexford, situated on the river Slaney, sixty miles south of Dublin; it is a pleasing town; it has a barrack for two companies of foot,

and sends two Members to Parliament. Stopped at the Rev. Mr. Nun's; went to draw the castle and plan, from whence is a pleasing prospect; returned to Mr. Nun, eat some cold roast beef, and drank some wine and water; set forward, and arrived at Bellevue, the seat of George Ogle, Esq., delightfully situated on the banks of the river Slaney, six miles from Enniscorthy.

"October 3rd, went with Mr. Ogle, the Rev. Mr. Turner, Major Derinzy, and Rev. George Miller, in his barge down the river Slaney. Took a drawing of Ferry Carrick Castle, went through the strait as far as the Bay of Wexford, which afforded a charming prospect; came back to the strait, and landed on the south side, opposite Carrick Castle; went up the hill to examine the remains of the castle built by King John, called Shane Coor, but found it all ruined, only two large pieces like two huge rocks, and the remains of a fosse round it; we re-embarked, went through the pass, and as we were threatened with a shower, we landed on the north shore, under shelter of the rocks, where Mr. Ogle ordered the cloth to be spread, and an excellent cold dinner was served up, accompanied by variety of wines and malt liquors; here we passed merily the remainder of the day, and re-embarked in the evening, hunting down a cormorant which Mr. Ogle had wounded, arrived at Bellevue, found Mrs. Ogle, her sister, and some visitors at dinner, amongst whom Captain M'Clean, of Wexford, who told us that Captain Hervey was there waiting for us, to conduct us in the Barony of Forth, and invited us to dinner on our arrival at Wexford.

"October 4th, worked at our drawings and plans, walked with Mr. Ogle over the improvements; found here the prettiest temple of the kind I had ever seen, being an octagon, adorned with niches and altars for offerings alternately.

"October 5th, took leave of the family and of Mr. Turner; got letters from Mrs. Ogle's sister (Mrs. Clifford), for her husband; set out accompanied by Rev. Mr. George Miller; stopped at Maidenwish, the residence of Ralph Evans, Esq., stayed there a quarter of an hour, and arrived at Wexford; set up at Mr. Clifford's; went to dine at Captain M'Lean, where we found Captain Pierce Hervey; went to tea at Miss Moore's (Mrs. Ogle's sister), and supped at Mr. Clifford's.

"October 6th, rain and wind; drew the Abbey of Seltskear, St. Mary's Church, and a view of the gate, and part of the walls of Wexford. Breakfasted, dined, and drank tea with Captain Hervey; went with him to Robert Devereux, Esq., and Doctor Sweetman, Titular Bishop of Ferns, to take informations concerning the ancient manners, customs, &c., of the Barony of Forth; Mr. Barallet being occupied to finish about the old buildings.

"October 7th, got up early, and finished what remained to do of the ancient buildings, and left Wexford at 12 o'clock, Mrs. Hervey in the chaise with Mr. Barallet, Captain Hervey, I, and servant on horseback, seen *en passant* Lady's Island, and arrived at Castle Pallisser (his country seat), about dinner time, being nine miles distant from Wexford.

"October 8th, stayed at home, inking our drawings. Most horrible tempest and rain, this house being situated at a quarter of a mile from the sea, on the confluent of the Atlantic and British Channel. We had great storm at first hand; and if the house had not been newly finished,

we should have been afraid to be buried under its ruins; arrived here Mr. John Tanner, delivered to him letters from Sir John Brown, of the Neal, Bart. (to whom he is agent), recommending us to his care; Mr. Tanner was obliged to stay here the night, as there was no going abroad for man or beast.

"October 9th, this day we divided; Mr. Barralet went with Captain Hervey, in quest of antiquities, and I stayed at home working at a vocabulary of the Barony Forth's language, collecting it from some of the oldest people, and from papers sent in for that purpose; it is the old language of Chaucer's time; dined at home in company with John Hervey, Esq., and son, of whom I got some informations concerning this barony.

"October 10th, worked at vocabulary, Mr. Barralet and Captain Hervey hunting antiquities. I went with Philip Pallisser, of Castletown, Esq., and Counsellor Nun, to the Giant's Grave, measured it, and made the plan and section, went along the coast; seen Tuskart rock, distant from shore six miles; and the Saltees, three islands at three or four miles from the coast. Went to Castletown, where we were joined by Captain Hervey and Mr. Barralet, also by Mrs. Hervey; dined there, got more informations, and returned home by moonlight.

"October 11th, took leave of Mrs. Hervey, set out in company with Captain Hervey; drew and planned the Church of Tacumshane; arrived at Bargy Castle, the seat of Francis Hervey, Esq., Barony of Bargy; dined there, and in the evening were joined by Mr. Tanner, got more informations; returned in the evening to the Barony Forth with Mr. James, and took up our quarters at his house at Ballygullick.

"October 12th, I was taken ill in the night with a violent diarrhea and vomiting, and continued so all day, keeping my bed; was visited by Mr. Francis Hervey, who sent me some toasted rhubarb, and burned whiskey, which did me some good; Mr. Barralet went abroad castle hunting. I was visited frequently by Mrs. Tanner, whose kind care and attendance I can never forget.

"October 13th, I was still ill; Mrs. Tanner sent her sons with a pack of hounds to hunt a hare; they got one, of which broth was made for me which did me good; came down to dinner, jolly company of farmers and their families; heavy rains and wind; got a paper with a large collection of words gathered by a schoolmaster, also a famous hurling song, with its translation and notes.

"October 14th, found myself pretty well, but very weak; hurricane of wind and rain which lasted until nine in the morning; we were told that the country was overflowed; Mr. Tanner, opening the door to see what weather it was, the wind was so violent that with all his force he could not shut it, and called out for help; we all ran to his assistance, and our united force shut it, but not without being thoroughly wet by the rain, and the hall all over flowen."

In the page devoted to anecdotes, Beranger gives a summary of the history of Wexford, from the landing there of Robert Fitzstephen with 300 horse and foot in 1169, to the time of Cromwell, who, having seized the town, put the garrison, consisting of 2000 men, to the

sword; and on to the Revolution of 1688, when the Protestants of Wexford declared for King William, and gave up the town and castle to his troops. He then continues:—

"Mr. Barralet went with Mr. Tanner's sons on horseback to see old buildings; I stayed at home working at the Vocabulary, and preparing for our journey against next day. Arrived, some young ladies, relatives of Mrs. Tanner, who contributed to make us pass the evening very agreeably."

Here follows a long account of the manners and habits of the people of the Barony of Forth, given with minute details. This account was evidently adopted by General Vallancey for his essay on the people of Forth and Bargy, read by him before the Royal Irish Academy in 1788. Vallancey also gave a short vocabulary of the language, about 300 words, and "a hurling song," as specimens of composition. There can be no doubt this was "the famous hurling song, with translation and notes," mentioned by Beranger, under date October 13; and the Vocabulary was the one we find him so diligently compiling, with the aid of the people of the locality.

All succeeding writers have followed Vallancey, and taken him as the authority, It is time now to restore the honour where it is due; for it is plain that all that is best known of this ancient colony and their dialect we owe to Beranger, although until now his name was quite ignored in connexion with the subject.

Mr. William Barnes, in his interesting work on the Baronies of Forth and Bargy, gives the whole of Vallancey's essay, but not *the hurling song*. This will be found in the Appendix to Fraser's Survey of the County of Wexford, along with the vocabulary and essay of General Vallancey.

The Rev. Dr. Russell, in his learned paper on the Baronies, read before the British Association, says:—"The only complete piece which I have been able to recover is that printed by Vallancey," and he then gives specimens of this "yola," or hurling song. He also

remarks that "the Vocabulary has been chiefly known through Vallancey's paper."

It is interesting now, after a hundred years have elapsed, to go back and assist at the formation of this vocabulary by the genial foreigner, and to be able to restore it, along with the "famous song," to the rightful owner.

Concerning the language of the Baronies, Beranger says in a note:—

"Mrs. Tanner and Captain Harvey assured me the language was the same spoke in Fingal, for Mr. Tanner's father and a Fingalian spoke together in that language whenever they met. This seems to contradict Sir William Petty, who says the Fingalians speak neither English, Irish, nor Welsh; and the people about Wexford, tho' they have a language differing from English, Welsh, and Irish, yet it is not the same with that of the Fingalians near Dublin."

Then he goes on with the history:—

"The Barony of Forth forms the southern extremity of the county of Wexford. The inhabitants are the descendants of the first English that landed with Fitzstephen. They had a language peculiar to themselves, which was the old English of Chaucer's time. They intermarried amongst themselves, and had the greatest antipathy to the natives, with whom they would never mix; but increase of population obliged them to break through these rules, since which time their peculiar customs and language decayed so much, that there are at present but few old people who can speak and understand it thoroughly. Their dress, at present like the rest of their neighbours, was, forty or fifty years ago, for the women—red petticoats, bordered with tape of various colours, but generally green; a jacket instead of a gown; the head-dress consisting of a kercher. The men wore a short coat and trunk breeches, a band in lieu of stock or cravat, and a round hat with a small brim. Their ancient customs also are mostly obliterated, yet a few remain, as follows:—From the 1st of May to the end of June they go to sleep from twelve at noon until two o'clock, which they call an *anteet* (noontide). This custom ceases as the days shorten; and they require this rest, as they rise with the sun and work hard all day.

"At a marriage, every one invited to the wedding brings or sends something to make the feast, consisting of various eatables and liquors; so that one would be amazed to see the quantity of provision. The bride appears veiled, and does not show her face. She sits at the head of the table, and when called to dance, as she cannot refuse any one that asks her, one of the bride's-maids takes her place and represents her.

"They generally keep her dancing the whole day, so that she can scarcely eat any dinner. As to the bridegroom, he never sits down during the wedding, but attends the company as one of the servants or waiters. At all marriages an apple is cut and thrown amongst the

ell thatched. Every cottage has its offices—stable,
and no animal lodges with the family, save a

l cows look fat and clean, and so does the family;
ınday coming out of church or chapel, one would
ealthy farmers, and not a labourer amongst them.
or thirty together, mounted on such good horses,
ch, and yet I was told there were but one or two
. No barefooted person is ever seen in the barony;

g, the women do the field work equally with the
ne pay. The farmers have bread and milk for
es and buttermilk for dinner and supper, except
ys, when they have meat, generally salt pork.
the same manner, but eat meat only on Sundays.
fish, and they cure herrings for winter food.
ty of wild fowl, widgeon, curlews, and starlings.
llent to eat, sweet as a woodcock, and we have
h them.
ce in the barony, they plant all their ditches with
em for firing, and is reckoned equal in value with
d. On the coast some turf bogs have been found,
ving is too dear for the common people, and only
farmers use the turf. In these bogs whole trees
and hazel, though when the tide is in they are
twenty feet of water, which shows the encroach-
he land.
arne contains 500 acres, mostly under corn, and
100 *per annum* for tithes.
e cabins is divided into two parts; the first serves
r, and inside are the beds. There is also a loft for
s neat and clean, and the furniture kept in good
n these cabins bureaus of oak so clean that they
hogany.
ınd farmers live on good terms, and dine at one
ılarly on Sundays and holidays.

"What I have said of the barony of Forth applies equally to the Barony of Bargy. They have the same origin, and were established here at the same time. The air is wholesome, and created in us so good an appetite that we needed not the good fare and variety of dainties we met everywhere to eat heartily."

Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, in his essay, already referred to, gives a curious old popular rhyme, which is worth preserving, in connexion with this subject, where the chief names of the first colonists are recorded, each with the family characteristic, in this fashion:—

"Stiff Stafford.
Gay Gifford.
Laughing Cheevers.
Cross Colfer.
Proud Devereux.
Dogged Lambert.
False Furlong.
Gentleman Browne."

Dr. Russell also decides that "the dialect is a mixed language of Flemish, Welsh, and Saxon, but the Saxon predominating." So Beranger was not far wrong when he called it the language of Chaucer.

The ancient dialect of the time of the Norman invasion has now died out; the quaint costume of the Middle Ages has disappeared; but the handsome marked *physique* of the people of the baronies remains unchanged through the lapse of centuries. The oval face, the Roman nose, the noble outline, and fine dark eyes, remarked by Mr. Poole, when writing about fifty years ago, are still the marked characteristics of the district, and the inhabitants still maintain their long-established reputation of being the neatest, the most orderly, the finest, and the handsomest peasantry in Ireland.

Having ended his history of the colonies of Forth and Bargy, Beranger continues his journal:—

"October 15th.—Took our leave of the family; set out from Ballygulick, having a guide to conduct us; all the roads of the Barony of Bargy are paved like the streets of a town; met fords to cross very often (the remains of inundations, caused by the heavy rains); passed through some neat villages, and arrived at 12 o'clock at the Scarr, which is a ford of

Bannow Bay, which we were told would not be passable until 3 o'clock; stopped at a cabin near it, and diverted ourselves looking at various horsemen swimming it over; at 3, sent our guide to try, but his horse swam; and being assured by the people that the water would not be lower, as the high wind was against it, we resolved to go round by Foulkes's mill, five miles distant; accordingly, we discharged our guide, and, under the conduct of the servant, who spoke good Irish, went forward, and arrived at Foulkes's mill between 4 and 5 o'clock; baited here; set forward, and came to Tintern in the dark, accompanied by wind and rain blowing in our faces. We inquired for Sir Vesey Colclough, but were told he dined abroad, and should not come in until 12 at night; left a note for him, and went to an alehouse, the only and best place of the village to set up at; were shown in the taproom, where we found twelve or fourteen stout clever fellows swearing and drinking; we were placed by a good fire, drying ourselves. A bed was in this room, which, being the best, was designed for us, but how to get rid of the company we did not know. In vain the landlady tried to remove them; they kept their ground. Mr. Barralet went to the kitchen, which was full of lesser quality, and came back with the news that we were amongst travelling Whiteboys, advising me (in French) to get out my pistols, which, however, I thought not advisable to do. We continued the conversation in the French language; they seemed to listen, and some time after, the landlady representing that we were fatigued and willing to go to bed, they at last departed about 9, and made room for a dish of mutton chops, of which we eat very heartily; the landlord (a volunteer of Sir Vesey's corps) and his wife did all in their power to make the place comfortable to us, and indeed we could not complain; their daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, attended us, and saving the wind and rain that came in at the windows, we were well enough. On our inquiring if those Whiteboys were to remain in the place for the night, our landlord told us not to be uneasy, for that at the least alarm the village could produce twenty volunteers, armed cap-a-pie, which made us easy; but, considering we were to lie in a room even with the ground streetwards, we made the landlord secure the sashes with nails, and before we went to bed we barricaded the door with all the forms and tables of the room, keeping also my pistols on a chair by the bedside. Here we were no more in the Barony of Bargy, but in that of Shelmaliere, which is adjoining.

"October 16th.—Breakfasted at our inn, and about 10 o'clock went to the Abbey; found Sir Vesey, environed by a levee of volunteers, ready to set out for the assizes of Wexford; he told me he was very sorry to be obliged to go, for otherwise he would have attended us through our tour; called his servants, ordered them to treat us like himself, and having made me governor of the castle, he set out, leaving one Mr. Giffard, of Ross, to keep us company. I went immediately to the inn with the news to Mr. Barralet; we paid our reckoning, and took leave of the good people and their charming daughter, with whom I left my blessing under the form of a kiss. Arrived at the Abbey, good quarters for man and beast; began our operation with drawing the plan; furious storm of wind and rain, but we were snug under this sanctified roof, and laughed at the rain. Tintern Abbey (and the village of that name) is situated at the

mouth of a river in Bannow Bay, or the Scarr, about eighteen miles west of Wexford; the tower of it is made a dwelling; the rest is uncovered and waste, offices being built against it."

There is a note to Tintern, headed "Remember," and amongst the items to remember are given these with some humour:—

"Fair ladies of the Seraglio; History of snuff-box kept in vain attempts to make us go to them; Meeting on the stairs going to our bed; Rain coming into our room—full of various vessels to catch the drops; Parcel of mice or rats sitting on their hind legs warming before the fire," &c.

Then the journal continues:—

"October 17th.—Fair all day; worked at the Abbey, and inked our drawings; in the evening Mr. Giffard went off to Ross, and we remained sole masters of the Abbey, being treated as Sir Vesey had ordered—*i. e.*, extremely well. I went to the village with the servant for our linen, to the daughter of our first landlord; paid for the washing, and left her another blessing.

"October 18th.—Set out early for Clonmines, four small miles from Tintern, and about fourteen south-west from Wexford; this is a borough which sends two Members to Parliament, situated on the Scar. It consists in a ruined abbey, some castles, and one single habitation occupied by a farmer, Michael Sutton by name; stayed here the whole day working, and returned in the evening to Tintern, hungry like wolves. Tempest the whole night.

"October 19th.—Set out from Tintern, and arrived at Loftus Hall, the seat of the Earl of Ely, situated nine or ten miles from Tintern, on the banks of Waterford Harbour, which separates there the Province of Leinster from Munster; presented our credentials from Lord Ely to Captain Loftus Tottenham, were well received, and presented to his lady, and Major Agnew, his lady, and sister, then on a visit there; fixed here our quarters; went with the gentlemen to see the deer park, which we could hardly reach, the wind almost overpowering us. Iron coast, nothing but black rocks and sea; the high coast of Waterford on the opposite side looked very dreary; great waves, not a vessel to be seen; returned home, dined, passed the evening agreeably. Tempest all night."

Beranger continues:—

"We were shown here one enormous ancient two-headed sword, said to be the sword of the famous Strongbow; and as it was reported to be a curious piece of antiquity, I drew it; measuring the parts exactly. We were told that it was with this weapon Strongbow cut his son in two to punish him for cowardice."

A drawing is appended of the sword with this description:—

"The upper part of the handle was covered with black leather; once highly varnished, as appeared in some parts, but now rotten and worm-

eaten; the handle mounted in steel, but this and the blade all brown; the whole length of the sword four feet by two inches broad."

This sword was preserved at Loftus Hall for many years, until the old Hall was taken down, when it was removed to London; but where it is at present is not known. The sword may have come into possession of the Loftus family when they acquired the ancient property of the Raymonds in the seventeenth century, the first of the Raymonds having married Strongbow's sister, Lady Basilia, at Wexford; but the legend of the slaying of the son is not supported by history. Strongbow died shortly after his marriage with the Irish princess, Eva, and left but one child, an infant daughter, Isabel, who afterwards married William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke; she left five daughters, from one of whom Her Majesty Queen Victoria is descended. Strongbow had also another daughter by a former marriage, who became the bride of the knight, Robert de Quincey, slain shortly after in battle against the Irish. No son of Strongbow's is mentioned in Irish history; though, if the legend were true, he must have been grown up at the time of the Norman invasion, and would no doubt have held a prominent position in the wars of the period.

The narrative continues to describe a visit to Hook's Tower in a storm of wind and rain. A very striking sketch of this tower by Barralet, and the ground plan by Beranger, will be found in Grose's Antiquities; along with many other splendid specimens of Barralet's art, the result of this Wicklow and Wexford tour. Amongst them are Clonmines Castle; Duncannon Fort; Dunbrody Abbey, with an inside view of superb beauty; Enniscorthy Castle, and a very fine sketch of Tintern Abbey, Beranger contributing the ground plan. He has also a coloured sketch of Tintern Abbey, but it is far inferior to the one by Barralet.

"October 20th.—Set out after breakfast, with Captain Tottenham and Major Agnew. Our chair was fairly lifted from the ground by a gust of wind. Arrived at the Tower of Hook Lighthouse, for Waterford Harbour, and ancient tower, situate on a peninsula, which jets out in the sea, one mile from Loftus Hall. Tied our hats with our handkerchiefs, and mounted to the top of the tower, more than sixty feet high;

here, holding fast by the battlements, and thinking every moment to be torn from them by the force of the wind, we had a sight of the ocean in all its fury. I could not keep there longer than five minutes, being almost blind, and we descended quickly for shelter. Drew a plan; after which set out, with the steward of Loftus Hall for guide; passed through Slade, a little seaport, drew a castle there, and arrived at Fethard, a small fishing town at the mouth of Bannow Bay, about four miles from Loftus Hall, and fourteen south-east from New Ross, which sends two Members to Parliament; drew the castle and plan, and having refreshed ourselves with the gentleman who inhabits it, returned to Loftus Hall, where we arrived at 4 o'clock, with rain. N. B.—This Barony of Sheilburn, and that of Shelmaliere, all paved roads, like that of Bargy. After dinner got letters from Captain Tottenham, commander of Duncannon Fort, for his lieutenants, Messrs. Wilson and Carney, and prepared to set out next morning.

"October 21st.—Mr. Carney, from Duncannon Fort, arrived at Loftus Hall, to whom Mr. Tottenham recommended us. Set out with him as far as the Fort, where we left him, and set forward for Dunbrody Abbey; passed by Ballyhack, a village where is a ferry to Passage; most horrible road, where we almost stuck in; arrived at the Abbey; made the plan and returned to Duncannon, where Mr. Carney had provided lodgings for us in the village. Our horses and chaise were placed within the barriers of the Fort. Being established in our quarters, which was a good lodging-house, resorted to in summer by company for the benefit of bathing in the salt water, we eat a good dinner in company with Mr. Carney, who had bespoke it. In the evening had a visit from Captain Wilson, who invited us for dinner the next day, being Sunday."

In the notes, Beranger gives some historical information about Duncannon Fort, quoted from Leland and Harris, which therefore need not be reproduced here. Then he gives the Sunday party at Captain Wilson's :—

"October 22nd.—Breakfasted at the Fort with Mr. Carney; saw the fortress (which made a vigorous resistance to Cromwell, defended by one Wogan, who caused him to withdraw his troops from before it); returned home and inked our sketches. Went at 4 o'clock to the Fort; dined with Mrs. Wilson, her Father, and Miss Burrowes; returned home with Captain Carney, who got turf horses for us to go in the morning to Dunbrody, to save our cattle that vile impassible road; kept him to sup with us.

"October 23rd.—Set out on horseback for Dunbrody; worked there the whole day, though showery; returned in the dark to Duncannon, where, by Mr. Carney's care, dinner was ready; kept him to help us to dispatch it.

"October 24.—Got up early; drew a view of the Fort; finished inking our sketches; set out about 1 o'clock for New Ross; obliged to pass by Dunbrody; cursed the road. Within two miles of Ross, beautiful road, woods on the right, and a row of trees to the left, almost overshadowing the way; arrived in the town; delivered our letters

to Charles Tottenham, Esq., who directed us to the best inn in the town, an indifferent ale-house; dined and supped in one meal, and to bed.

"October 25.—Up with the day; drew and planned the old church and tombs; returned, breakfasted, and set out for Enniscorthy, through a very bad road. Arrived at Enniscorthy; employed five hours coming by the badness of the road; set up at our inn; went upstairs to see the ball-room they are making, which will be spacious; dined, inked our drawings, and went to bed.

"October 26.—Set out for Gorey; a wood to the right, and trees to the left, which makes the road pleasant; besides, it was pretty good all the way; arrived at 12 o'clock. The town consists of one street, and cross lanes. It sends two members to Parliament. Set out from thence; met a hunt; the dogs at fault; puss having crossed our road, our servant discovered her, made signs to the huntsmen, and the dogs got scent again. Arrived at Arklow; drew the remains of the old castle.

"October 27.—Set out at sunrise; fine effects in the sky; road by the sea; downs of white sand, covered by long grass and bushes, as in Holland. Walked over various hills, always coasting, having a delightful prospect of the sea; passed Wicklow Head, with its two new light-houses. Went to Nicholas Morrison, Esq.; found he was gone the day before, and everything packed, and the ladies ready to follow him. Went to the inn; ordered dinner; drew the Abbey; walked about; returned to dinner. Wicklow looks neat, having decent houses; the environs are pretty; the coast eastward of the tower bold and rocky. About a quarter of a mile east of the town, upon a headland, which is a rock, lies the Black Castle, or rather the ruins of it."

The view of Black Castle, in Beranger's sketch-book, is very striking, bold, and grand in its lonely desolation; built upon a massive rock, jutting out into the sea; In the notes to the drawing he says:—

"There is a chasm between the rock and the shore, over which is a stone bridge, by which one has access to the castle. On the other side is a narrow flight of stairs cut out of the rock, from the castle to the sea; but, as there were no battlements or railing, I would not venture down to reckon them. Even looking down made my head giddy; but there may be thirty or forty steps, I suppose to supply provisions, if blockaded by land by an enemy."

The next entry, October 28, brings the travellers to Dublin, through Bray. Nothing particular is noted, nor any other sketch named; but the artists were not idle during this brief tour of one month through the historic region of Wicklow and Wexford. Barralet has left many beautiful memorials of his visit in the illustration of abbeys, castles, and ruins, and Beranger has

contributed much interesting information as to Irish life at the period, and the condition of the architectural monuments and remains.

Nothing more is recorded in the manuscript volume until the following year, 1781, when an excursion to Dundalk was undertaken by Beranger, to investigate the ancient monument called—"A Ship Temple." He thus narrates the origin and object of the journey:—

"Having received a letter from Colonel Vallancey from Cork Harbour, desiring me to draw and describe the ancient monument called by the common people *Faas-na-hin-eughe*, or "The growth of one night," which is a building in the form of a hulk of an ancient vessel, and to send the drawings, &c., to Governor Pownall, who intended to write a number in the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, I set out in the stage for Dundalk the 8th of June, in company of a lady, two Volunteers, and a student of Trinity College; we passed through Swords, breakfasted at the Man of War, went through Balbriggan, and arrived at Drogheda, where we changed horses, and dined hastily. Set out again, passed through Dunleer, and arrived at Dundalk at 7 in the evening: the celerity of travelling by stage prevented me of seeing and examining the different places through which I passed. Mr. Wrightson, of Dundalk, one of my fellow-travellers, conducted me to an inn kept by one Bailie, which I believe to be the handsomest in Ireland; he also presented me to Zacharias Maxwell, Esq., to whom I was recommended. We found him on the Parade, supervising the manœuvres of the Artillery of the Volunteer corps, which he commanded. After having read the letter I had brought, he presented me to the Earl of Clanbrasil, colonel of the corps. I continued on the Parade, and when the exercise was finished went with Mr. Maxwell to a club, and returned to the inn at a quarter past 10 o'clock.

"9th June.—Breakfasted at Mr. Maxwell's, and set out with him for the Ship Temple, drew plan, &c., returned home, walked with him through the town; delivered a letter to Mr. Lester; dined with Mr. Maxwell, and passed the evening on the Parade, and at the Club; supped at my inn with Mr. Lester, junior; invited to dine with Mr. Murphy.

"10th June.—As I could not return but by the stage which goes off on Tuesday next, I set out on foot to reconnoitre the environs of Dundalk, and walked for some miles on the Armagh road; and not choosing to return same way, I took a road leading to the left, and following a path through fields and meadows, I found myself stopped by a river, which I coasted for some time, in hopes of finding some way or order to cross it. In going along in this solitude I met a person on horseback, whose figure was rather romantic; he had his hat slouched, and instead of a cloak was enveloped in a large Scotch plaid. I accosted him, and enquired if there was any possibility of crossing the river; he answered yes, that higher up there were crossing stones, which if overflown, he would carry me over. We entered in conversation; and he apprised me that he was a Scotchman, come over to conduct the buildings of manu-

factories and bleachyards in the taste of those in Holland; and as I had told him that I was born there, he said that I should be a judge if they were right. If I would come and see them. I accepted his offer, and went with him; some of the buildings I found finished, others begun, others only marked out; we went through the bleachyards, which I found very neat, all the ditches which cross them being faced with stone, and supplied with water from the river, having their sluices to keep them filled at proper height; he told me that several young women were arrived from Scotland and were lodged at the inn where I had set up, every one of which was skilled in one of the branches of the knitting manufactory, and were to teach it to the girls of Dundalk, so that in time this would become a famous place for this commodity, and save money to the kingdom; that the undertakers were a company of moneyed people, who would spare nothing to bring this scheme to perfection. I thanked this gentleman (Mr. St. Clair, for his kindness, and under his guidance crossed the river, found a high road, and returned to Dundalk, having made a tour of seven or eight miles. On arriving at the inn, at half after 2, I found a return chaise from Newry for Dublin, ready to set out. I agreed with the driver at stage price, embarked my small lumber, and sent my excuses to Mr. Murphy, Lester, &c., and set out at 3 o'clock.

"Dundalk is a small seaport town situate on a bay of the same name, forty miles and a-half north-west from Dublin. It consists in a long street, with a few cross lanes. The Parade is a fine square, which has at the upper end the Session house, at the lower end the market house; the other two sides contain the great inn, and dwelling houses, the Main-street dividing the square in two parts. At the upper end of said square is a lane, leading to the harbour, at the right of which is another large square, with houses on the three sides of it, all inhabited by manufacturers of lawns, the apartments of which are for the various branches of this business. The looms are in the cellars, which have large windows even with ground, which occasions the light to strike on the looms; more buildings are going on about the fourth side, and will when finished make it very considerable. The bay seems very much choked with sandbanks, and the channel does not admit of large vessels. I seen there only two sloops (sends two Members to Parliament).

"To avoid the turnpikes, which the driver told me to be two shillings on Sundays, he went from the high road, and brought me through a good cultivated country, but very solitary, over some small hills; and we arrived at Dunleer past 6 o'clock, where we baited the horses; it is an inconsiderable village, though a borough, and sends two Members to Parliament, and situate ten miles from Dundalk. Set forward, and arrived at Drogheda, half after 8 o'clock, where I ordered supper or dinner, and set up for the night.

"11th of June, got up early, ordered breakfast, and walked about some streets of the town, and returned to breakfast at the inn.

"Drogheda is a post town of the county of Louth (though a county in itself), situate on the river Boyne, twenty-three miles and a-half north of Dublin. It is pretty extensive, and trade seems to have here more vigour than in any other town I have visited (Dublin excepted), as much as I could judge by the crowds and hurry of cars about the streets. There

were a good many vessels in the river along the quays, where loading and unloading was going on. The various shops seemed also very busy. The session house looks well, being a neat stone building. I was sorry that I could not spend a longer time in visiting the whole town, which is besides famous in history for the vicissitudes it underwent in the various wars of this kingdom. This town sends two Members to Parliament."

In the page devoted to anecdotes, Beranger notices that Dundalk was burned down in 1315 by Edward Bruce and the Scottish army, and went through several vicissitudes in the rebellion of 1641, and at the time of the Revolution. Edward Bruce was crowned at Dundalk. Of Drogheda, he remarks, that

"It was besieged by Cromwell, and defended by Sir Arthur Aston, with a garrison of 2000 foot and 300 horse. Cromwell battered the walls for two days, and having made a sufficient breach, the assault was given, but was twice repulsed. In the third, led by Cromwell himself, the town was gained, and quarter promised to all who laid down their arms. But the moment the city was completely reduced, Cromwell ordered the garrison to be put to the sword, which the soldiers, though with reluctance, were obliged to perform, and massacred the governor and his general officers and soldiers in cool blood."

The object of Beranger's visit to Dundalk being acccomplished, he set out from Drogheda at 9 o'clock; "stopped to bait at the Man of War, and arrived in Dublin between 4 and 5 o'clock in the evening." Having sent to Governor Pownall the plan, views, and local description of the Ship Temple, he received from him some days after the following letter of thanks:"—

COPY OF GOVERNOR POWNALL'S LETTER.

"RICHMOND, SURREY, *June* 22, 1781.

"SIR,—On Saturday last I received your very obliging letter, enclosing your very accurate account of The Ship Temple, *Fas-nahin ordhehe*, accompanied and explained by the masterly drawings which were enclosed. I have desired Colonel Vallancey to thank you for me, but I cannot dispense with myself troubling you with this, to say how much I think myself obliged to you, and to thank you. You have, with that judgment, which science united to practice always gives, comprehended and discerned every particular that could specifically define the nature of this fragment, that I think I have a better account of it than I should have collected on my own views.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"T. POWNALL."

Governor Pownall's essay on the Ship Temple appeared in the *Collectanea*, No. 10, vol. iii., in the form of a letter to General Vallancey. He says that Wright, in his *Louthiana*, had already described it, but in a very meagre manner. Beranger's description, on the contrary, is "accurate, discerning, written with great judgment; all the specific peculiarities are given, and it was accompanied by three masterly drawings."

Pownall believed the monument to be certainly a temple "built in the shape of a ship's hulk, by the Northern Vikings, who, it is known, paid divine honors to a ship. Tacitus notes that the Suevi worshipped a boat." He looks on the Irish name, as given by Beranger, to be a corruption of some now-forgotten phrase, probably denoting that it was a nani (navi) or ship temple, and the inscription may have been originally—"The strength of the Nani founded this."

Vallancey, writing on the same subject, says the words given by Beranger must be a corruption, as the Irish, or the builders, never would have called the sacred temple "The growth of one night," which is the name of a mushroom. He gives a number of different readings of the Irish words, as stated by Beranger, but all utterly bewildering from their variety and etymology; and, finally, he leaves the point undecided as to what was the real name of the temple, or the true meaning of the Irish phrase.

Dr. Ledwich also gives his opinion that the monument was a ship temple. "The Vikings," he says, "had tombs formed like a ship, and the tomb became a temple."

Unfortunately, Beranger's description, so much commended by Governor Pownall, is not given in his MS. note-book, nor are "the masterly drawings" included amongst his sketches. He himself probably inclined to the theory of the building being a ship temple, for in a note he quotes *Sallust*, cap. 18, Jugurthine Wars—"The Getulians, afterwards called Numidians, make their cottages of an oblong form, with the sides bending out like the hulk of a ship."

A writer in the "Ulster Journal of Archæology," vol.

viii., 1860, gives an interesting account of a visit he paid to the ship temple twenty years before, in company with the Rev. Cesar Otway. The people still called it "The growth of one night"—*Fas-na-hannahy*. He describes it as a building consisting of dry limestone walls of small height carried round the scarred edges of the rock, and whose natural oblong outline determined the shape of the structure, thought to resemble a ship. He considers it nothing more than a rude fortress, perched on a rock which happened to stand in the centre of a lake.

Lewis ("Topographical Dictionary") calls it "a circular fort, supposed to have been thrown up by the earlier inhabitants of the country." This rather vague description is followed by Murray's "Hand-book for Ireland;" so up to the present time nothing further or more certain seems to be known about the ship temple than what Beranger described and narrated a century ago.

Before publishing this portion of Beranger's MS., Sir William Wilde had planned an excursion to the ship temple, in company with Mr. O'Neil, the distinguished artist and antiquary, in order to make a strict investigation of the locality, and, at his request, Mr. O'Neil was to make a drawing of it; but failing health prevented the fulfilment of the project which, no doubt, would have resulted in much interesting information, when the inquiry was in such able hands and so competent an artist was employed.

After the excursion to Dundalk in 1781, a long interval of time elapsed before any record of another journey appears in the MS. volume. The next account of a tour is dated in 1797, just eighteen years after the Dundalk expedition: nor is it possible to say how the artist was employed during the long period which covers the best part of an active working life; but we may conclude that he was busily occupied as a professional artist, and also in preparing his MS. for publication. The final and concluding papers of his notes of travel are devoted merely to a short record, entitled "A Journey to Moira Castle, in 1799." Beranger was then seventy

years of age, and appears to have been in the full vigour of a life which was destined to last for nearly twenty years longer. He makes no mention of the object of this tour, nor by whom it was projected, nor does he allude to any sketches taken of the locality. With the account of this journey the memoir of Beranger ends, no further materials being forthcoming of the subsequent years of his life, or of his labours in the cause of Irish art. But from other sources it is known that he enjoyed ease and competence, was enriched by fortune, honored amongst the artists of the time, and that he obtained for his name and works a distinguished and permanent place in the art history of the period.

"JOURNEY TO MOIRA CASTLE, 1799.

"July the 1st.—Set out from Dublin, at 6 o'clock in the morning, in the mail coach, guarded by some dragoons; passed through Swords, and stopped at the Man of War, twelve miles and a-half from Dublin, to change horses; set forwards, and arrived at Drogheda, where we changed horses, and breakfasted; continued our way through Dunleer, and came to Castle Bellingham, and here changed horses, and went to Dundalk, and there changed horses. Set forwards; passed by Ravensdale, a fine house, park, and plantation on a hill, and arrived at Newry, where we dined, and changed horses, and got another coachman, and horseman; continued our route, passed through Loughbrickland, and arrived at Banbridge at a quarter past 9 o'clock, which being sixty miles and a-half from Dublin, we went in fifteen hours; here the coach got fresh horses, and set forward for Belfast. I remained at the inn, ordered supper, and went to bed between 10 and 11 o'clock.

"July 2nd.—Breakfasted, got a post chaise, and drove through Warringstown, and arrived at Moira Castle, distant nine miles and a-half from Banbridge; was received by William Sharman, Esq., and family, with all the friendship and hospitality imaginable, and spent my time most agreeably, either in the library, or seeing Mr. Sharman's collection of curiosities, and in sensible conversation, also visiting the walks and groves, gardens, &c.

"Moira Castle is an ancient building on the estate of the Earl of Moira, which the deceased Earl got modernized, and made a commodious habitation; it is surrounded by a wood, which affords beautiful shady walks; a large lawn extends in front, where sheep are feeding, which is terminated by trees, and a small lough eastwards; the rear contains a wood, with large opening fronting the Castle, which forms a fine perspective.

"On each side this extensive lawn are shady walks through the wood, terminated to the east by a long oblong piece of water, surrounded by gravel walks, where one may enjoy the sun in cold weather; and to

the west lies the pleasure, and three large kitchen gardens; on this side is also a large abandoned quarry, which Miss Sharman got planted and improved, and has called it Pelew; it forms at present a delightful shrubbery, with ups and downs, either by steps or slopes, and has so many turns and windings, that it appears a labyrinth, and contains shady walks, and close recesses, in which little rural buildings and seats are judiciously placed, with a little wooden bridge to pass a small rill of water. Jessamine, woodbine, and many flowering shrubs adorn this charming place.

"Near this are the stables, cowhouses, and various offices which convenience requires.

"I spended time here in a most delightful manner until the 12th of July, anniversary of the Battle of Aughrim, when the various yeomanry of the country, divided in different bodies, each with their proper ensigns, males and females, adorned with orange lilies and ribbands, marched up the avenues. We went adorned in the same way upon the steps of the castle, to see them all pass before us; from whence they were to march to the various churches in the environs, to hear a sermon on the occasion, and then adjourn to the public houses, to spend the remainder of the day in merriment; and as all of them were strict Orangemen, and might, when in liquor, insult anyone not adorned like themselves, I was dressed out with orange lilies and ribbons, and having taken leave of this amiable family, entered in a post chaise at 12 o'clock, and set out on my return for Banbridge, where the mail coach was to take me up (a place having been secured for me at Belfast in this vehicle). I passed through a village where two corps of Orangemen were drawn out. I exposed to their sight my orange ornaments, and received their salutations, which I returned, and arrived at Banbridge between 3 and 4 o'clock. I ordered dinner, and after it desired the company of the landlord and landlady, to drink a glass of wine, and chat away the time until the arrival of the mail coach. Mr. Tiers, the keeper of the inn, I found to be a Frenchman, so that we chatted in French, and for some time passed myself for his countryman. He was in the greatest surprise when I told him afterwards I had never seen France, and he could not conceive how I could have got the Gascon accent (which I affected) until I told that my father and mother were French, and that in Holland, where I was born, the French is a current language. At near 7 o'clock the landlady produced tea, and insisted to treat me with it, so time flew quick until half-after 9 o'clock that the coach arrived. A wheel being cracked, it took some time to secure it; and at 10 o'clock we set out, aud arrived at Newry at midnight, where we supped. The company consisted in a lady, a Scotch merchant of Glasgow, and an inhabitant of Newry. We set forward; the company fell asleep, and slept soundly. I tried to do the same, but could not, so that I amused myself looking at the country by the light of the moon, until we arrived at Dundalk, which was at 4 o'clock in the morning. Here we changed horses, and got a new wheel. We walked about the town, but all was silent, and every one asleep; we re-entered our carriage, and arrived at Castle Bellingham, changed horses, and came to Drogheda, where we breakfasted; from thence to the Man of War, where we found our escort of dragoons, and so to Dublin, where we arrived at a quarter past two o'clock, having been about sixteen hours on the journey coming home."

In the page of anecdotes Beranger records a visit with Miss Sharman to Mr. Warring, of Warringsfield, where, he says :—

"I saw, for the first time, glass bee-houses; they are made conical, and covered with cones of straw, to make them dark, otherwise, I was told, the bees would not work. The hives stand in a kind of wooden press, in the middle of a garden. This press had small holes in the doors, to let in the bees, from whence they enter the hives. To show them, the doors of the press are opened, and the straw covers taken off, when I saw the bees at work against the sides. Mr. Warring has got the method from France of taking the honey without destroying these useful and ingenious insects."

It is singular that we should have a description of the Miss Sharman mentioned by Beranger from another writer, who also visited Moira Castle about the same time, or a little earlier. Mr. Bowden, an Englishman, who published his tour through Ireland in a very agreeable little volume, thus describes the young lady and the family :—

"I visited Moira Castle, the seat of Colonel Sharman, and was received by the Colonel, and his amiable lady and family, with the utmost hospitality. Mrs. Sharman is a lady of great sentiment and humanity. All her felicity seems centred in the education of her children; and indeed her instructions have not been lost on Miss Sharman, for she is one of the most accomplished young ladies of her age in the kingdom. She has a very elegant taste for poetry and the *belles-lettres*, She paints inimitably well, and is a capital performer on the piano-forte."

The Englishman concludes his volume, after a visit to Drogheda, where, at a ball, he saw a "constellation of Irish beauties," and a visit to Kilbrew, the seat of Captain Gorges, by this graceful testimony to his entertainers :—

"Could I envy any man his domestic felicity, it would be Colonel Sharman and Captain Gorges."

Perhaps Beranger may have had this charming and accomplished young lady, who painted so inimitably well, amongst his pupils, and that he visited Moira Castle as an old and valued friend. One of Miss Sharman's sketches is included in Beranger's large book of

drawings, where there are a good many by different artists. He seemed much pleased with the visit, and concludes his journal in these words:—

"Though I could not say much, or describe the towns and villages through which I passed in my speedy mode of travelling, I could observe the state of the country, which is well cultivated; no waste land is seen, except one rocky hill joining Ravensdale. Everywhere are seen snug gentlemen's houses, surrounded with plantations of trees and strawberries; and the environs of Newry and Banbridge present a variety of bleach-fields, which announce the prosperity of the North."

Beranger seems to have liked the Irish; and with reason. Everywhere he went he was treated with kindness and consideration, and hospitality; and though he lived through the most exciting and turbulent times of Irish history, he seems to have passed on his way through the length and breadth of the land without fear, and without danger. When he commenced his artistic journeys the fierce and terrible Whiteboy insurrection was raging throughout Ireland; the object of this party being to restore the Stuarts and the Catholic supremacy, and to uproot Protestantism from the soil, Beranger was a Protestant, but they did not harm him. Once only, at Clones, he mentions being surrounded by a Catholic mob—a rumour having got abroad that he and his friend Bigari were about to remove the Round Tower; but they were rescued by the friendly priest of the parish, who took them under his protection; when, however, another danger threatened them from a Protestant mob, who, seeing them under the care of the priest, took them for French spies, and would have maltreated them, if the leading Protestant landlord of the place had not come to their rescue. They always travelled with pistols, and seemed to be perfectly prepared to fight their way, if necessary.

After the Whiteboy excesses came the era of the Volunteers, when the Protestants banded themselves together for mutual defence, and a bitter feud raged between them and the Catholic party, who, ground down by the Penal Laws, were resolved to free themselves

at any cost from the bondage and misery of their social position.

We find Beranger availing himself of the services of the Volunteers for the purposes of protection, and apparently quite indifferent as to what party protected him, so as he had peace and opportunity to finish his sketches.

He passed through the splendid era of 1782 — the only great hour of Irish history; but he offers no remark on the events of the time. Then followed the dreadful ferocities of '98; the slaughter and the burnings and devastations, when the land was red with blood; but he makes no political allusion, records no political change—only in the midst of the rage of warring races, and the fires of burning homesteads, we see him pleasantly undertaking a journey to Moira Castle, escorted by dragoons, and decorating himself with orange ribbons, in a spirit of mirthful adaptation to the proclivities of the people around him.

After the rebellion of '98 was stamped out came the moment of Ireland's last Parliament, and of the Union; and after the Union the decadence of the wealth, the spirit, and the brilliancy of the metropolis. Beranger lived through all these memorable epochs — American Independence, French Revolution, Irish Rebellion, and national degradation; but none of these events seemed to touch him in mind, body, or estate; and, finally, out of the stormy waves of the eighteenth century he was safely landed in the peaceful haven of the modern era; still living solely for his artist work, until at last nature was exhausted through the feebleness of age; and when he had nearly reached his ninetieth year, he was laid peacefully to rest in the French burial-ground of Dublin, February 1817, amidst other exiles of France, who had fled from the tyranny of religious persecution to seek a home in Ireland, where the families they founded still remain, held in esteem and respect, an honour to the land of their adoption, to which they brought as an offering their industry and talent.

Nothing material remains now to be added to the clos-

ing words of the MS. volume, except to give a list of Beranger's principal sketches, with a description of the buildings and monuments, as written by himself, and appended to the drawings in his authentic sketch-books. Sir William Wilde left a list of above 200 Irish sketches, taken about the same time by Beranger and other artists, and states that Mr. Huband Smith has in his possession a very valuable volume, dated 1782, containing 127 sketches of castles and churches in the county of Dublin, many of them being by Beranger; and he expresses a hope that this volume may be placed in the care of the Royal Irish Academy, to whose keeping Dr. Sharkey, of Ballinasloe, has already entrusted the large volume of Beranger's drawings of which he was the possessor.

The list compiled by Sir William was intended for publication, should the memoir of Beranger have appeared as a volume, to accompany a selection of specimens of his art taken from the coloured sketches. In the interests of archæology it is to be hoped that this project may yet be fulfilled, as it would be of the highest importance to have accurate drawings and descriptions of the state of the castles, abbeys, and architectural remains of Ireland a hundred years ago, made accessible to the artists and antiquaries of the present day. The whole of the list would occupy too much space in this Journal, but some of Beranger's descriptions of remarkable places and monuments will be found interesting, and may be given from his note-book.

In all cases he seems to have made his observations with the greatest care and accuracy, and simple, conscientious truth of detail. It is these qualities which give a permanent value to his sketches as works of art and of authority. The three small sketch-books, Nos. 2, 3, and 4, contain altogether seventy-two coloured drawings, including thirty castles, several cromleachs, round towers, abbeys, and mountain views. The sketch-book No. 1 is wanting. In a note on the subject Sir William says:—"The sketch-book lost by Mr. Clarke may be that to which Dr. Petrie alludes, as affording the original of the illustrations which follow on page 247 of his work.

They must have been drawn with great accuracy to satisfy Petrie's fastidious taste."

The cromleachs and Druidical remains are amongst the best of Beranger's drawings. The clear, firmly defined outline of these grand old monuments suited exactly the strong precision of his artist hand. Of the Druid monument on the Three-Rock Mountain, of which there is a highly effective sketch, he says:—

"This mountain has on its summit three huge heaps of rock, piled one on another, and seen at some miles distance, from which the mountain takes its name. I take them to be altars on which sacrifices were offered. The Plate represents one of the most entire; it rises about eighteen feet above the ground, and is accessible by an easy ascent. It has several basins cut in the rock on its top of the size of the inside of a man's hat; but one more remarkable than the rest, being of an oval form, and measures 2 ft. 6 in. in length by 2 ft. broad, the depth in the centre 9 inches. Another of these, but less entire, is at some distance. I have copied every stone as they are fixed, and the regularity which is observed in piling them convinces me that they are the work of men, as they could not grow in that position. The sea is seen, though more than six miles off. The extensive summit of this mountain, the parched ground, and its solitude, made it the most awful spot I had ever seen."

The cromleach on Howth he describes as one of the grandest mausoleums, the supporters, or rough pillars, being $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, 6 ft. 2 in. broad, and 2 ft. 8 in. thick.

"The two other pillars remaining are nearly of the same prodigious bulk, but the others lay in fragments on the ground, under and about the stone, which by some shock was thrown down. The top stone is about 14 ft. long, and from 10 to 12 ft. broad, and the supporters being so high, it must have made a noble figure standing, as the tallest man might stand and walk under it at his ease."

The sketch of this cromleach is very fine and bold, and gives one an idea of the gigantic power of the men who raised it.[1] It is followed in the sketch-book by a calm and beautiful scene—the Round Tower at Swords, the ruined church, and the old burial ground.

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[1] It is impossible to speak about this great monument, said to have been erected over Aideen, wife of Oscar, son of Ossian, without recalling to mind Dr. Ferguson's exquisite poem, "The Cromleach on Howth," illustrated by Miss Stokes. One of the most beautiful contributions ever given to Irish literature.

"This tower," says Beranger, "is not as elegantly built as some others, and is all plastered over and yellow washed. From the continual burying in the cemetery the ground is much raised round it, so that the door of the Round Tower is accessible from the ground, which is not so in anywhere the soil has not been raised, and they required a ladder, the entrance being generally from 12 to 14 feet from the ground. Some projecting stones, like brackets, appear inside at various heights, on which, I suppose, wooden stairs were fastened."

A distant view of Croagh Patrick, with Clew Bay in the foreground, is a faithful, but inartistic drawing. Beranger says:—

"The view from the summit is most extensive and delightful, having before us Clew Bay, with its 400 islands, and for a background the mountains of Erris and Tyrawley. To the left are the islands of Achill and Clara, and in the rear the wild romantic Joyce country. It is the highest mountain in Ireland, and famous for the residence of St. Patrick there, and from whence he expelled all the venomous reptiles. The top has the form of a cone. It is generally enveloped in clouds, and through it appear points. On the summit is a stone altar, where mass is said on the Saint's day. I believe it to have been formed by a volcano, as may be seen from the drawing."

On the islands in Clew Bay he saw several "sea monsters basking in the sun." The bay and islands form a beautiful picture. The tumulus of Dowth is represented by a faithful, well-defined outline of the mound, with the little temple, or tea-house, on its summit erected by one of the Netterville family. This drawing, taken ninety years ago, is the more interesting, because, owing to the excavations made some years ago, the appearance of the mound has been greatly effaced. Beranger calls it "a sepulchral monument, composed of stones and sods," and believes it to be 60 ft. high. He adds: "There is a modern temple at top, intended for a gala-room, with a gallery to hold an orchestra."

"About a mile distant, at New Grange, is just such another monument, of which the stones were used to pave all the neighbouring roads, and by constantly demolishing it a long gallery was discovered, leading to an octagon room, with three closets of a curious construction, being composed of rough stones without mortar, in which a corpse was found. I did not draw its view, because Governor Pownall has given so accurate a description in the *Archæologia* that I had nothing left to add."

The Moate, at Navan, Beranger considered a place of strength—a fort—and not a sepulchral monument. He described it as

"A Danish fort, defended by a high and rapid *glacis*, very difficult of ascent. The mound seems to have been divided by steps, which I did not perceive in mounting, but the sun, which was hid, emerging from a cloud whilst I was drawing, made the steps appear as represented in the drawing. It is very difficult to draw monuments of this description."

There is a very striking picture of the Druid's chair, five miles from Dublin, thus described:—

"This piece of antiquity, the only one yet discovered, is situated at the foot of the Three-Rock Mountain. It is supposed to have been the seat of judgment of the Arch-Druid, from whence he delivered his oracles. It has the form of an easy chair wanting the seat, and is composed of three rough unhewn stones, about 7 feet high, all clear above ground. How deep they are in the earth remains unknown. Close to it is a sepulchral monument or cromleach, supposed to be the tomb of the Arch-Druid. It is 15 feet in girth, and stands on three supporters, about 2 feet high, and is planted round with trees. The top stone is 8½ feet long."

Of Dalkey, and the castles existing there in his time, he writes:—

"Dalkey was formerly a strong fortress, composed of high walls, defended by seven strong towers, at some distance each from the other. One of them was demolished for the sake of the stones; the others remain in ruins, inhabited in part by some poor people. The place is very rocky; many like woolsacks are scattered about close to the building."

In the view of Balymount Castle, three miles from Dublin, described as a place of considerable strength, as proved by the massive walls and towers, is appended the following adventure:—

"Hearing from some cottagers that there was at a little distance an enchanted cave, with subterranean wards extending various ways for some miles, which some men at different times had tried to explore, but never returned, I was piqued by curiosity, and begged to be shown the place.

"I found a vault of good masonry, about 8 feet high and 6 broad; descending this a few steps, I found at the end a square opening, which had to be entered on all fours. I procured two candles, and on offering a small reward, got a boy to follow me. For fear of mephitic

vapours and suffocation, I fastened a solid branch of a tree to my cane, on which I stuck my candle, so that the light was about four feet before me.

"I then entered on my hands and feet, holding the light before me, followed by the boy, with a candle in his hand. I went this way some yards, and then found two shafts—one leading to the right, the other to the left. I took the first, and advanced a good way, until I met with two more shafts and a very cadaverous smell. Here my boy began to be afraid, and I thrust my candle as far as I could in the two passages, but it always burned clear. Considering, however, that the boy would not go further, and if I went alone, and my candle was to be extinguished, it would be hard to find my way back in the dark, I prudently returned the way I came, observing the construction, which was of stone, and in good preservation. It was clearly an aqueduct for supplying the fortress with water, and must have been made at a great expense by some powerful chieftain, who had his residence there."

Beranger excelled in drawing cromleachs, and the sketch of the Druidical remains at Dowth is one of his best. He thus describes it:—

"This monument was once a circle of large stones, of which four only remain erect. Two are fallen. A quarry, on which they stand, being worked, occasioned the demolition. The stones are of great size, one measuring 9 feet above ground, and 21 feet in circumference. They strike the mind with their awful appearance, and make one wonder at the immense labour it must have cost to gather and move such enormous masses, and fix them as they are. Some great chief is undeniably buried within this circle. I suppose by this time the continual quarrying has destroyed even these four stones; if so, I saved them from oblivion."

Rath Croghan, where the kings of Connaught were crowned, makes but a poor, bleak picture. The mound is, however, grand in extent, the height being 400 feet, and the circumference 1350 feet. He was conducted to it by Charles O'Connor, the celebrated historian, "which history," says Beranger, "has just gone to press. It is composed out of the Annals of Connaught, kept by the kings, the originals, in Irish, being in his possession, and form a large parcel of folio MSS. on parchment, which occupied a whole side of his library."

The cromleach at Brennan's Town, seven miles from Dublin, forms an excellent picture, from its great mass and perfect preservation. He says of it:—

"Though it has stood for many ages, it is as entire as if it was lately erected. It differs from all that I have seen in this particular, that it has a large stone for a floor, on which stand six supporters, which

seem to support the top stone, though it rests only on three. These supporters are half sunk in the ground, and form at present a kind of cave, of which the top stone is the roof, and I could stand easily under it erect. I drew it sitting on the ground, to show the under part of the top stone, which I could not do when standing upright."

Many of the ancient castles drawn by Beranger are extremely picturesque; but descriptions would be only tedious, unless the originals could be represented by a serious of woodcuts, and at some future time this may be done.

The task of bringing Beranger's life and works before the public, so ably commenced, and almost completed, by Sir William Wilde, has now ended. The predecessor of Petrie (both of them of French origin) in the perfect and sympathetic rendering of Irish scenes, though lacking Petrie's exquisite and delicate artistic touch, Beranger holds a high and important place in the history of Irish art; and to Sir William is due the merit of having directed the attention of the present generation, by whom he was almost unknown, to the labours of this zealous and accomplished artist.

Beranger's admirable and accurate sketches, preserving with such fidelity for the present age the appearance and characteristics of Irish architectural remains, as seen existing a hundred years ago, have added a valuable page to our national history; and our modern artists also might be incited by the study of his works to follow in the same interesting line of artistic work. At present they are devoting themselves, perhaps too exclusively, to copying the aspects of a mute, unsouled nature. We all know how beautiful are the silent glories of the Irish landscape school—the sunsets—the moonlights—the glancing green and gold on forest trees—the purple haze of the mountain height; but these aspects and effects are the same all the world over, wherever light falls on tree, or rock, or river; they are linked with no human emotion, and are independent of all historic memories: they do not speak to us of men, nor of nationhood.

Beranger, on the contrary, worked systematically at the art symbols of a people's life. He tracks their his-

tory in the savage gloom of the Druid's altar—the graceful form of the mystic pillar-tower — the fierce strength of the Norman fortress, and the stately grandeur of the mediæval abbeys and castles, with their splendour of architectural symmetry and beauty, and their sacred or warlike memories and associations. While our modern artists, for the most part, lavish their genius on the ever-changing moods of Nature, he gives us the changeless work of human minds—the passions and storms of great epochs—the warfare and the piety, the culture and the progress, of a people, as expressed and symbolised by their national monuments—in a word, the whole life of the past races out of which our nation was builded, and which only can be known by the works their hands have wrought, and the beauty of the ruins they have left. And it is, truly, a nobler thing for an artist to evolve the soul of a people from its monuments, and to give as subjects for our contemplation the steadfast historic landmarks of our country, than to note the atmospheric changes of our skies. Let us have both if we can, but not neglect the higher and greater aim while perfecting the lower.

Petrie has combined both in that most wonderful of pictures, which Irish genius has given to Irish art—his "Clonmacnoise"—where all that is holy and beautiful in work, and thought, and symbol, is blended together—the sculptured cross — the ruined church — the graves of the kings — the kneeling people—history, poetry, reverence—the deepest pathos, and the sublimest hope: while the whole scene is flooded in the magic beauty, the softest atmospheric lights of an Irish sunset sky.

The great solemn Past has its claims upon our artists; the lonely island church, where a saint has prayed—the grim ruins of the castles of the Pale—our beautiful and desolated abbeys—here are subjects for the artist's hand, illustrative of the faith, the suffering, and the struggles against oppression, that have made up the history of Ireland for the last thousand years.

It was the earnest wish of Sir William Wilde that Beranger's sketches, so rich in suggestions for our living

artists, and so important to the antiquary and archæologist, should be published in a volume along with the Journal. Probably more than two hundred of these interesting works of art may be still forthcoming. He would have undertaken the work himself, even at his own expense, had health and life been spared to him. But it is to be hoped that the project will not fall to the ground, and that the publication of so useful and valuable a book will be accomplished by some one with an intellect as energetic, a mind as well stored with the requisite knowledge, a heart as zealous for the advancement of Irish art and literature, as were the intellect, the mind, and the heart of Sir William Wilde.

THE END.

LIST

OF

WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES,

CONTAINED IN THE THREE VOLUMES, ENTITLED,

"Rambles through the County of Dublin and some others."

BY

GABRIEL BERANGER,

WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES.

1. VIEW OF BALYMOUNT CASTLE, three miles from Dublin. One tower and the walls of various buildings encompassed by other remains of thick walls.
2. CASTLE OF BAGOT'S RATH, half a mile from Dublin. As usual, only one tower remaining; very much ruined; seems to have been all arched and built without wood. Behind is a large fosse with breastwork of earth; no ruins or walls of any kind near.
3. MONKSTOWN CASTLE, four and a half miles from Dublin. Anciently built by monks, but has now been modernised and is inhabited as a country-house. A.D. 1773.
4. VIEW OF CLONSKEAGH, on the river Dodder, a mile and a half from Dublin.
5. MERRION CASTLE. In ruins, and only used as a store-house.
6. VIEW OF THE COAST OF DUBLIN, from the strand; looking eastward.
7. RATHFARNHAM CASTLE, showing the front or entrance.
8. MULLAHUDDERT CHURCH, on the road to Navan, now in ruins, five miles from Dublin.
9. THE ROUND TOWER of Michael le Pole, in Dublin City, at the rere of Great Ship-street, near the Castle.

10. The Lead Mines at Dolphin's Barn, half a mile from Dublin; view of one of the shafts. I descended this shaft with a candle in one hand and holding a rope with the other. On my return from my subterranean ramble I threw off the miner's dress, sat down on the ground, and sketched what I had seen from memory. These mines have been abandoned for several years.

11. Drumnagh Castle, near Crumlin.

12. Tallagh Castle, four miles from Dublin. One tower only remains of what seems to have been a very large building. The arch is half-stopped and only mended with brick.

13. Remains of a Druidical Monument at Dowth, county Meath. This monument was once a circle of large stones, of which four only remain. The stones are of great size; the one drawn being nine feet above ground, and twenty one and a half feet in circumference. The continual quarrying may soon even destroy these four great stones, if so I have saved them from oblivion.

14. Roebuck Castle, two miles from Dublin; is now a good and comfortable dwelling-house.

15. Dundrum Castle. Very picturesque; the principal entrance was from the courtyard by stone stairs. I have denoted them by a figure mounting.

16. Monkstown Castle. Smaller than the first. A private fortified dwelling, inconsiderable if compared to the other, which was of large extent, and was the residence of an abbot and chief clergy of a convent of Friars settled in Dublin.

17. Castleknock; with a mutilated Tower on a hill. For what purpose this tower was built I was not able to be informed, and I cannot decide the question.

18. St. John's Tower, Dublin. This is the only remains of a church anciently belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. It is in Thomas-street, encompassed by houses.

19. Archiepiscopal Palace of Tallaght, four miles from Dublin, the summer residence of the Archbishop of Dublin. It is an old castle modernised.

20. The Black Castle, county Wicklow. A heap of ruins; stands on a massive rock, jutting out into the sea. A stone bridge spans the chasm between the rock and the shore, and a narrow flight of fifty or sixty steps, cut out from the rock, leads from the castle to the sea. I did not venture to descend them, as looking down from the top made my head giddy.

21. Plunkett's Castle, near St. Margaret's, five and a half miles from Dublin. In excellent preservation; no sign of ruin or decay; is used as a granary by the farm annexed.

22. Rathcrogan, county Roscommon. This monument is the only one that remains of the royal grandeur of Ireland. It is a circular mound made by the hand of man; 400 feet in diameter at top, and 450 at bottom, the circumference 1,350 feet, the slope 33 feet; a small mound, six feet in diameter, crowns the summit. Here the kings of Connaught were inaugurated and held their provincial assemblies. It is in excellent order, and the grass that covers it is of most luxurious appearance. I was conducted to the place by Charles O'Connor, the descendant of the last King of Connaught, a man of letters, well-known by his works on Irish history.

23. Rathgar Castle, county Dublin. Once a considerable structure, now consists only of ruins of low buildings, enclosed by walls. Within one wall I found a staircase concealed in the thickness.

24. Grange Castle, Clondalkin, county Dublin. This building has been modernised, and turned into a comfortable farm.

LIST OF DRAWINGS IN BOOK NO. 2, WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY GABRIEL BERANGER.

1. THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE, in Kevin-street, Dublin, where the Archbishop resides. Not a very genteel quarter; I cannot say much of this edifice, but the drawing shows what it is.

2. MURPHISTOWN CASTLE, Kilgobbin, county Dublin.

3. BULLOCK, county Dublin. Showing the ancient walls of the fortress, one of its watch towers, and the castle at distance; has a pier and harbour for small vessels.

4. THE DUBLIN MOUNTAINS, taken between Rathfarnham and Harold's Cross. The flight of birds marks the "Three Rock Mountain" and the heap of rocks on its summit; Montpelier Hill and the ruined stone buildings on it are also marked by birds.

5. DRUIDICAL REMAINS ON THE "THREE ROCK MOUNTAIN," consisting of three huge heaps of rock piled one on another and seen at some miles distant, from which the mountain has its name. I take them to be altars on which sacrifices were offered; the plate represents one of the most interesting, standing eighteen feet above the ground.

6. RATHFARNHAM CASTLE. This castle and beautiful demesne is the country residence of the Earl of Ely.

7. SIMMON'S COURT, county Dublin. Showing the castle and the village.

8. GLENDALOUGH, county Wicklow, known also as the SEVEN CHURCHES, from the remains of so many consecrated buildings which are still revered by the people. The Lough is surrounded by mountains, where the rays of the sun scarcely penetrate; the spot is uninhabited, wild and romantic. The sketch was taken in storm and rain; some rays of the sun escaping through the black clouds and illuminating one side of the mountain produced a fine effect.

9. CROMLEACH, at Brennan's Town, seven miles from Dublin. The most perfect druidical monument in the environs of Dublin; in the finest preservation as if but lately erected. It differs from others by having a stone floor, on which stand six supporters of the top stone, which rests, however, only on three; this top stone is ten feet long and twelve broad, and I could stand erect easily under it.

10. A RUIN, NEAR BALLYMOUNT CASTLE, county Dublin. May have been meant for a watch tower; but there is nothing particular about it from which to judge its antiquity.

11. DUNDRUM CASTLE, three miles from Dublin; part having fallen down, the remainder is now occupied by poor people.

12. VIEW OF THE COAST OF DUBLIN, the tide being in. Taken from the rocks near Dunleary (Kingstown).

13. ATHLUMNEY CASTLE, county Meath. It is extensive, unroofed, and uninhabited, as most of the ancient Irish castles are.

14. THE ROUND TOWER AND CHURCH OF DONOUGHMORE, county Meath. Of these round towers there are many in Ireland, generally near old churches, and are built some of hewn, some of quarried stone. Their height is various, from fifty to above 100 feet, and their diameter from fifteen to sixteen feet, except one in Mayo, which I found to be nineteen feet in diameter. History is absolutely silent about them, so that it is not known in what age, by whom, or for what use they were erected.

15. VIEW TAKEN FROM THE CIRCULAR-ROAD that surrounds Dublin, including the river Dodder, Ringsend, the promontory of Howth, and Irishtown Church.

16. CROMLEACH ON MOUNT VENUS, five miles from Dublin. Must have been when standing, one of the grandest mausoleums of the kind. The top stone is twenty feet long, and six feet broad; it has fallen down and rests against a pillar-stone, which is seven feet above ground and fifteen feet in girth; the other pillar-stones lie near, all perfectly sound, so that the monument must have been overthrown by the same concussion that made the chasm in Libroden Mountain.

17. SHANGANAGH CASTLE, seven miles from Dublin.

18. VIEW TAKEN COMING FROM THE DUBLIN MOUNTAINS, near Kilgobbin.

19. CASTLE ADAMS, near Lucan, six miles from Dublin. At present a farm-house.

20. TIMOND CASTLE, near the Green Hills, Tallaght-road.

21. DRUMNAGH CASTLE, near Crumlin, two miles from Dublin; was inhabited as a country-house. I took this view seated on the top of a coach, that I might see the trees, and make the view more picturesque.

22. BULLOCK CASTLE, seven miles from Dublin. The principal entrance is shown, in fact the only one, into the fortress on the land side; but its walls are too much ruined to determine if there were any others. The walls were formerly much higher, to judge by what remains next the watch tower.

23. VIEW OF THE GRAND CANAL FROM HARBURTON BRIDGE, the trees terminate the horizon. From the Grand Canal Harbour to an outlet of Dublin called Portobello is about two miles; a boat is established, which carries passengers, called the Portobello Packet: it is represented in the drawing.

LIST OF VIEWS FROM BOOK NO. 3 OF WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES, WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY GABRIEL BERANGER.

1. VIEW OF TEMPLEOGE, in the Demesne of — Domville, Esq., three miles from Dublin.

2. THE MANSION HOUSE in the above demesne; taken at the entrance to the wood.

3. BECTIVE ABBEY, on the banks of the Boyne, county Meath.

4. VIEW OF THE GRAND CANAL, between the first bridge and the first lock, looking towards Dublin. This canal already runs forty miles and is to meet the Shannon, so that with the cut to the Liffey there will be a communication across the kingdom between the Irish Channel and the Atlantic Ocean.

5. NEPHIN MOUNTAIN, Connaught, 120 miles from Dublin. This lofty mountain rears its head above all those in the neighbourhood; it has a spring of water on the summit, which after rain becomes a furious torrent, and has worn a bed in the mountain (though of white marble), and running down, spreads itself into a lake at the bottom.